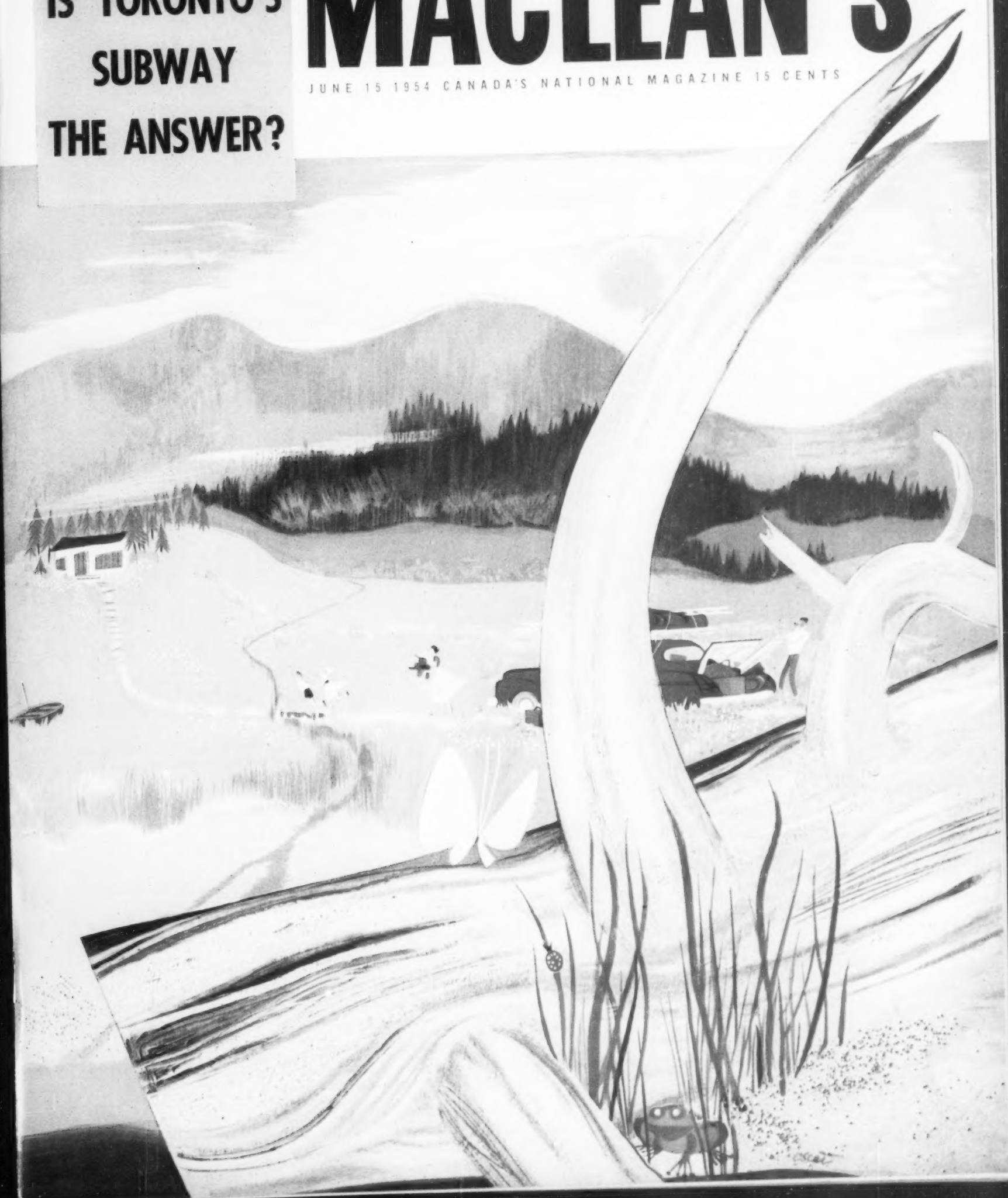


**IS TORONTO'S
SUBWAY
THE ANSWER?**

MACLEAN'S

JUNE 15 1954 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS





One of Canada's Leading Food Consultants

Mrs. Jehane Benoit tells

why it pays to freeze your own foods

Mrs. Jehane Benoit, Montreal, has few rivals when it comes to preparing or talking about food. One of Quebec's most popular food columnists and author of a best-seller cookbook, she is constantly in demand as a lecturer and food consultant.

"My wide experience in the preparation and preservation of foods has convinced me that the home freezer *belongs* in today's home. Here are three reasons why I use a home freezer in my home":

Better Meals

Serve tastier, more nourishing food



Enjoy year 'round variety

Everything in season . . . any time of the year.

...Less Work

Make fewer shopping trips

—you buy in quantity at your convenience



Spend less time in kitchen



Meal preparation easier . . . no left-over problem . . . freezing less work than canning.

...Lower Cost

Save through "in season" buying



Save through "quantity" buying

Save through grocery sales



As discriminating in her choice of kitchen appliances, as she is in her choice of foods . . .

Mrs. Benoit explains

why it pays to own an International Harvester Home Freezer

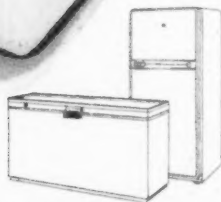
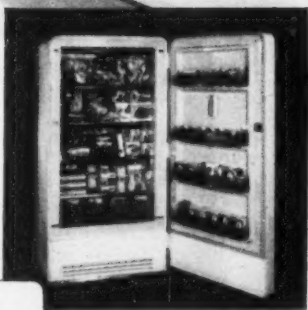
"When you buy a home freezer—whether it be through your local appliance dealer or a frozen food plan . . . insist on an International Harvester. They have been leaders in the home freezer field for years . . . and the 1954 models offer more than ever before. *That's why I have one in my kitchen.*"

4 CHEST-TYPE MODELS

7 to 20 cu. ft. Counter-top lid can be covered with work surface material.

3 UPRIGHT MODELS

9 to 19 cu. ft. capacity. Same smart, new styling as new IH refrigerators. Decorate if you wish.



More room for your food—Seven all-new, compact home freezers that are real space savers . . . hold more food on less floor space.

More beauty for your kitchen—The smartest looking home freezers you have ever seen. Clean new lines that give a fresh new look to the entire room.

More value for your dollar—Chest type freezer has counter top working surface . . . frozen juice dispenser. Upright models have roll-out drawers . . . Pantry-Dor with extra shelves. Many more convenience features.

See them now at your nearest IH refrigeration dealer's.

His name is in the yellow pages of your phone book.

For 60 cycle areas only



International Harvester World's Leading Freezers

International Harvester Company of Canada Limited, Hamilton, Ont.



Little girls and big girls, too...
 need the Natural Oil Protection of Woodbury Shampoo

The important thing about Woodbury Shampoo is that it seems to know what to wash away, and what to leave behind. Woodbury is a natural oil shampoo. It washes hair shining clean, but does not "dry" it by removing all the natural oils. Your hair is easy to manage even right after a Woodbury Shampoo. Another thing: Woodbury Coconut Oil Castile Shampoo *always* costs less than any other fine shampoo. Right now, it's a special bargain. The big \$1.20 size is only 59¢! Get this quality shampoo for your family *now*.

Woodbury Shampoo... *best for all the heads of the family*



EDITORIAL

The Curious Crime of Making Up Your Own Mind

ON A spring afternoon in 1772 James Boswell proudly introduced to his illustrious friend Dr. Samuel Johnson an obscure philosopher named Adam Ferguson. The conversation which ensued was brief and chilly as Boswell ruefully noted, "Sir Adam was unlucky in his topics." No sooner had he voiced two or three innocuous opinions than the great man thundered:

"Sir, I perceive you are a vile Whig."

With this crushing irrelevancy Dr. Johnson set a bad example which is widely followed to this day. Indeed, it seems to be growing on us—perhaps it has never been as fashionable as it is now. It's the habit of listening to an argument, not to understand it or even to refute it, but to label the man who is making it.

Do you think there is still a possibility of world peace by negotiation, with some concessions on both sides? Or do you think perhaps that the dictatorship which governs four hundred million Chinese is a more appropriate representative of China than the dictatorship which governs eight million Formosans?

Evidently you are a Communist, or at best a fellow-traveler; in either case you are manifestly subversive, and a bad security risk. The distinction between you and a Russian spy is so small that some people find it invisible.

On the other hand, perhaps you think the Communist conspiracy did penetrate the upper echelons of Western governments; that Alger Hiss was a guilty spy, and that the informers who accused him really proved their charges?

This view identifies you as a neo-fascist, a Joe McCarthy type willing to tear up Magna Charta, repeal the Bill of Rights and put everybody into a concentration camp who's to the left of Little Orphan Annie.

There seems to be less and less room for those who hold parts of all these opinions at once. They're labeled, with scorn and impatience, as "neutralist." To the people whose minds are already closed, the man who wants a little more time to think things over before making up his mind is an object of hatred and contempt.

Surely there must be some escape from this spectrum of solid incompatible colors. There must be some path back to the old-fashioned custom of thinking for yourself, forming personal and perhaps inconsistent conclusions, and arguing for and against them with a reasonably flexible mind. If we don't find it, we're in real danger of falling into an idolatrous worship of the fashionable idea, which is the end of freedom.

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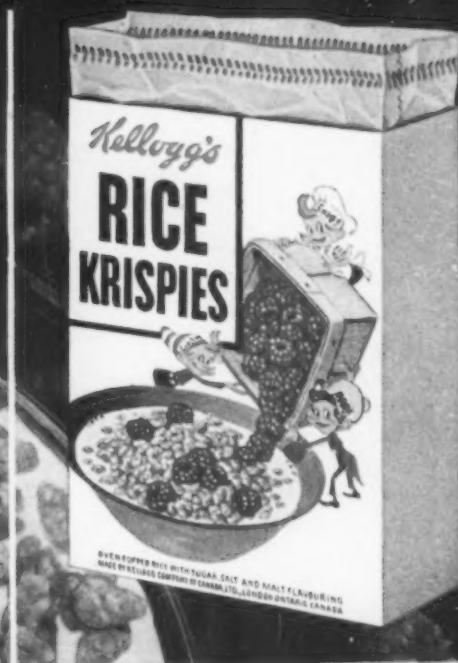
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"Rice Krispies" is a trademark of the Kellogg Co. of Canada, Ltd., for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.

THESE FRISKY LITTLE FELLOWS in the bowl don't talk very plain -- they're not even coherent. They don't say very much -- just three little words, "Snap! Crackle! Pop!" And they all chatter at once when you pour on milk or cream. You have to eat up before they shut up. But then you discover how good Kellogg's Rice Krispies are, and you forgive their chatter. No wonder Kellogg's Rice Krispies are the world's only talking cereal -- they've got crispness worth talking about.





Why wait to lose weight?

This woman, like many others who have "gotten stout," knows that she should start reducing *now*. Yet the thought of going on a diet . . . of giving up her favorite foods . . . overcomes her better judgment. Why not wait, she reasons, and "trim down" later on?

Actually the first signs of "getting stout" are nature's warning to start reducing immediately. For when you bring your weight down and *keep* it down, you are likely to gain some mighty important health benefits.

There is the distinct possibility, for example, of lengthening your life. Here is a fact which is based on a recent study of women:

The death rate among seriously overweight women was found to be about fifty percent higher than among those of average weight or less.

Why do overweight and long life seldom go together? Simply because overweight is frequently associated with many diseases or conditions, including high blood pressure, heart and kidney disorders and diabetes.

Extra weight is especially bad for the heart. It has been estimated that 10 pounds

of extra weight require an additional half a mile of blood vessels to maintain this excess body tissue. The result is the heart and other vital organs have to work harder.

Extra weight usually begins to accumulate when we reach middle age, and in 98 percent of the cases the cause is simply due to overeating. Thus, after age 35, it is especially important to follow proper habits of eating.

Your doctor is the best judge of what your desirable weight should be. He will caution against quick, drastic reducing methods that may undermine health rather than improve it. With his advice, you can be helped to reduce without making radical changes in your diet, or resorting to strenuous exercises and other measures that may be ineffectual in the permanent control of overweight.

In addition to the health benefits of proper weight, there are other advantages which you may enjoy by keeping "in trim." The chances are that you will look better, feel better, and get more fun out of life.

So, why wait to lose weight?

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 64-M, "Overweight and Underweight."

Name

Street

City Prov.

London Letter

BY *Beverley Baxter*



The Modest Might of Clem Attlee

IN OCTOBER 1952 I went to the Lancashire seaside resort of Morecambe to have a look at the annual conference of the Labour Party of Great Britain. It is the custom of that party to hold its yearly conference just before parliament resumes after the long summer recess. And invariably they choose a seaside resort so that they can advance upon Westminster with ozone in their lungs and hope in their hearts.

At Morecambe the conference proceeded along normal lines until the final day when rumors were flying in all directions. It was said in the streets and in the market place that at the election for the executive, held in secret behind closed doors, the Bevanites had made a clean sweep of the vacancies except for one. Jim Griffiths the Faithful was the only pro-Attlee candidate to make the grade.

The next morning crowds surrounded the vast music hall where the final session was to be held in public. With the good nature of British politics my opponents let me in and gave me a good seat.

The Labour Party had had its night of the long knives. Obviously the Bevanites had won the decisive battle. Everyone felt that Attlee could not possibly continue to lead the party but would either have to resign or go to the House of Lords as Stanley Baldwin did when he gave up the premiership and the leadership of the Conservative Party.

What a scene met our eyes inside the theatre! Bevan sat next to Attlee because they were already members of the executive. The chairman then read the names of the winners together with the total of their votes. At each result there was wild cheering, although Bevan was wise enough not even to smile. As a man of destiny he had waited for this hour. As a man of destiny he would wrap himself in silent dignity.

And what of the other man who had been king? What was he doing?

Clem Attlee was doodling—as always. Negro heads are a favorite. Profiles, full faces, ears, noses, spectacles, bald heads . . . When it comes to doodling he has almost no limitations. In the House of Commons he puts his feet upon the table and his head practically disappears behind his knees. Then he doodles.

But at Morecambe the fates were cruel. It had been arranged on the agenda that when the names of the victorious delegates had been announced that Attlee, as the party leader, would make his annual address. He was in the position of a man sentenced to death who has to congratulate the jury on its judgment. There was one thing certain. Not even the Prime Doodler of Great Britain could ignore the verdict of the delegates.

With something like awe after this long lapse of time I put on record that his opening sentence was: "We live on an island with a population of fifty millions and almost no natural resources except coal and agriculture." It was magnificent. Marie Antoinette's "Give them cake" was nothing compared to Attlee's magnificent disregard for the clamorous victory of the Bevanites. Nor did he in his entire speech make any mention whatsoever of Bevan or any of his followers.

I went back to my hotel and sent a hurried impression of it all to the London Evening Standard. Perhaps you will bear with me if I make a brief quotation from it:

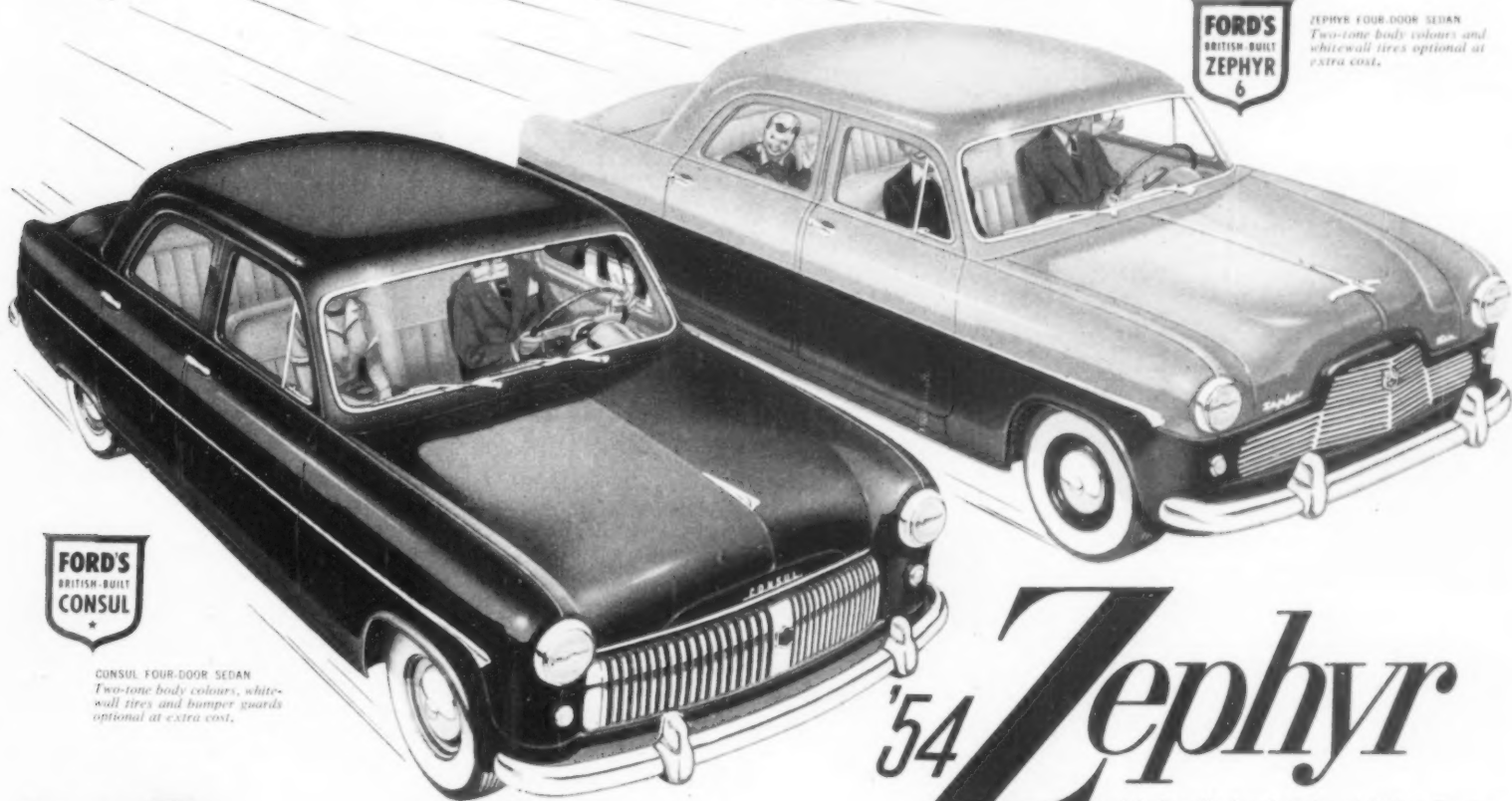
Mr. Attlee is on the spot. He failed to destroy his enemies and he failed to come to terms with them. If in a last desperate attempt to save himself he now shakes hands with Bevan it would deceive no one.

As I walked to my hotel after the meeting the tide was out . . . far, far out. Half a dozen sailing boats were lying helplessly on their sides for there was no water on which to float. And I thought of the socialist leader marooned on the beach waiting for the tide that will never return.

Continued on page 30

One drive proves it!

Here's *exhilarating performance!*



ZEPHYR FOUR-DOOR SEDAN
Two-tone body colours and
whitewall tires optional at
extra cost.



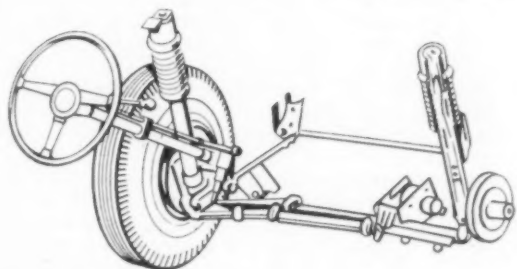
CONSUL FOUR-DOOR SEDAN
Two-tone body colours, white-
wall tires and bumper guards
optional at extra cost.

'54 Zephyr

with 6-cylinder Overhead-Valve Engine

'54 Consul

with 4-cylinder Overhead-Valve Engine



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OF UNIQUE AND ADVANCED DESIGN

GOING TO BRITAIN? Ask your dealer about the "Visit
Britain Plan" for delivery of your new Consul or Zephyr.

You'll long remember your first drive in a new Consul or Zephyr. For these distinctive cars perform with amazing liveliness and stability.

A highly efficient engine of "large-bore, short-stroke" design puts abundant power at your command for fast acceleration and safe passing—for hill-climbing without hesitation, and smooth highway cruising.

You'll like the smooth action of the hydraulically-operated clutch and brakes featuring pendant foot pedals for effortless ease of control—the conventional shifting with steering-column gearshift. Consul and Zephyr steer with delightful ease—hold the road with smooth balance and stability such as you have seldom if ever experienced in *any* car.

One drive proves all this and more! See your Consul and Zephyr Dealer and arrange your demonstration drive this week!

- Lively power-response for fast getaway
 - Smooth high-speed cruising
- Superior riding stability and comfort
 - Roomy comfort on deep-sprung seats
- Completely modern styling and appointments
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BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE at Ottawa



How Much Can a Civil Servant Tip?

THIS summer the Comptroller of the Treasury and his aides hope to get a committee working on a job which hasn't been done since 1936—a thorough overhaul of travel regulations for the Canadian civil servant. As they stand now, some of these rules are more a monument to the Good Old Days than a guide for the 1950s.

One of them was obsolete even in 1936 but it got in by mistake and it's still there. By Order-in-Council PC4/617 of 1933 a civil servant may hire a horse for not more than \$3 a day. A whole day, that is—the order expressly stipulates that he may spend no more than \$1.50 for a half day and 75 cents for a quarter day.

On the vexed question of tipping, the travel regulations sound a warning that any taxpayer would still applaud: "There is ever present the risk that when a civil servant travels, he may forget that he is a servant of the public and not an official representative of the public." But when they get down to cases—how much to whom for what—the regulations might sound a bit stingy even to the sternest foe of "Government waste and extravagance." "In Canada and the U. S. a station red cap averages 10 to 15 cents for carrying one bag. A safe rule is said to be that of paying 10 cents for each piece of normal-sized luggage."

At hotels in North America, "a bell boy who takes a bag to a room expects a tip of 10 cents." On railway parlor cars, "several authorities consider 15 cents adequate when no unusual service is rendered and the journey is less than half a day."

But what really dates the travel regulations, and incidentally costs

the taxpayer money instead of saving it, is the attitude toward travel by air. Aviation is clearly a new-fangled thing to be treated with suspicion until we can be sure it's here to stay.

According to one regulation (there are several) "the Comptroller shall refuse to pay any claim for transportation by air unless he is satisfied that the deputy minister has authorized it, and that (a) there is no other satisfactory or more economical means, or (b) the saving of working time warrants its use."

In 1936, when air travel was an expensive novelty, this rule and others like it were probably a useful precaution. But times have changed.

To cross the Atlantic by ship from Quebec to Liverpool costs \$314 tourist return, plus rail fare from Ottawa on this side and to London on the other. A civil servant must get special authorization from the head of his department to buy a \$518 return tourist ticket from Trans-Canada Air Lines—less than that in the off season—and incidentally to go and come in two overnight hops instead of drawing salary for a week each way.

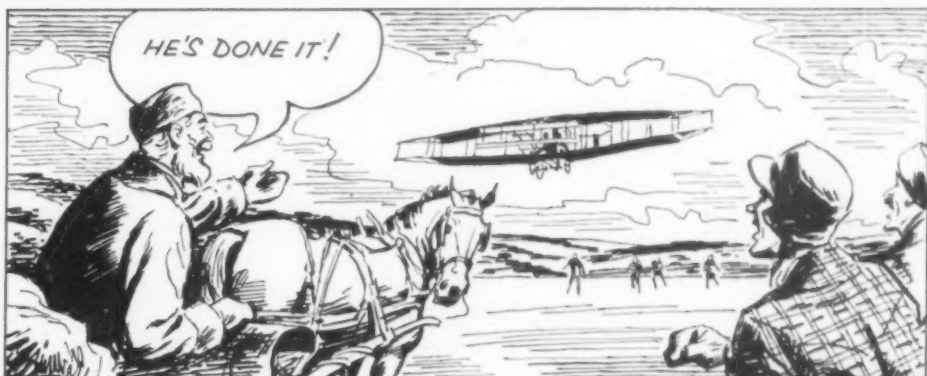
Even more a case in point is the trip from Ottawa to Washington, which is probably taken oftener by more civil servants than any other. To fly return costs \$69.20, takes less than three hours of actual working time in each direction. To go by train costs \$59.50 for a ticket, \$15.10 for lower berths, \$7.30 for meals and the best part of a working day each way.

Going by train has great advantages for the traveler. If he catches the 4 o'clock

Continued on page 87



John McCurdy had worked with Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, Glen Curtiss, and others. Their aim: to develop an improved type of airplane.



An exciting day—Feb. 23, 1909! McCurdy takes the Silver Dart 60 feet off the ice at Baddeck, Nova Scotia in a 1/4-mile history-making flight. He is the first within the British Empire to fly a heavier-than-air craft.



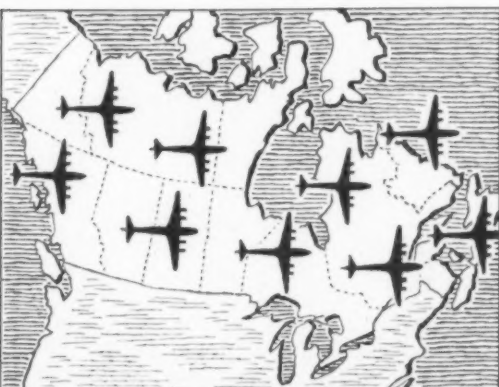
McCurdy in 1910 is first to receive and send wireless messages while flying. He also sets a new overwater record—Key West to Havana—a flight of 96 miles.



Canadian business firms pioneer in commercial aviation, opening up new mining territories and all the rich natural resources of Canada.



McCurdy becomes a leader in commercial aviation. The aircraft industry grows—the pace of Canadian development quickens. Airways become vital arteries.



Canada owes much to McCurdy—and his associates, the men who financed his achievements. Their historic work laid the foundations of Canada's present air might, a might both commercial and military.



The initiative of men like J.A.D. McCurdy has made our country strong. But their work depends on all-important associates—the far sighted lending institutions and banks of Canada... whose funds are the invested savings of Canadians like you. When you deposit your savings or do business with your Bank, you add to the

financial power helping to develop your country. You enter into your Bank's partnership with the men who are making Canada an enviable place to live and work. See your Bank of Nova Scotia manager. If your initiative needs financial advice or merits help, you'll find him a good man to know.

The BANK of NOVA SCOTIA

Your Partner
in Helping
Canada Grow



Frederick



Terylene



POLYESTER FIBRE

for clothes that will make
other clothes jealous

Imagine fabrics you'll
love as much as wool... as much as silk.

With "Terylene" you'll enjoy all
the things you love about silk and wool and
other fibres, too. It will be woven into materials
for suits and dresses, and knitted into lingerie and
blouses. Versatile "Terylene" will be just as practical
as it is lovely—comfortable to wear, wrinkle-resistant,
easy to wash and completely shrinkproof.

One well-known Canadian designer,
Lillian Farrar, has already used "Terylene", for the evening dress
shown here. She says, "I like the way 'Terylene' handles,
and it drapes so very well. When Canadian women see and feel
'Terylene', they'll be just as excited as I am."
You'll be happy to know you can look forward to
the arrival of "Terylene" later this year.



LILLIAN FARRAR'S DARK
GREY AND GOLD "SAMBA"
EVENING DRESS HAS A SLIM
SHEATH AND IS TIGHT TO
THE KNEES. TINY, GRADUATED
SUNBURST PLEATS FORM A
BELL TO THE ANKLES.

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MACLEAN'S
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE



Who are they waiting for?

TURN THE PAGE ►►



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9



They're Waiting for
**JOSEPH
ANATOLE
DESFOSSÉS**



Patients pay as high as \$16 a visit. Desfossés takes a picture, promises to think about them.

HE TAKES YOUR MONEY — AND THINKS OF YOU

A faith healer? This Montrealer makes no claims. But his \$100,000 income is provided by the halt, the lame and the blind — fifty thousand of them each year. The courts convicted him four times but once acquitted him of sorcery

He keeps jumpers and hunters on his fifty-acre country property at Rock Forest. The horses have won international awards, and Desfossés and his father frequently admire the ribbons.



BY KEN JOHNSTONE

AT THE AGE of forty-four, Montreal's Joseph Anatole Desfossés is sole proprietor of one of the most dazzling, simple and original business secrets of all time. He makes an estimated \$100,000 a year and all he does is think of you.

Some people would call Desfossés a faith healer. Desfossés himself would question the definition. It is true that the halt, the lame and the blind, the sick in body, in spirit and in mind, seek him out at his various well-advertised offices across Canada. It is true that around 50,000 people a year—moving past his desk at rates that have neared one person a minute—leave gifts with him and go away hoping and believing that they will soon be cured of afflictions ranging from corns to cancer. It is true that a considerable fraction of these visitors will later swear that they *have* been cured.

But Desfossés makes no such claims himself. Perhaps because he has learned that the law is hostile toward men who practice the healing arts but do not hold medical degrees, Desfossés makes no claims at all.

He tells his callers that he will do his best and that he will think of them. That is all. Some of his pamphlets state: "Mr. Desfossés never touches. He does not preach any special creed or religion. Mr. Desfossés has never given any medical advice, sold medicaments or interfered with medical treatments." This statement is generally sandwiched between glowing testimonials to the efficacy of the healing formula, "I will think of you. I will do my best." But in spite of Desfossés' denial that he has ever dispensed medical advice or medicine, and although he flatly asserts that he has never been convicted of charges brought against him by medical authorities, Quebec court records show there have been four convictions against him, three for falsely practicing medicine and one for publishing a circular that implied that he was entitled to practice medicine.

Desfossés has encouraged the belief that his endeavors have had the official blessing of the Roman Catholic Church. The late Cardinal Villeneuve denounced him for this, labeled Desfossés a "pseudo-healer," and warned the faithful against him. But court convictions and a cardinal's condemnation apparently haven't hurt his business. Optimists still flock to his door by the hundred and the thousand.

Desfossés holds office at his Montreal headquarters only on Mondays. You may be informed of this fact by a rather cryptic radio plug over Montreal station CKAC, "The well-known Mr.

J. A. Desfossés will be at his office on Monday." Or you may obtain your information by telephone or mail. Desfossés spends a large part of the year on cross-country tours, receiving clients in temporary offices from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, but even when on tour makes a point of being at his Montreal office on St. Joseph Boulevard every third Monday.

St. Joseph Boulevard, as it runs east from St. Lawrence, is a predominantly middle-class French-speaking district, abounding in a great many professional offices, including those of medical specialists who advertise in the yellow pages of the telephone book: doctors, surgeons, chiropractors, dentists—and Desfossés. His three-story \$100,000 apartment block at 506 St. Joseph Boulevard East was acquired by Desfossés about seven years ago and is called "Apartments Desfossés." The basement has been converted into waiting room and office space, and the six-roomed ground-floor suite provides his living quarters. The two top floors are leased. It is a plain brick structure, the centre of three similar apartments in the block and distinguished from the others by its permanent black-and-white-striped awnings.

Movies, TV and Soft Lights

I called on Desfossés during one of his Monday office sessions. I was offered a numbered card by an old man, but indicated that I had come on other business. I joined a group of about thirty people who were gathered in a large waiting room. There was a television set with a French-language program playing. I noticed also a wall panel that controlled a radio set as well as a canned-music outlet, available for the further entertainment of visitors. At the far end of the room was a projection booth, and over the television set a movie screen was fastened near the ceiling. I learned later that it reflected a private hobby of Desfossés. On Sundays during the winter he likes to entertain his friends with color movies of his trips abroad and the horse shows of which he is very fond. Three fluorescent light panels were recessed into the sound-proofed ceiling. The walls were paneled in knotty pine, and two small aquariums of tropical fish set into them. Another recess in the wall contained a bust of Desfossés, attributed to Montreal sculptor, J. O. Eustace Boileau. A half-dozen photos of crowds attending various Desfossés offices across the country adorned the opposite wall. Beside the projection booth a glass enclosure contained two parakeets and two budgie

birds roosting on a large dead branch set in a heap of sand, an exotic touch which Desfossés borrowed from a hotel in Mexico. The lighting was subdued and the general effect was pleasant.

Most of the other people there appeared to be of working class and lower middle class. They were of both sexes and all ages, with middle-aged women in the majority. Holding their numbered cards they chatted in subdued tones, discussing their ailments. A small queue stood near the door to Desfossés' private office. Those joining the line were given a form on which they inscribed name, address, and nature of ailment.

A secretary conducted me to Desfossés. He rose from his desk and I was confronted by a short bulky man with inordinately broad shoulders. Standing about five-foot-one, weighing about 170 pounds, with dark hair and mustache, a round swarthy face, sharp grey-green eyes and heavy lips, he rather resembled a pocket-sized Clark Gable. He wore a well-cut business suit of expensive-looking material, and a neat bow tie. He had a large signet ring on the finger of one hand, and a dazzling diamond ring glittered from the other hand. When I admired the diamond, he told me that it cost only \$2,500 and did not compare with the \$6,000 diamond ring which had been given him by a grateful ulcer "cure," Montreal hotel owner L. Charron, and which had been stolen from him by a hold-up man one night when he was returning from his stables after a late ride.

His private office was not more than ten feet by twelve. The walls were paneled in mahogany, and a large mirror was set in the ceiling, lit by fluorescent lights recessed behind a carved wooden frieze depicting the seven hunters and jumpers in his stable. A Polaroid camera lay handy on his desk, together with a matched set of desk clock, blotter and calendar, a desk lamp and a telephone. The room also contained a typist's desk and chair, a filing cabinet, a bookcase and an aquarium of tropical fish like those in the waiting room. There was a crucifix on the wall behind the desk. But the room was impersonal, like the man I had met.

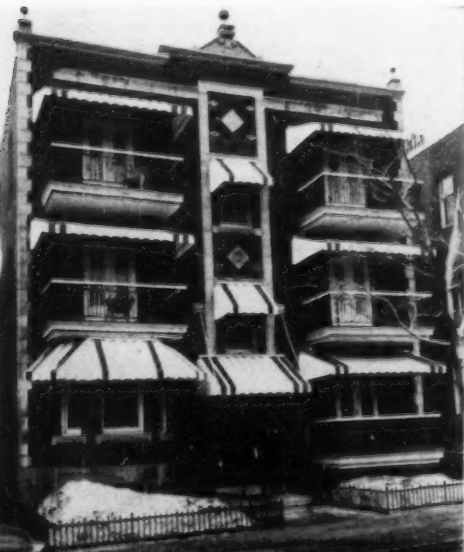
Desfossés raised no objection to my watching him receive his visitors. The pattern was the same with all. They came in, sometimes singly, sometimes in pairs when the visit involved two members of the same family. They handed their forms to Desfossés, and recounted the details of their ailment. Sometimes he asked, "How long have you had your trouble?" But usually he glanced at the form, then picked up his Polaroid camera and snapped a photo of his

Continued on page 60

Home and office is his \$100,000 apartment block. Desfossés leases the second and third floors.

The Desfossés live in an opulent six-room suite. They spend their winters in Florida or Europe.

They watch thousands of feet of their own color film. He faithfully recorded his trip to Rome in Holy Year.





Are We Alone in the Universe?

By **NORMAN J. BERRILL**

Professor of Zoology, McGill University

Flying saucers? Men on Mars? In this down-to-earth tour of outer space a noted scientist explores the possibility of life beyond our planet

MAN SEEMS almost ready to leave the solid earth and go off in rockets into outer space. Also, to judge from persistent reports of flying saucers and their occupants, we appear to be expecting visitors.

The two ideas reflect the constant change in our ideas about life itself. Not so long ago only lunatics and heretics doubted that the earth was the centre of the universe, and the sun and the stars circled about us. Man was the focus of all creation, made by God in his final triumph. But within his narrow world he still had room to move around, to find adventure in distant parts, to leave congested areas and escape into solitude. Now it is difficult to travel without continually meeting someone dressed much too like oneself at every turn. Now it is recognized that our world is one of the lesser planets circling the sun in company with a few others, isolated from the nearest star by timeless space. Now, beneath the mushrooming spectre of the hydrogen bomb, the awful thought occurs that our world may some day be uninhabitable.

Naturally our thoughts fly outward as they have never done before, and we have an urge to visit other worlds than the one we know so well. We begin to feel a haunting loneliness, tinged with fear and the immemorial thirst to seek new knowledge. Above all perhaps, we'd like to see some new and more interesting faces, just so long as they seem somewhat human. We want to know whether there is anyone like us on some other planet of our solar system, or even in the universe. Or do we have to go on talking to ourselves—and perhaps hiding from ourselves on this same tiny planet—for evermore?

This is a serious question, deadly serious. For

upon the answer depends much of the meaning of our individual lives, of the purpose of the universe as a whole. But how on earth are we going to find the answer? The belief that there is life on Mars, for instance, or that recently we have had some visitors from some such unearthly place may be no more than wishful thinking. There is in fact no real evidence that this earth has received anything at any time from outer space except meteors and radiation. Nor is there any guarantee that we actually will ever make an interplanetary trip in person, or that we would be wise to do so even if we could. In the meantime we can best seek the answer by reflecting on how life originated and evolved upon this earth and, using this knowledge as a yardstick, by trying to determine whether suitable conditions for a similar event may exist in other places. We deal with possibilities and probabilities, rarely with certainties.

What are those conditions? To begin with, the essential substance of all that lives upon the earth contains more water than anything else, water which is a built-in part of what is actually alive and without which there would be no life. This is true of all things that we earthlings recognize as living, whether the organism be an amoeba or a cabbage, a jellyfish or a man. The proportion varies, of course. The jellyfish is more than 98 percent water, while more substantial creatures, like mice, men and elephants are more than two thirds water.

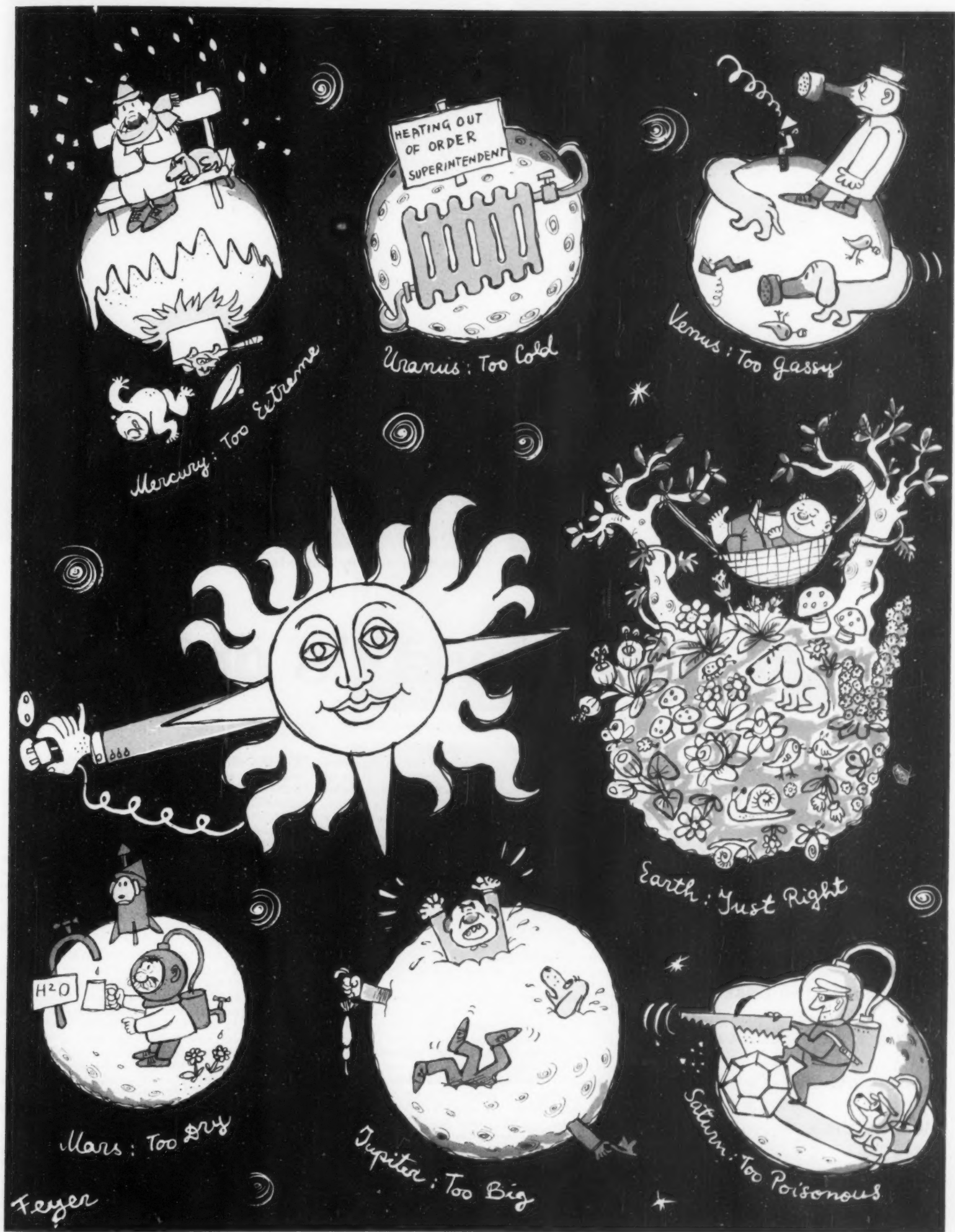
DRAWINGS BY GEORGE FEYER

This gives us our basic limitation. We have neither reason nor evidence to think that life of any sort can exist in an active state if water is absent. This limits our search for life within our own solar system to regions where water would neither freeze nor boil. The majority of the planets of our solar system are excluded right there. Mercury is much too close to the sun and moreover keeps one side permanently facing the sun. This side has a temperature of about 400 degrees centigrade, high enough to melt lead. The opposite side receives no heat at all, and is intensely cold.

In the other direction, working from the outermost inward, Pluto, Neptune, Uranus, Saturn and Jupiter are all so far from the sun that even on Jupiter, the closest of them, the surface temperature is about minus 140 degrees centigrade, cold enough to freeze the night.

It doesn't leave much chance for life on the planets we know—only Venus on the sunward side of us, Mars on the other, and the moon around us. Of these the moon can be ruled out at once. It is so small and light that whatever water and atmosphere it may once have had has disappeared long ago, for the surface of the moon lies nakedly exposed to empty space. During the long lunar day, equal to fourteen of our own, the noon temperature rises considerably above the boiling point of water. By sunset the temperature drops below zero and during the long night the surface becomes almost as cold as Jupiter. With such tremendous changes from heat to cold, without an atmosphere of any sort, we should feel no surprise that our powerful telescopes fail to reveal any sight of life, green or otherwise on the moon. The moon is dead. Even its craters are now thought to be the result of

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Careening happily through the cosmos, cartoonist Feyer agrees with scientist Berrill that only the earth is fit to live on.



BEFORE: Plodding streetcars snarled Yonge Street traffic.

AFTER: Same time, same location. Soon the tracks will vanish.

What the Subway's doing to

All Canada is asking whether proud Toronto is getting its \$57 millions worth from its new subway. They wonder if this kind of magic carpet will provide the best answer to the traffic problems that loom in other growing cities. Here is the evidence to date

By Fred Bodsworth

ON MARCH 29, an unseasonal spring storm blanketed Toronto with several inches of slippery snow and caused what police called one of the worst traffic jams in the city's history. Whether they traveled by bus, automobile or streetcar, few of the tens of thousands of downtown workers who live in the city's densely populated north end got home in less than forty minutes and some took as long as three hours.

The next day Canada's first subway opened and the same people made the same journey in as little as ten or fifteen minutes. For the entire four-and-a-half-mile subway trip from Union Station at the foot of the downtown area to Eglinton Avenue in the heart of the north-end residential district the scheduled run was between seventeen and eighteen minutes.

The unseasonal storm that preceded its opening wasn't the only thing, in the first excitement of its birth, that made Toronto's subway look good—perhaps even better than it really was. Although there were long queues at the downtown stations and the first rush-hour trains were crammed with standees, the first happy riders pretended not to notice. Some even forgot to scowl and fight for seats. And traffic—particularly non-subway traffic—improved beyond recognition. Downtown parking lots, which formerly filled rapidly every morning and then turned customers away for the rest of the day, were suddenly left half empty. Rush-hour jams eased dramatically and those still driving cars on north-south routes found their elapsed time between home and work cut in half. In the first thrill of discovery thousands of normally sober Torontonians were sure their publicly owned Toronto

Transit Commission had come up with the definitive answer to all traffic problems, now and forever: build more and longer routes below ground and the routes above ground will take care of themselves.

Most people who use it—and many who don't use it—still agree that the \$57 millions the subway cost Toronto was money well spent. But the extravagant hopes of those first heady days have all but died. Toronto still has traffic and traffic jams—several dozen every day on the several dozen bottlenecks that feed workers from 200 square miles of outskirts and suburbs into and out of the single square mile that is the heart of its business district.

Subway riders, just like old-fashioned streetcar riders, now exchange glares, stick their elbows in each other's ribs and race old ladies for sitting room. The parking lots have filled up again—though more men are leaving their cars at home, more women are now able to take the car downtown to shop. In straight statistical terms the flow of vehicular traffic on the crowded downtown streets is still slightly down, but the drop is barely ten percent—even on the north-south routes served by the underground.

What does all this mean, not only for Toronto but for the rest of urban Canada? As the nation continues its evolution from a society of farms to a society of cities, what can underground transit do to remedy and correct the mistakes of foolish or non-existent planning? At what point and under what conditions does a subway cease to justify its cost and become a mere extravagance? What other Canadian cities could build and make economic sense of subways now?

The answers are anything but sure and final, but some of them at least are beginning to take shape.

Perhaps the least understood thing about the Toronto subway is that it represents not so much a change in the city's physical structure as in its whole pattern of thinking. Before it built the subway, Toronto had to make a choice between two fundamental methods of traffic control: (a) to create more and wider streets to handle more cars; or (b) to get more cars off the existing streets.

For years Toronto had been committed to the first method. Like most cities, in Canada and elsewhere, its traffic kept getting worse and its blueprints for correction kept pointing wistfully toward vast superhighways costing from five to ten million dollars a mile and designed primarily to get more cars downtown faster. With the subway, Toronto accepted a different concept: in traffic control it is the movement of people, not the movement of vehicles that counts.

Some vehicles, of course, disappeared at once and forever. The piercing screech of subway brakes had no sooner begun whining up from the subterranean bowels of Yonge Street than five surface streetcar routes, all of them feeding trams into the congested downtown, were discontinued.

Two of them, the Yonge and Bay route streetcars, were the most heavily used of the city's public transit system, between them carrying 200,000 passengers a day. Although one streetcar—the Dupont car—still used Bay Street, the elimination of five other tram lines freed space on many downtown streets for auto traffic. Within an hour of the subway's inaugural run, Yonge Street's 30-year-old surface trams, many with two million miles of service, were turned for the last time toward their barns, where wrecking crews awaited them. At 3.35 p.m., two hours later, a workman pushed a wheelbarrow out of the way in the Bay Street storage yard and the last lumbering old Yonge

Toronto

Street trolley nosed into a siding, its rumbling motor died and an era died with it.

With its peak capacity of 40,000 passengers an hour, the subway was able to carry twice as many people as all the discontinued surface routes. So thousands of people near the underground route began leaving their cars at home or parking them near north-end subway stations and going the rest of the way to work for the standard TTC fare of eight-and-a-third cents (transfers to and from connecting streetcar and bus lines free).

Subway crowds for the first week or so out-jammed Toronto's traditionally jam-packed Canadian National Exhibition. At rush-hour the first few evenings there were line-ups approaching a block long at the King Street subway station entrances and ten to fifteen minutes were required even to get into the station. Subway fare could be paid either by ticket or aluminum token, and the automatic token-vending machines ran dry and frequently stayed dry for long periods because service men had to battle crowds to reach them.

Nobody knew how many were novelty riders out for a lark, and how many were going to be permanent customers. School children were quick to discover that the subway was an excellent place to hide out and play hooky. Thousands of others waited excitedly in school, paying little attention to lessons, then at four o'clock dashed wildly for the closest TTC station. The turnstiles clicked merrily as students filed through, and for two hours they rode back and forth between Union Station and Eglinton like kids on an old-fashioned sleigh-ride. Teachers said lessons were almost a dead loss, and a soda-fountain proprietor

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Girl on the Subway



1 She enters subway at Eglinton Ave.



2 Then buys tokens for the turnstile.



3 She stamps a transfer in a machine.



4 And walks onto a southbound train.



5 She reads as train speeds downtown.



6 Escalator lifts her to the street.

Betty Milne is at Union Station — in 17 minutes. By streetcar it used to take from 35 minutes to an hour for the journey.





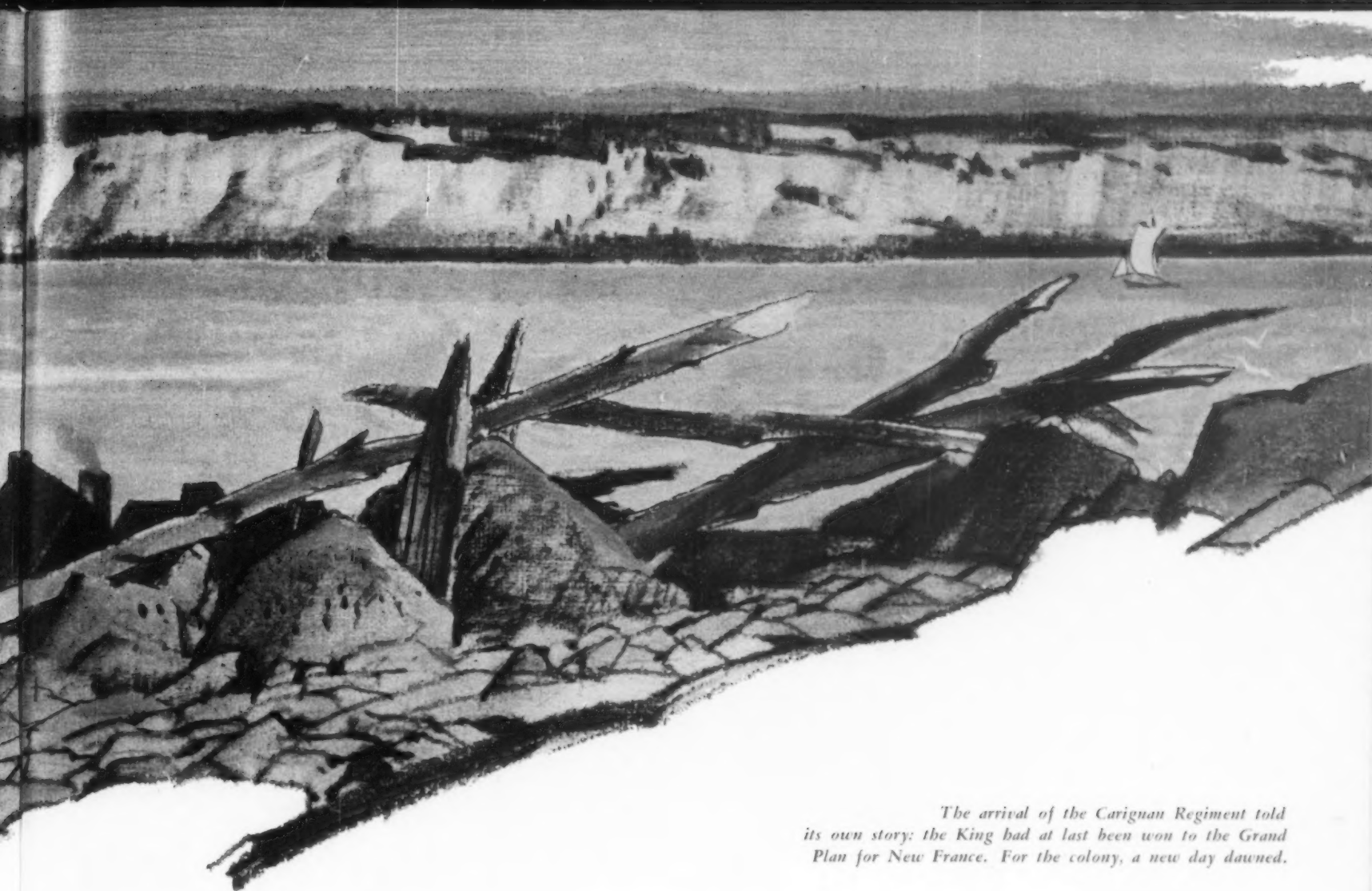
Led by their noble officers in glittering array,
the regiment sent by Louis XIV to destroy the Iroquois
marched up the Rock of Quebec.
They were followed by the settlers and
administrators who were to make a
dream come true—the vision of a mighty nation on
the banks of the St. Lawrence

THE WHITE AND THE GOLD Part Seven By Thomas B. Costain

“The Greatest State in the World”



Frostbitten and snowblind, the soldiers plodded up the Richelieu while Mobawk bowmen picked off stragglers.



The arrival of the Carignan Regiment told its own story: the King had at last been won to the Grand Plan for New France. For the colony, a new day dawned.

ON MARCH 18, 1664, Jean Baptiste Colbert, strong man of France, wrote to Bishop François Xavier Montmorency-Laval, strong man of Canada: "Since the Italian affair was happily terminated to the King's satisfaction, His Majesty has resolved to send to Canada a good regiment of infantry, at the end of this year or in the month of February next, in order to destroy the Iroquois completely."

The liquidation of his most troublesome enemies in New France was only part—an essential preliminary part—of Louis XIV's Grand Plan for New France. Actually the plan belonged neither to Louis nor to Colbert nor to Laval, although all were to play major parts in launching it. Credit for conceiving it must go to a man who is slightly remembered for a brief and inglorious governorship of the Canadian colony, Baron Dubois d'Avagour. He had quarrelled with Laval both over church ritual and over the enforcement of capital punishment for trading liquor to the Indians. Laval had gone to France to accuse Avagour, and had succeeded in persuading the King to recall the governor.

On his journey back to France following his dismissal, Avagour had prepared a statement on conditions in Canada; a vigorous appraisal which reached the court at a time when the youthful Louis XIV had just been freed to promulgate his own ideas of rulership by the death of the iron-willed Cardinal Mazarin. The King's new right-hand man was Colbert, a fiscal genius who attributed his money-handling ability to the Scottish blood in his ancestry. Avagour's vigorous appraisal caused Colbert serious reflection and brought a light of new determination into the eyes of the youthful King.

The ex-governor had stated his belief that the country along the St. Lawrence could become in time "the greatest state in the world." To realize the imperial possibilities of this overseas domain of the crown, it would be necessary, he pointed out, to establish peace first by defeating the Five

Nations. To perpetuate the security which this would establish, it would be essential to build strong forts along the St. Lawrence and on the southward-flowing river which the Dutch controlled (the Hudson), so that the French government could use it as an ever-open trade outlet to the sea, not to mention the encirclement which this would bring about of the seaboard lands which the English were taking over.

Avagour presented a detailed plan. Three thousand soldiers should be sent out at once to New France to carry on offensive operations against the Five Nations. The soldiers were to be discharged after three years' service and to be given land. This would turn the St. Lawrence into a vital source of food supply as well as the life line of the trade with the natives. The retiring governor had gone even further and had prepared an estimate of the cost of thus turning a struggling colony of puny health into a new empire. Four hundred thousand francs a year for ten years would suffice.

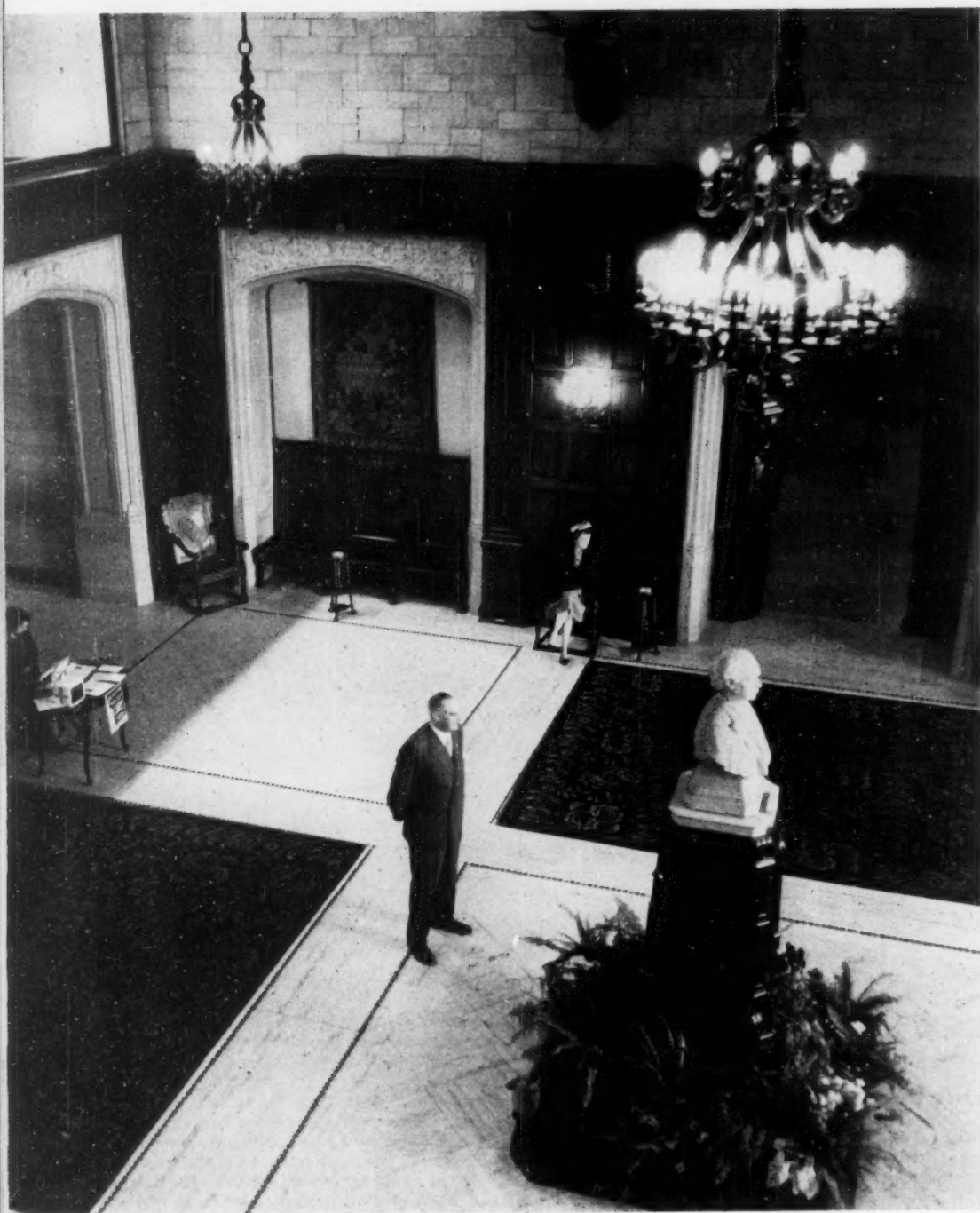
This bold plan had been debated while Laval was still in France and there can be no doubt that his voice was raised in impassioned support. Before he left he had the satisfaction of knowing that the King had decided to follow it in its broad outline. A regiment of soldiers would be sent to New France to bring the Iroquois war to a final end. The officers would be given large tracts of land and would be expected to portion their holdings out to the men of their own companies. New France was to have at last the full support of the crown. A new day was dawning.

Alexandre de Prouville, Marquis de Tracy, was now lieutenant-general of the French dominions in the New World, and so it fell his lot to take military command in Canada. Within the next two years, amid sublime blunders and ridiculous courage, the strangest of all Indian campaigns was to be fought to a conclusion. In the end the French, grotesquely handicapped though they were by too much civilization,

Continued on page 38

Illustrated by Franklin Arbuckle





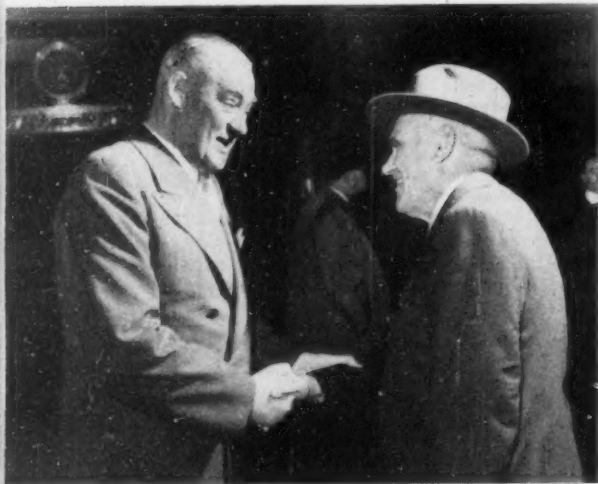
Changing his expensive suits three times a day Aylett maintains an elegant front in Canada's most famous hotel.

In the lobby
of Ottawa's Chateau Laurier
stands Big Bill Aylett
ready to greet everyone from
kings and cabinet ministers
to tourists and salesmen.
As manager of a hostelry
that's also
a national institution
he's got

The Toughest Hotel Job In Canada

By McKenzie Porter

Photos by Basil Zarov



A handshake for C. D. Howe. The government controls the hotel via the CNR, expects Aylett to impress visitors.



Like other posh hotels around the world, the Chateau has its Peacock Alley. It's a haven for tired shoppers.



The chief visits the chef. Henri Freitag takes joy in preparing dishes like saddle of beaver or bear steak.

EVERY morning and afternoon William Aylett, manager of Ottawa's turreted and stately Chateau Laurier, emerges from his office to spend half an hour in the lobby. The lobby and he might have been made for each other, for the dimensions of both are majestic and both have an air of solid and dignified elegance. Aylett, who is six feet four and has the broad shoulders of an athlete and a massive well-shaped head, is so fastidious that he changes his expensive suits three times a day.

He stands erect, hands clasped behind his back, and has a habit of rocking gently on his heels as incoming and outgoing streams of cabinet ministers, senators, backbenchers, judges, diplomats, industrialists, civil servants, military brass hats, traveling salesmen and tourists swirl around him. He nods politely at those he recognizes and if one of them pauses to chat he springs forward with a smile. After the conversation he returns automatically to his favorite spot—midway between the cashier's wicket and a bust of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The wicket reminds him he's running a big commercial establishment. The bust reminds him that the Chateau was designed to conform with the wishes of Laurier himself, is within shouting distance of Parliament Hill, has the status of a national institution, is always under the eye of the government, and is expected to maintain standards that will impress sophisticated visitors.

Aylett works for the CNR, which owns the Chateau, but as manager of the Chateau he is the semi-official host for the government, which controls the CNR. The government expects him to operate the Chateau lavishly and graciously. The CNR expects him to keep the government happy without losing money—this in a hotel planned more for show than for profit. The CNR also expects him to avoid charging rates that will bring noisy parliamentary protests from guests who are MPs and senators.

Aylett's job is consequently the toughest hotel job in the country. And, while he's worrying about how to balance his budget, how to prevent the theft of towels and silver, and how to convince a new bellhop that an ambassador must be addressed as "Your Excellency," he also has to worry about how to charm and delight celebrities in whose comfort the cabinet has expressed a special interest.

When Harry Truman visited Ottawa as President of the United States, Aylett learned he preferred bourbon, a drink hardly known in Canada. He laid in a stock of Truman's brand. When Field Marshal Montgomery landed at Halifax to tour Canada, and stopped at the Nova Scotian Hotel there, Aylett telephoned the manager of the Nova Scotian to ascertain Montgomery's likes and dislikes. Then he distributed to his staff a bulletin informing them that Montgomery loved roast lamb, mutton chops and cheese; loathed fish; scorned bouillon but enjoyed cream soup; would eat eggs only in an omelet; and wanted his own batman to bring him his early morning tea. Montgomery, not easy to please, was pleased at the Chateau.

Aylett has devoted most of his 62 years to giving this kind of service in posh clubs and hostels. For the last 18 years, with legendary tact and poise, he has managed the Chateau Laurier, which has 550 bedrooms and 30 suites and 600 employees, and is the flagship of the CNR's fleet of ten year-round hotels and three summer hotels. The atmosphere of the Chateau under Aylett's direction prompted John Beavan, London editor of the Manchester Guardian, to write after a trip to Ottawa: "As the doors of the lifts in the Chateau Laurier close softly they seem to whisper the words Urbanity, Decorum, Breeding and then, in reverent conclusion, Pomp."

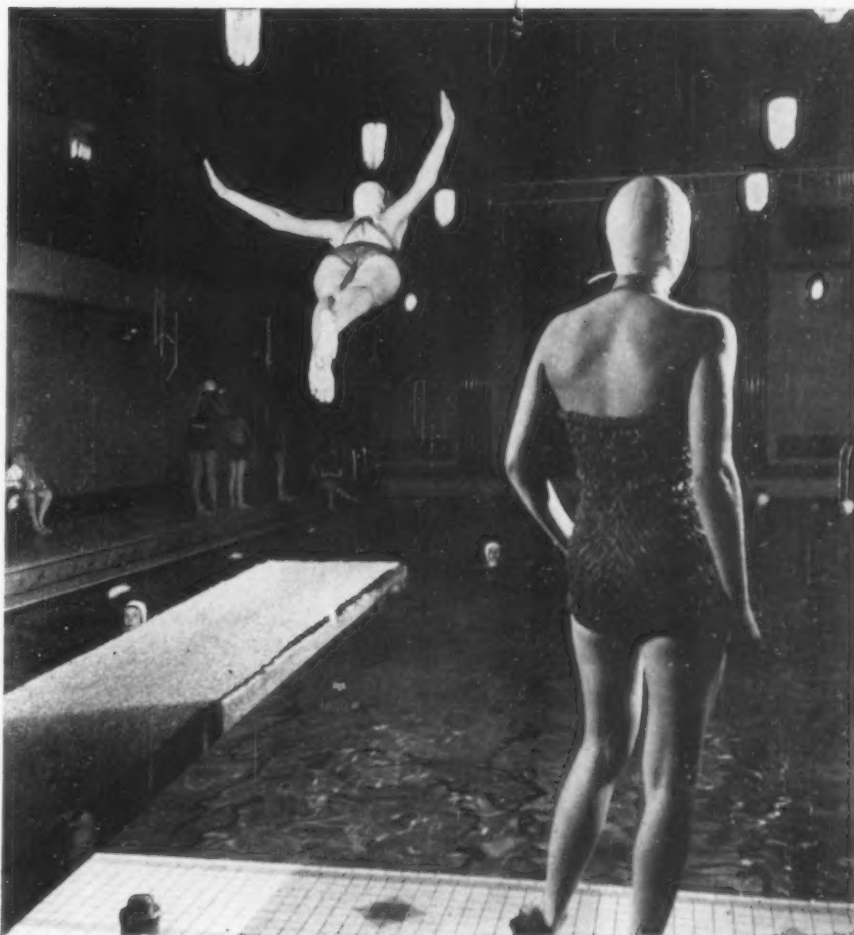
Aylett's own urbanity and decorum have seldom been shaken although his nerves are often tried. He's urbane and decorous even when he has to come to grips with an obnoxious customer. Once, his staff was agitated by a man who rated as a big shot in his home town and expected to be treated like a rajah. Aylett explained to him in a quiet but withering tone that the staff had failed to recognize the man's importance because he shouted too loudly—a thing most important people didn't do. The man still stays at the Chateau, but with an apologetic air.

Speaking softly down from his lofty height, Aylett can cow obstreperous guests so effectively that there's a story that one of them, who decided to commit suicide, left the Chateau and checked in at a lesser hotel so as not to arouse Aylett's ire. Aylett, who dislikes talking about his guests, won't confirm the tale. Nor will he confirm a story that, when he went to a party at a private home and was served a cocktail off a silver tray that had been stolen from the Chateau years before, he calmly told his hostess to wrap the tray up so he could take it with him when he left.

Continued on page 84



Mrs. Egan, room service, never forgets a voice.



The Chateau's indoor pool, open to the public, is a cool haven for civil-service stenos.



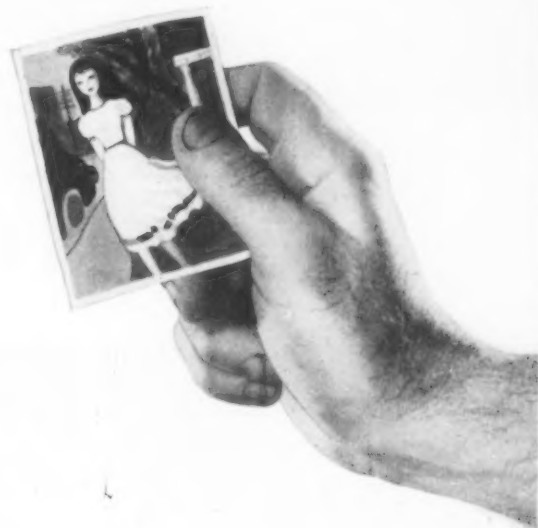
With military precision a new shift of bellhops parades for inspection in the marble lobby.



When she played those strange songs the children stared up in wonder.

Ever see a girl with a painted guitar?

Here's her picture, mister.
Ever see anyone around here like that?
Her father wants her... "Find her," he says.
"Let's get her put away..."



By MURIEL SPANIER Illustrated by William Winter

IT WAS snowing hard when the soldier entered the diner. Burt McCrary was just about ready to close up for the night. He had scraped the grill clean, discarded a handful of grease-flecked menus and polished the counter until the marbled surface gleamed beneath his cloth. He looked up in surprise as the young man came through the door bringing with him a rush of cold snow-salted air and a glimpse of the startled night outside.

"Sorry young fellow," McCrary said. "We're closed." The young man stood uncertainly in front of the door. He wore a heavy army overcoat turned up at the neck and there were corporal stripes on his sleeve.

"The stationmaster across the street said that I could get a bite to eat here. I just came in on the 7.10." McCrary felt a flicker of irritation run through him. He had told Gus a hundred times not to send people over here after 6.30. Hell—he was a family man. He liked to close up early and get home to his wife and kids, particularly during the winter months.

"Well say," McCrary began, "I open this place at 6 a.m. for the trucking crowd. A man's got a right to close up when..." McCrary cut his speech short. The soldier had pulled his cap over his eye, turned on his heel and with his hand on the door seemed to brace himself a moment before going out into the night. "Wait!" McCrary said. "Hell, I guess I can fix you up with a cup of coffee and a ham sandwich anyway."

"Thanks," the soldier said with a little salute, and he slid into one of the booths along the side wall of the diner.

McCrary went into the small kitchen, set a pot of coffee on the stove to boil and started to slice bread for the sandwich. Ella won't know what happened to me tonight he thought. Maybe she'll be frightened. He felt full of warmth and almost foolishly

happy when he thought of Ella... her small quick hands, her dark head always set to one side as though she were listening to some mysterious and distant music, and her eyes, not bright, but rather calm and sleepy with an almost animal softness. It was easy to think about Ella. In fact, McCrary spent a good part of his time in between trains, when the diner wasn't too busy, just imagining what she'd be up to at home with the kids. How she'd probably be singing or playing one of those crazy little songs that made them stare up into her face in special wonder. And how she'd rush into his arms when he came home at night and sit on his lap for a few minutes with her head tucked against his cheek like a dainty toy muff and her lips whispering almost meaningless phrases into his ear.

McCrary took some ham and a chunk of Swiss cheese out of the refrigerator and spread them out on the short-order table. He couldn't get Ella out of his mind... he never could. Maybe it was the fact that they'd been married only a short while and he still hadn't gotten used to the delightful newness of her. The kids were crazy about her too. That was one of the best parts.

Josie had said the very first day, "Oh Daddy, I like her so much. She sings so pretty and she plays puss-in-the-corner better than anyone." Then, Josie had looked seriously into his eyes and whispered, "I hope she's here for always Daddy, like the good fairy come to stay."

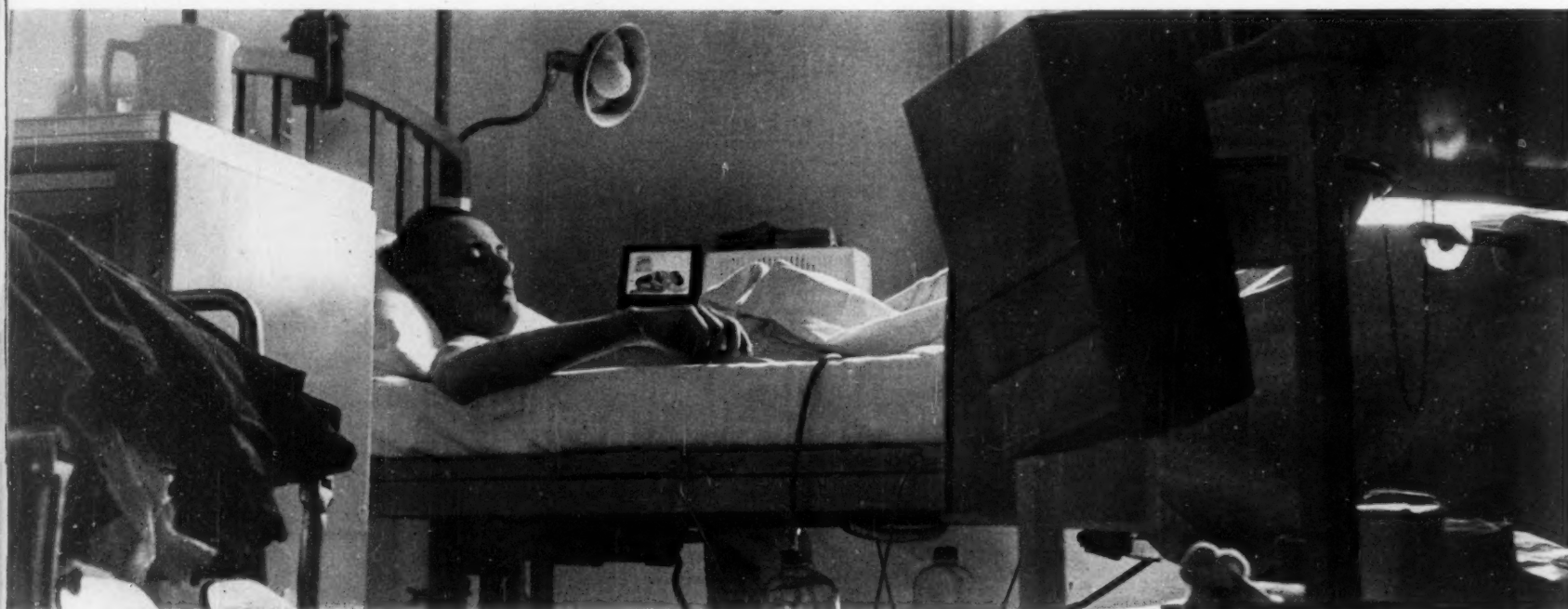
McCrary went to the stove and poured the steaming coffee into a cup. He sliced the sandwich neatly and slid it onto a dish. Even Boyd, who was a tough little cuss, had given his stamp of approval to Ella. He brought out his Hopalong Cassidy hat and his new two-wheeler after she'd been in the house only a couple of hours.

"How do you like them?" Boyd had *Continued on page 74*



The \$14-million giant called Sunnybrook stands in four hundred acres of trim parkland in one of Toronto's best areas. It costs \$6,500,000 a year to operate.

The Hospital You Built



In one of the 1,635 beds lies Hugh McKeown, shattered on a Korean hillside. His determination, plus Sunnybrook's devotion, constitute a modern medical legend.

For Hugh McKeown By JUNE CALLWOOD

It's a miracle that one of Canada's worst-wounded soldiers is alive today—a miracle called Sunnybrook. In this biggest of all Canadian general hospitals, more than one thousand veterans of four wars are spending a few weeks, a few years, or the rest of their lives

THE LARGEST and most luxurious veterans' hospital in Canada—in fact the biggest and most expensive general hospital in this country—is Sunnybrook in Toronto. A sprawling, yellow-brick and glass giant, it is situated on a hilltop in a country-club setting on Toronto's northern outskirts and is one of twelve such military hospitals across Canada. Here, more than a thousand veterans of Canada's last four wars are spending a few weeks, a few years or the rest of their lives. Among them is a slender, one-legged, 28-year-old veteran of the Korean War named Hugh Oliver Callaghan McKeown. As much as any man—and more than most men—McKeown serves as a living example of what hospitals like Sunnybrook can do to repair broken bodies.

He is one of the worst-wounded men any veterans' hospital has ever salvaged. He has been at Sunnybrook for three years and cannot hope to be discharged, in a wheel chair or on crutches, for a year or two more. For six months after a machine-gun bullet passed through his hips he was expected to die at any moment. Doctors from three branches of the hospital's surgical staff pooled their skills to operate on him seven times and save his life. Their proficiency, along with McKeown's awesome determination to survive an incredible ordeal, has created a modern medical legend.

Around this legend is the hospital Canadians built to save McKeown, and thousands like him. Sunnybrook's 13 buildings, set in 400 acres of rolling lawns and forests, cost \$14 millions seven years ago. Sometimes it reminds visitors of a

tastefully appointed factory, impersonally swallowing sick and broken men through its glass doors, and just as indifferently healing them and sending them home, with triplicate copies of their discharge papers and a slamming of file drawers. This impression is superficial and the fault is in the mighty scale of the establishment, with its three and a half miles of corridors, 22 elevators, 2,800 rooms, 200 flights of stairs and 21 acres of floor. The 1,635-bed hospital, operated at an annual cost of just under \$6,500,000, is larger than any ordinary hospital—Toronto General Hospital, the biggest hospital outside the Department of Veterans' Affairs chain—has 1,418 beds.

But within the colossal hulk of Sunnybrook is warmth and wisdom and a sense of the importance of the individual. The heroic years of urgent surgery on newly shattered men fresh from hospital ships are past and the veterans' hospital has steadied down to a between-wars routine of repairing stumps of arms and legs that have become infected, wounds and bones that failed to heal properly, lungs needing treatment forty years after Ypres and bodies from which pieces of dead bone and shrapnel must be removed ten years after Falaise and the bomb runs over Stuttgart. In the sun-soaked wards there are middle-aged men with tuberculosis, young men who are paralyzed, old men with arthritis and still older men whom senility has made mindless.

In soft felt slippers the recuperating patients shuffle the miles of gleaming corridors, smoking restlessly, laughing raucously, swapping small talk

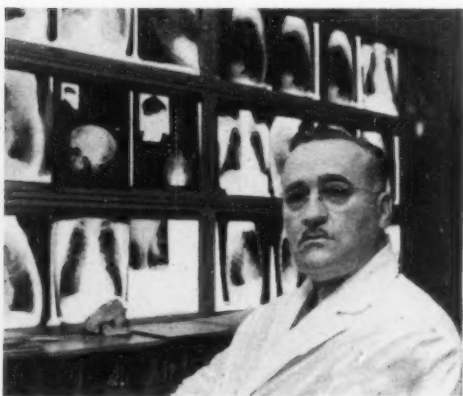
about their X-rays, the Maple Leafs, Marilyn Monroe and that crazy orderly on night duty. An old man dozes, white-haired and full of peace, in a wheel chair parked near the elevators where, between naps, he can watch people coming and going. A gaunt grinning veteran of the Schelde walks on his new aluminum leg down an aisle between hip-high railings and critically watches his limping image in a floor-length mirror. A young father stricken with polio moves his legs awkwardly in the warm green waters of the swimming pool, hopefully imitating the motions of walking. A handsome youngster in the psycho ward, under observation for mental illness, leans against a wall in his pyjamas and stares at his feet. Four paraplegics have pulled their wheel chairs around a blanket-draped table in the sunroom for a silent, smoky game of poker.

Sunnybrook's patients range in age from an 18-year-old army private with infected tonsils to a 95-year-old Boer War hero, wrinkled and shaking. In the big hospital some men are dying of cancer and some have infected hangnails; some discovered in battle that they had courage beyond their hopes and some found that they had cowardice beyond their fears; some are brilliant engineers who read constantly and some cannot read at all; some are querulous hypochondriacs and some never complain, though they wake every morning to agony. The thousand men in Sunnybrook have little in common, except that they have all been shaped and changed in the crucible of war.

McKeown has been

Continued on page 68

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL



150,000 X-RAYS EVERY YEAR

Dr. Desmond Burke heads X-ray section. Even guinea pigs are mobilized to help veterans.



72,000 THERAPY TREATMENTS

Ruth Young leads physiotherapy. A \$142,000 swimming pool helps patients regain fitness.



600,000 ASPIRIN TABLETS

Stan Thorpe is pharmacy chief. More than two tons of cough syrup are measured out annually.

Staggering yearly statistics tell how Sunnybrook aids veterans like Hugh McKeown



BACK TO SCHOOL AT 28

William Baird coaches McKeown in mathematics. Librarians try to lure him away from westerns.



UP IN THE AFTERNOON

Orderlies stand by to help McKeown get ready for his wheel chair. He is going to the gym.



CARDS IN THE EVENING

Mrs. McKeown watches while her youngest son plays cribbage with his father and brother.

My Marvelous Friend, Dr. Einstein

BY ANTONINA VALLENTIN

Here's a new and
entrancing Einstein, intimately
portrayed by
a long-time friend.

The greatest brain of our time
turns out to be
a lonely and forgetful little man
who doesn't like socks,
who travels
third class, who likes to get up
and play with the band

THE AUTHOR

Antonina Vallentin (in private life Mme. Julien Luchoire) was born in Poland but spent many years in pre-Nazi Germany, where she first met the Einsteins. Their friendship has continued over the years while she has written several important biographies, including a life of Leonardo da Vinci which became a Book-of-the-Month choice. She lives in Paris now and speaks four languages fluently.

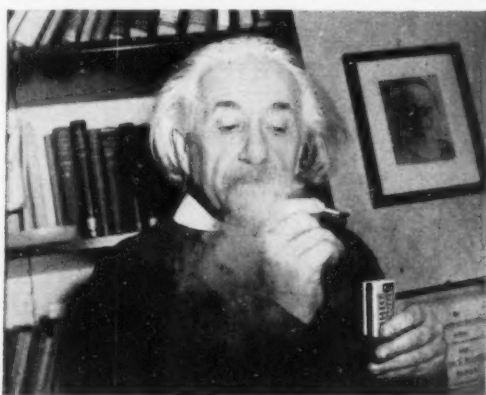


The genius walks alone on the Princeton campus. His name is a household word but he can't understand why. ►





A black-haired Einstein posed with Alfonso of Spain in 1923. The Belgian Royal Family were close friends.



Now 75 the lifelong pacifist is deeply perturbed by the threat of the super-bombs science has perfected.



Einstein (with second wife, Elsa) sticks his tongue out as photographer readies camera in Pasadena, Calif. The professor holds a grudge against photographers and blames them for robbing him of the anonymity he would prefer.

"WHEN I WAS YOUNG I REALIZED THE FUTILITY OF THE ASPIRATIONS MOST MEN PURSUE"

ALBERT EINSTEIN'S life has been a constant struggle between his love of anonymity and the burdens of his fame, and at times only his sense of humor has saved him from complete exasperation. He bows without embarrassment to the frenzied applause which greets him, but there is a conspiratorial twinkle in his eye for his relations and friends as if calling them to witness that these strange proceedings have nothing to do with him.

The one-time British Ambassador in Berlin, Sir Horace Rumbold, once told him the story of how his son, arriving in Germany from school in England, had asked with one foot still on the train: "Daddy, have you met Einstein?" When the ambassador had to admit that he had not, the boy shrugged his shoulders pityingly, implying that his father had wasted his time in Berlin. "I was quite withered by his contempt," said Sir Horace.

Einstein shook his head, amused yet puzzled. "I really don't know why it is," he said, "that, having written a few papers that only a handful of people in the whole world are able to understand, I have apparently acquired such fame."

It is truly a remarkable puzzle. All over the world the very word "Einstein" is used as a synonym for towering genius yet never did fame have a more esoteric origin. One of Einstein's assistants describes how, around 1917, a physicist talking to Sir Arthur Eddington, the famous English astronomer, said: "You, Sir Arthur, are one of the three men in the world who understand the theory of relativity." A slightly pained expression crossed Eddington's face and his questioner hastened to add: "There's no need to be embarrassed, Professor, you are much too modest." "It's not a question of

modesty," protested Sir Arthur, "I was only asking myself who the third could be."

Einstein's celebrity has often been tested. In the days when he was still living in his native Germany, two American students once made a bet. They addressed an envelope to "Professor Albert Einstein, Europe." It arrived at its destination with the normal delay. "How excellent the postal service is!" was Einstein's only comment.

He has long achieved a detachment which few other people have ever attained. He once thanked G. B. Shaw for the flattering words "addressed to my mythical namesake who makes my life a singular burden."

I have known Einstein intimately for many years—both in Europe and in the U. S.—and I have the suspicion that he really believes himself to be exactly like everyone else. One day at Princeton he wanted to see the film, *The Life of Emile Zola*. He arrived at the theatre with his assistant, bought tickets and went in, and then discovered that the show would not start for another quarter of an hour. They decided to go for a walk. "But we have given up our tickets," Einstein murmured anxiously to the doorman. "Will you recognize us?" The man laughed, thinking Einstein must be joking. "I daresay we will, Professor Einstein," he grinned.

Einstein blames the unflagging zeal of photographers for the fact that people instantly recognize him, and he has a grievance against them for depriving him of his anonymity. He blames them for the daily nuisances he is subjected to. He cherishes this grievance to such an extent that when he was being photographed recently he stuck out his tongue at the photographer. The result was an immense tongue in the middle of an immense face,

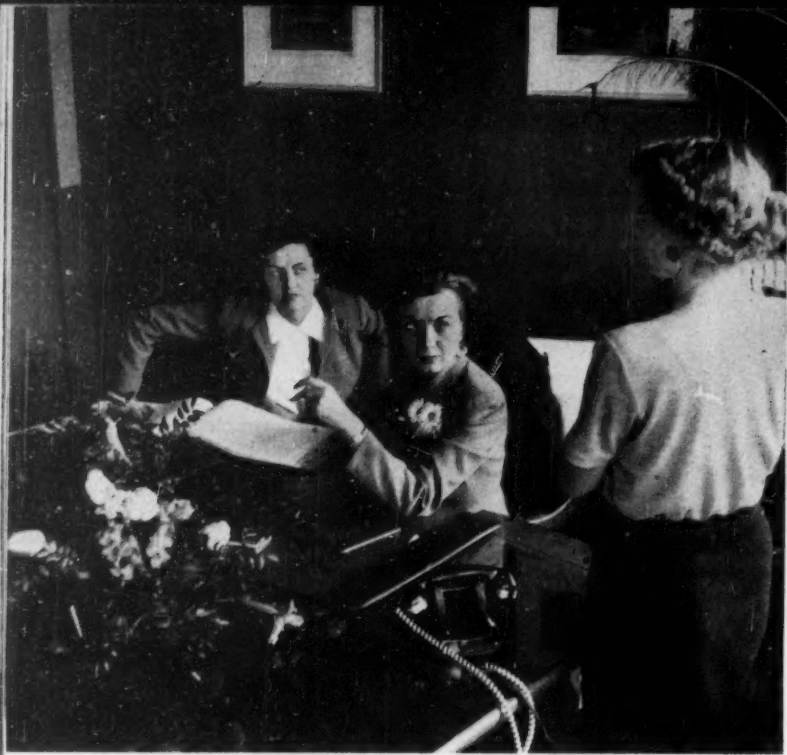
with wisps of white hair standing on end round his head, like serpents. The picture was widely reproduced.

Einstein once wrote, "When I was still a rather precocious young man, I already realized most vividly the futility of the hopes and aspirations that most men pursue throughout their lives." And he has firmly refused to adapt himself in any way to the demands of his fame. He has maintained a personal, simple way of questioning the necessity of an action, or of expected behavior, or of an attitude. In vain one would explain to him the customary formalities, and those who had not known him long would explain patiently, as to a backward child. They would repeat: "This is done . . ." "Why is it done?" he would ask. Until you noticed his smile he seemed like a malicious child.

When friends tried to persuade him to wear full evening dress to an important function, he said: "Tails? Why tails? I never had any and never missed them." Once his wife employed all her powers of persuasion, her charm and humor, to make him order an evening suit for a solemn occasion and, after violent resistance from him, a compromise was eventually reached: a dinner jacket, instead of tails. Afterward he merely said, yes, he did have a dinner jacket in his cupboard which he was even ready to exhibit, until the day came when "the fine thing," as he called it, had grown too small.

In his battle against material things Einstein shows his pity for those who complicate their lives with trifling possessions. When he was invited to a series of conferences at the Sorbonne in Paris, the German Ambassador insisted that he should stay at the embassy. He could

Continued on page 76



EDMONTON BOSS Rena Pettypiece is a serene brunette who likes administrative work, rarely smokes and wears expensive tailored suits.



CALGARY BOSS Ethel Zatyko (her married name is Jakab) detests detail, chain smokes and is usually up to her elbows in printer's ink.



NORMA JENKINSON



BETTY OFFICER

The Hundred

Rena Pettypiece and Ethel Zatyko

wanted to be court reporters. They

were turned down because of their

sex. So they started their own busi-

ness in Alberta and now they employ

a hundred girls. It's not that they

hate men; they just won't hire them

By **ROBERT COLLINS**

Photos by Paul Rockett

This Super-Stenographic Pool Supplies Its Services in Remote Wastelands and Smoky Convention Halls, in Oilfields and Planes. They've Even Shipped Songs to Hollywood



Ethel left her Calgary desk to ride with a guide to a convention in the mountains.



In the oilfields, steno Julie Crooke took dictation from Calgary oilman Dick Pike.



KAY STRAYER



MARY GOGAL



ARLENE MCTAVISH



EARLDENE KRYZ

Girls Who Mind Men's Business

SEVEN years ago, two energetic but penniless young women freshly out of His Majesty's services were suddenly faced with the sobering and dismaying realization that they were once again living in a man's world.

Ethel Zatyko and Rena Pettypiece had taken a twelve-month course in the hope of becoming court stenographers. They decided to pursue their chosen vocation in Alberta, which they regarded as a province of oil booms and millionaires. They wrote letters of application to court officials. But when the answers came, their hopes were dashed: the RCAF might recruit women wireless operators, but Alberta doesn't allow women court reporters.

The girls were stunned and indignant, but never tearful.

They decided to go to Alberta anyway, and show what women can do.

This is the story of what two women have done.

After seven years of hard plugging, Ethel and Rena now operate two branches of an all-woman organization known as Office Assistance Ltd., of Calgary and Edmonton. They boss one hundred bright young women, many so pretty that their photographs in advertisements bring in extra business.

Office Assistance is a sort of super-stenographic pool that supplies secretarial services of every kind to anyone. The girls have typed manuscripts for a poet who writes off-color odes, taken dictation from a miner who juggles gold nuggets while he talks, and mailed tunes to Hollywood for an Edmonton song writer who claims he's a genius.

Having once been discriminated against as women, Ethel and Rena now tend to discriminate against men. Outside of two printers they employ only one man—in the Calgary office. His name is Bernard Jakab and he got the job only after he married Ethel. Rena, who runs the Edmonton office, doesn't employ any men.

On a couple of occasions they've broad-mindedly hired male stenographers but they've never had any success. One was set to typing envelopes on his second day and he walked out an hour later.

"Men find routine jobs too monotonous," says Rena. "Anyway, I think women are more efficient."

"This is really a woman's field, you see," says Ethel. "But clients don't pity us because we're women. There's one right now who's trying to beat me down on prices. Thinks he'll do it because I'm a woman, but I've got news for that boy."

Plenty of Alberta's masculine businessmen still can't figure all this out. They still draw the two girls aside and suggest, "You seem to be doing all right, but what you need is a good man to run this business. Now I know just the fellow . . ."

But Rena and Ethel keep stubbornly on their way and Office Assistance's feminine personality becomes more marked every year. The original crest was a woman's head and it's still used by the Edmonton office. Once the girls even used it on their pay cheques and in the early days when the firm was getting established Rena and Ethel had another feminine gimmick: they dressed their girls in grey and maroon flannel blazers bearing the crest when they sent them on outside assignments. The firm has other distinctly feminine characteristics, too, such as pastel-colored business cards and potted plants in the boss' office.

Politicians, Poets and Crackpots

Probably no other women in Canada work harder at minding men's business. They take dictation; type letters, briefs, cheques, envelopes and financial statements; attend conventions and record the proceedings in shorthand or with recording machines; mail letters and keep mailing lists up-to-date; answer telephones and print colored letterheads, circulars, pamphlets and office forms on offset printing machines.

Their clients are lawyers, oilmen, industrialists, politicians, poets, brokers, miners, millionaires and crackpots from all over the world. A good example of the sort of jobs they'll tackle occurred one July afternoon three years ago when Ethel herself debarked from a train at Hector, B.C., in the middle of the Rockies, shouldered a sleeping bag, thumbed

a canoe ride across a lake, rented a horse and guide at a summer resort and rode eight miles up the side of a mountain.

At her destination—a clearing in the timber—she sat on a log beside a campfire, spread her notebook on a stump and recorded in shorthand the 46th annual convention of the Alpine Club of Canada. Then she returned to Calgary weary, slightly saddle-bent and triumphant.

Last winter, redheaded Dorothy Moore, who speaks French, German and Spanish and runs Office Assistance's public steno service in Edmonton's Macdonald Hotel, typed two personal letters to General Franco. Her customer, a volatile Spanish businessman, paused now and then to extol the Franco government, referring in hushed tones to "His Excellency Generalissimo Don Francisco Franco Bahamonde."

Two years ago a male client engaged Office Assistance to mimeograph replies to one hundred different Lonely Hearts advertisements. Each letter began, "Have I finally found an interested lady?" and went on to say that the writer would like to live in the southern U.S. in a trailer, if his future wife would help finance both the trailer and car.

About the same time, a man brought a letter into the Edmonton office, claimed he had been an inmate of the provincial mental institution at Ponoka, Alta., and added, "I may be crazy but at least I admit it." Deadpan, the Office Assistance steno read his note—addressed to the government and accusing mental hospital doctors of indiscriminately cutting off patients' arms and legs—and typed it out with the same care she'd have given any other.

Office Assistance was founded in Edmonton in 1947 and added a Calgary branch two years later. Early in 1953, after Ethel's marriage, the partners divided the company on a friendly basis and the two offices became individual firms with separate staffs and finances. Both provide identical services, have the same name and recommend each other to customers, and each is managed by one of the founders, Rena Pettypiece in Edmonton and Ethel Jakab in Calgary.

Continued on page 45



Edmonton office's Dorothy Moore recorded a busy directors' meeting.



Pretty Pat Shibly, Miss Stampede of 1953, took dictation aloft from Fran McTavish.



Mary MacKay took her typewriter to speed the delivery of her letters at the oilfields.



Julie Mytruk works late for Calgary convention committees.

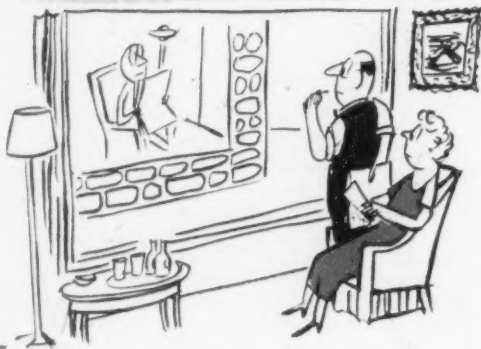
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from PETER WHALLEY and THE EDITORS

Behind the pink mist of copywriters' prose
there is sometimes the regrettable world of reality



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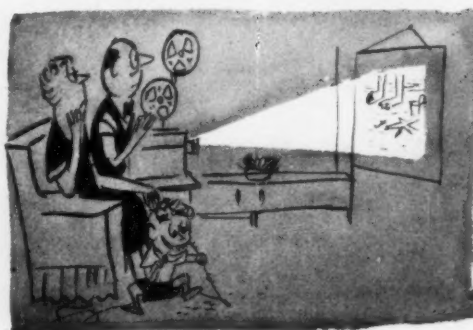
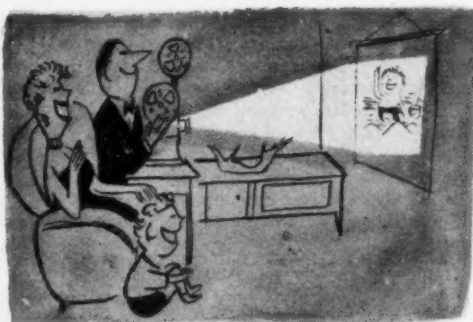
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Adam Beck's Fight For Public Hydro

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

BY FERGUS CRONIN

Tooth and nail, the stubborn, unbending Adam Beck battled to break Ontario's private power companies and create the giant called Hydro. He taught his foes some lessons in skilful infighting and finally won his goal of cheap public power

THE POOREST working man will have electric light in his home." In 1908 that promise sounded as Utopian as the promise of "a helicopter on every roof" would sound today. But Sir Adam Beck made it, and carried it through, in the course of a career as controversial as any in Ontario's political history. His influence was felt far beyond his own province, for Beck was one of the unquestioned leaders in the development of cheap and abundant electricity; this in turn, of course, has been a key fact in North America's comfort and prosperity.

He was idolized, feared and hated, a domineering man, ruthless to his opponents, often rude to his best friends. But before he died in 1925 Beck had built the Hydro-Electric Power Commission into the greatest publicly owned power system in the world, had reduced the price of electricity in Ontario from twelve cents a kilowatt-hour in 1902 to less than two cents, and had seen the economy of Canada's most populous province change from an agricultural to an industrial one.

Beck was a factor behind the nationalization of part of Canada's railways, and he battled unsuccessfully for the St. Lawrence Seaway at a time when today's plans for that enormous project could have been put through at a fraction of their present cost. He put power in the hands of the people, in both the electrical and political sense, but was



Beck's famed "Circus" toured Ontario to show the citizens what the Hydro-Electric could do.

called a dictator who created a reign of terror. Beck brought about changes in Ontario's way of life which, in their own way, were as far reaching as those effected by Ford, Edison or Bell. Paradoxically the legend he left behind him often credits him with things he didn't do at all. He wasn't the first to develop Niagara power. Nor was he the first Canadian to develop public power; the town of Orillia had municipal electricity much earlier.

The age in which Beck began his revolution was the day of the big tycoons, self-made millionaires who were respected and sometimes feared as the natural arbiters of our economic and social life. Money spoke louder than it has ever spoken since. Yet the working man was earning less than \$500 a year. There were few automobiles; telephones were still scarce, radios and motion pictures non-existent. Mark Twain was ageing but popular and Jack London was a household word. Canada had six million people.

Ontario's venture into public ownership was a unique experiment. Although early in the century there were many power plants in Canada and the U. S. run by municipalities, Beck conceived of towns all over Ontario paying a central agency for their electrical needs and charging their own customers, all at cost. His fight with private power companies was a classic example of knockdown warfare at the silk-hat level. Beck first set out to discredit the private companies in the name of "the Hydro"; the private

Continued on page 51

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY
CLYDE GILMOUR



The screen almost melts when Eartha Kitt makes her debut.

NEW FACES: Several dull patches in this CinemaScope revue fail to dim the baby-tigress intensity of Eartha Kitt's singing and several skits which are among the funniest I've ever seen. Ronny Graham, Paul Lynde and Alice Ghostley are top laugh-getters.

THE EDDIE CANTOR STORY: A tune-packed but overlong, oversentimental biography, with Keefe Brasselle impersonating the comedian. Cantor, invisibly, does his own singing.

KING OF THE KHYBER RIFLES: Tight-lipped Tyrone Power, a half-caste officer in a British regiment in India in 1857, clashes with his native foster brother (Guy Rolfe) in a corny but actionful CinemaScope melodrama.

THE LIVING DESERT: Walt Disney's first full-length nature film is cheapened by coy touches in the narration, but it is filled with stunning close-ups of American wilderness life.

LOOPHOLE: A crisp low-budget suspense yarn about a bank teller (Barry Sullivan) who has a tough time trying to prove he didn't rob the bank. Insurance sleuth Charles McGraw hounds him.

THE LOVE LOTTERY: A fine comic idea (movie idol sardonically agrees to marry the girl who wins him in a sweepstake) is almost lost in the heavy opulence of this British satire. David Niven is the hunted hero.

RED GARTERS: Saloon queen Rosemary Clooney and cow-town bigshot Jack Carson strive valiantly — but with only fair success — to put over this half-hearted spoof at musical westerns.

ROB ROY: Richard Todd and Glynis Johns as lovers in a costumed Scottish swashbuckler. Fine fun for the kiddies.

YANKEE PASHA: Jeff Chandler rescues Rhonda Fleming from a Moroccan harem in the sort of loud foolish sand-opera which often makes a ton of money for its owners.

Gilmour's Guide

Always a Bride: British comedy. Good.
Beat the Devil: Farce thriller. Fair.
The Beggar's Opera: Musical. Good.
Beneath the 12-Mile Reef: CinemaScope action drama. Fair.
The Big Heat: Crime drama. Excellent.
Captain's Paradise: Comedy. Excellent.
The Command: Cavalry vs. Injuns in CinemaScope. Good.
Decameron Nights: Comedy. Good.
Donovan's Brain: Horror. Fair.
Escape From Fort Bravo: Cavalry vs. Injuns. Good.
Forbidden: Sexy melodrama. Poor.
Forever Female: Comedy. Fair.
From Here to Eternity: Army-camp drama. Excellent.
Genevieve: British comedy. Good.
Geraldine: Show-biz comedy. Fair.
Give a Girl a Break: Musical. Fair.
The Glass Web: Whodunit. Fair.
Glenn Miller Story: Musical. Good.
Go, Man, Go! Basketball. Good.
Half a Hero: Domestic comedy. Good.
Hell and High Water: Action drama in CinemaScope. Fair.
His Majesty O'Keefe: Adventure. Fair.
Hobson's Choice: Comedy. Excellent.
Hondo: 3-D western. Good.
I, the Jury: Whodunit. Poor.

It Should Happen to You: Manhattan satirical comedy. Excellent.
Joe Louis Story: Biographical boxing drama. Excellent.
The Juggler: Drama. Excellent.
Julius Caesar: Shakespeare. Excellent.
The Kidnappers: Drama. Good.
Kiss Me Kate: Musical. Good.
Knights of the Round Table: Drama in CinemaScope. Good.
Lili: Musical fantasy. Excellent.
Long, Long Trailer: Comedy. Excellent.
Malta Story: Air-war drama. Good.
The Man Between: Drama. Good.
Man in the Attic: Suspense. Good.
Miss Sadie Thompson: Drama. Poor.
Mogambo: Jungle comedy. Excellent.
The Naked Jungle: Adventure. Fair.
Night People: Espionage drama in CinemaScope. Excellent.
Paratrooper: War drama. Fair.
Personal Affair: Drama. Fair.
Rhapsody: Drama plus music. Fair.
Roman Holiday: Comedy. Excellent.
Shane: Western. Excellent.
The Sinner: Sexy melodrama. Poor.
The Square Ring: Boxing drama. Good.
Take the High Ground: War. Fair.
Top Banana: Burlesque comedy. Good.
Trouble in Store: Comedy. Fair.

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

Now let us come to 1954. It is spring. For some time there had been an uneasy truce between Attlee and Bevan. In fact when Churchill opened the famous Atomic Debate, Bevan sat beside Attlee on the Labour Front Bench as if to prove (1) that they were brothers and (2) to establish the successorship to the socialist throne.

After an admirable opening speech Attlee listened to Churchill's reply and then sank back and proceeded to doodle. The effect was astonishing from where I sat. Bevan's florid face looked like the setting sun hovering over a decapitated body. In fact it was the first sign of unity ever achieved by Attlee and Bevan.

But this idyll of spring was not to last. A few days later Attlee, as Opposition Leader, gave a statesman-like but qualified support to Churchill's plan for rearming Germany. As always Attlee was refusing to introduce party politics into a matter of national security.

This was too much for Napoleon Bevan. With a combination of anger and lofty idealism he stormed to the dispatch box and dissociated himself from his leader. With passionate words and inflamed countenance he declared that he could not and would not be a party to rearming Germany, the eternal villain.

This was something new. This was mutiny in full view. The Prime Doodler put away his pencil and called a party meeting for next morning. Within an hour after it was over we all had a pretty good idea of what had happened. Attlee had delivered an ultimatum to Bevan—loyalty or expulsion from the Shadow Cabinet and the parliamentary Front Bench. Bevan rejected the ultimatum and walked out with all his supporters.

That afternoon Attlee resumed his place in parliament—unmarked, unworried and firm in his decision that he would not introduce party politics into matters of high strategy.

And not for the first time in the 18 years that I have sat with him in parliament I found myself thinking: "This is a very considerable political figure. This is a man who breaks all the rules of greatness and has none of its trappings. Think of the strain of leading a political party for 23 years, a turbulent party which had only held office with a clear majority in six of the 23 years! The socialists have never submitted to the strong discipline of

the Tory Party. They have always had break-away sections as well as a few who lean toward Communism. Yet no one but Bevan has risen to challenge the leadership of Attlee, the colorless man of anticlimax.

But is this a complete portrait? Can leadership of any kind be sustained merely on undramatization?

While we Tories were pondering on the latest Attlee-Bevan split and trying to imagine the shape of the future, Attlee's autobiography was published. It was modestly called *As It Happened* and I settled down to read it with the feeling that at last the enigma would explain itself.

Believe me this book is unlike any autobiography ever written or ever likely to be written. For sheer understatement it amounts almost to genius. Attlee has a beautiful wife who adores him and is always in the gallery when he makes a full-length speech. She must have been a lovely young creature when he married her. How then does he deal with the courtship in his book?

"I Was Too Shy"

He tells us that in 1921 he went on a European tour with a friend named Millar who, unexpectedly, brought his sister along with him. Attlee confesses that on the holiday he undoubtedly spent more time with Miss Millar than with her brother. So we come to the pulsating moment of decision.

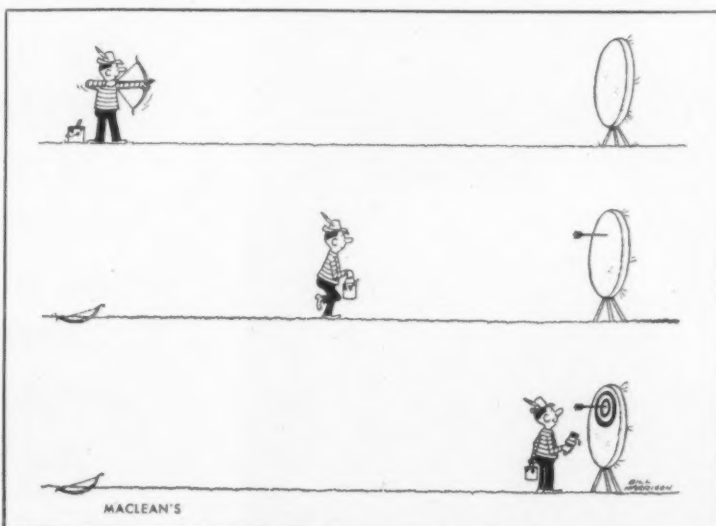
"A week or two after our return," writes Attlee, "I asked Miss Millar to go to a football match with me. When the day came the ground was too hard for football and we went to Richmond Park instead. During the afternoon I proposed and had the good fortune to be accepted."

What of his time at Oxford University? "I attended the Union Debates," he writes, "but I was far too shy to take part in them."

Over and over again there is that recurring motif: "I was too shy." Yet in his heart there was a sincerity that drove him on although he wanted none of the prizes of public life.

His family were sound middle-class people who were comfortably off. The tendency of the various branches of the Attlee breed was for the boys to become solicitors and the girls missionaries. Undoubtedly there was a strong puritanical background and a deep desire to help the poor and the unprivileged.

After Oxford Attlee went into the East End of London and helped to organize clubs for boys. He was uneasy even with them but at least he was learning to speak without being over-





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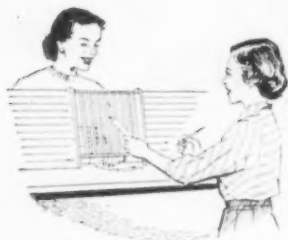
True Case History of Sally M.



"...because I want to be a Nurse!"

Sally's a smart young lady of 14 — a grade VIII pupil who not only knows what she wants to do when she graduates, but is doing something about it right now. "I'm going to begin my nurse's training in a few years," says Sally, "and I want to have my own pocket money then. That's why I'm saving now — at MY BANK."

A regular depositor at the B of M, Sally will have that added confidence that comes with money in the bank when she starts her training... and we know it will help her long after she's won her cap.



Why not put your youngsters in training for future responsibilities by opening "MY BANK" accounts for them at the Bank of Montreal.



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WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817

come by shyness. In gratitude he was eventually elected the youngest mayor in its history for the poverty-stricken Borough of Stepney.

Incidentally he was in the East End when the famous Sidney Street siege took place. A young chap in a top hat named Winston Churchill watched the battle in the capacity of Home Secretary. A few yards away was the almost unknown welfare worker named Clem Attlee. Even history's prophetic pen might have hesitated before predicting that these young fellows would eventually be prime minister and deputy prime minister in the battle to save civilization.

But first there came the challenge of the 1914 war. Churchill was First Lord of the Admiralty. Attlee was rejected for the army more than once but eventually worried the recruiting sergeants until they took him.

Once more the threads of fate are joined. In the disaster of Churchill's Gallipoli plan Attlee was badly wounded. It is typical of Attlee that in his autobiography he defends Churchill and attacks the out-of-date generals who bungled the Gallipoli venture.

When the war was over Stepney chose Attlee, its friend and benefactor, to represent the East End in parliament but it was not until 1922 that he contested the parliamentary election on behalf of the Limehouse Division of Stepney. The mild little Attlee and crime-ridden Limehouse! Perhaps it is understandable why Bevan has never been able to frighten him.

The rest of the story you know. But lest we forget we must set down that as the Labour Prime Minister, leading a semi-pacifist party, he not only took up the challenge of Korea but introduced peacetime conscription. He made mistakes but they were mistakes of judgment and not from any weakness of character.

When he became Prime Minister the London wits had a night out. "An empty car was driven to No. 10 Downing Street and out of it stepped Clement Attlee." "Attlee is a modest man—but then he has so much to be modest about!" "Attlee is not weak. He has a whim of iron." Yes, the wits were in form.

But there he is today, doodling away with his feet on the table, oblivious of the Big Bad Bevan and taking on Churchill the Champion with no holds barred. After all he is only 71 years of age and sees no reason why he should make way for a younger man.

Somewhere in his unexciting torso there beats a brave heart. Somewhere in his spirit there is a modesty that keeps him close to the ordinary man. Somewhere in the mystic land of the soul there is an indestructible rock of character.

In a few days I am joining a luncheon gathering where some of the greatest men in Britain will pay public tribute to him on the publication of his autobiography. There will be brilliant speeches where compliments will be tinged with wit and irony.

When Attlee rises to make his reply he will sound like a prim little elder of the church acknowledging the special collection in aid of the organ fund. And almost certainly he will say: "The critics are quite right when they describe my book as not well written. But I am not a writer. I just gave the facts and nothing but the facts which you will agree is something new in autobiography."

Then he will go back to the House of Commons, put his feet on the table and begin to doodle. Perhaps a Negro head, or will it be the cockatoo hair-do of a Welsh Napoleon wondering how much longer this little man will keep him from the socialist throne? ★

Are We Alone in the Universe?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

bombardment by giant meteors from outer space and not caused by volcanic explosions from within. The deadness is all-pervading.

Venus and Mars are another matter. Venus, the earth's twin sister, so alike are they in size, is only 26 million miles away when at its closest. No other planet comes so near, if we except the moon. Mars at its nearest approach is about 35 million miles away and is little more than half the size of the earth. Mars rotates at much the same rate as the earth, Venus probably much more slowly, but the temperature conditions for sustaining water in a usable form are marginal for each of them. At noon on Mars, in the equatorial region, the temperature rises well above freezing but drops well below that every night. Venus, on the other hand, heats up to 130 degrees Fahrenheit (or 55 degrees centigrade) on the sunny side, although because the nights are very long the temperature drops to sub-zero levels on the dark side. Water accordingly could exist on either planet, though in a much more changeable state than we have on earth. Simply from the point of view of water and prevailing temperatures, the earth occupies the most favored position midway between the two extremes. Mars and Venus lie within the temperature limits, but with little margin to spare one way or the other. Neither is as suitable for life as this earth of ours and astronomical observations bear out this conclusion.

Tough on Mosquitoes

Venus in certain ways is the more intriguing, though we know less about it. Through the telescope the surface appears devoid of markings and at the same time reflects sunlight to a much greater extent than the naked airless surfaces of the moon and Mercury. A thick blanket of clouds prevents us from seeing through to the planet's solid surface, and while this is aggravating to an astronomer, the mere presence of a thick atmosphere puts Venus more or less in the same category as the earth. The force of gravity and the atmospheric pressure would be very much what we are accustomed to, and every so often we hear the suggestion that on some distant day Venus may be colonized by earthlings. It is a fascinating thought, but there is a catch in it: the atmosphere of Venus is not the kind a man or even a mosquito could tolerate for a minute. Our own clouds are condensations of water vapor, while we breathe the air for the sake of the oxygen it contains. Neither of these can be detected in the air of Venus. Without oxygen, of course, we and all other animals would die. Moreover there seem to be huge quantities of hydrogen and carbon dioxide in the air of Venus which would cause us to strangle and suffocate even if oxygen was present. The heavy clouds are also carbon dioxide, dry-ice crystals in fact.

The apparent absence of water vapor in its air indicates that the surface of Venus must be entirely desert. There can be no oceans, lakes or rivers; if there were, the high surface temperatures would give rise to extensive evaporation and we would be able to detect the vapor. Here, in fact, is the key to the haziness of the atmosphere. The atmospheric circulation must be much more violent than on the earth, and great dust storms swirl to tremendous heights. Furthermore, the high

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, JUNE 15, 1954

concentration of carbon dioxide exerts a strong greenhouse effect, trapping the heat waves from the sun and so raising the surface temperatures far above what they otherwise would be—higher than that of boiling water, on the sunny side at least. Overheated, without either water or oxygen, there can be no life on Venus—at least as we define life.

Mars, therefore, becomes our last hope for finding living company in our solar system. It, too, has an atmosphere, but we can see through to the planet's surface and observe a seasonal change. When conditions are favorable the telescope reveals Mars as a beautiful object with a deep orange color and misty markings. And even as long ago as 1661, in the early days of telescopes, the Martian poles were seen to be white-capped like our own. During the northern summer the northern polar cap shrinks, while the southern cap grows. As the seasons change the process is reversed. Superficially at least the similarity of Mars and the earth is striking.

In contrast, however, to the changing polar caps there are dark markings on the Martian surface which appear to be more or less permanent. They rotate with the planet and at first it was thought that they were seas and that the ruddy background was dry land. Then later, during the last half of the nineteenth century, an Italian astronomer described the markings as channels which occasionally appeared to be double. This led to the idea that they were canals made by intelligent beings and primarily for irrigation purposes to conduct the water melting from polar ice caps across the arid wastes of the planet. If only it were true! Those busy Martian engineers must be somewhat like ourselves no matter what they looked like. Just the thought that someone else in the solar system is digging ditches brings tremendous excitement.

Unfortunately, as the years have gone by and our knowledge has advanced, this interpretation of the dark markings has become more and more implausible. For one thing Mars is so distant and the markings are so faint that imagination has been more powerful than vision. None of what we know about Mars—and we know a great deal—suggests that we would find our counterpart there if ever we should succeed in paying a visit.

Mars has an atmosphere. So much is certain. At the Martian surface it is about as thin as it is here at the height of Mt. Everest. Carbon dioxide is present to about the same extent as in the earth's atmosphere. Water vapor has been detected, although so far there has been no indication of atmospheric oxygen. But neither is there any sign of poisonous gases like the ammonia and methane that form the atmospheres of Saturn and Jupiter. The white polar caps are almost certainly ice or frost. Whatever they are, they must be very thin since they shrink and expand so rapidly with change of season. The large orange-colored areas are undoubtedly similar to our great earthly deserts, not entirely devoid of what may be some kind of vegetation, for there is a seasonal change of color,

from greenish to reddish and back.

The faint tracks that were thought to be canals appear to be several scores of miles wide and they run for hundreds of miles over the surface in a way that suggests there are no mountains or valleys. In the end, therefore, we are left with a picture of a dry planet with a limited amount of water, and with a seasonally changing vegetation which at the present time is considered to be somewhat like the lichens that cover our rocks. Yet without oxygen it is difficult to see how anything comparable to animal life as we know it could possibly exist.

So it appears that we are on our own, at least within the solar system. And after all it is not surprising. Starting with our basic condition that life depends both for its nature and for its survival upon water, no matter what other chemicals may be present, it follows that as we travel outward from the sun we pass through a region where temperatures permit liquid water to exist. And within this band there is a narrower middle region which is the most favorable in the sense that conditions are ideally balanced between the greater extremes of warm and cold. This is the region in which the earth revolves in its course around the sun. Venus is a little too close to the sun and what water it may have had has left it long ago. Mars is chilly and has a little water, but on balance the evidence suggests it lacks either enough water or oxygen to sustain animal life of what we would call a higher order.

How Did We Get Here?

In a sense man can climb back onto his pinnacle as something unique to the universe. There is virtually no doubt that within the solar system we represent the peak of creation, inasmuch as man is the most recent novelty to evolve on the earth and is also in certain definite ways the most complex.

If man is lord of our solar system as he undoubtedly is at the moment—although he is playing with deadly fire and may cut short his career—we still have several questions to answer before we can be sure there is or is not a higher species within some other solar system. Two of the most outstanding are: what have been the circumstances that have led to our existence? Is there any likelihood or possibility that such conditions may exist somewhere in the universe outside our own particular solar system, now that it is all too clear that our neighboring planets do not supply them?

The evolution of man on this earth, in the sense we are considering here, embraces the whole period of the origin and evolution of life, a time out of mind lasting more than 2,000 million years. Of this we have fossil records for the last 500 million years only.

The present belief is that life in its earliest and most primitive state came into existence surely and inevitably as the result of interactions between solar radiation and the water, with its dissolved minerals and gases, of the young planet; that the first and simplest forms of living matter evolved in the seas of those distant times. Our blood and tissues are heavy with sea salts to this very day.

Many primitive sea creatures, however, penetrated the fresh-water systems of rivers and lakes of the early Cambrian period, almost 500 million years ago, and it is in the rocks of this period that we begin to pick up the trail of actual fossils. Our own ancestral forms are among them, for the oldest remains of backboneed animals of any kind come from deposits laid down under fresh water. Backbones, propulsive muscles, and a streamlined

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form evolved in response to flowing streams. Fins evolved for stabilizing motion, the labyrinth of the ear for sensing motion, and the eyes for navigation.

Inland waters later on became stagnant and increasingly shallow. Lungs evolved for gulping air to make up for lack of oxygen in the water, and fins became pushing legs as bodies began to drag on the swampy mud. Before long, before the age of the coal forests ended, what had once been fish were crawling about as the first of the four-footed creatures of the land. Reptiles began their thundering occupation of the earth.

An ice age, more severe than the one from which we are now emerging, interrupted the reptilian career, and it was followed at once by overheated conditions. During this period of tremendously varying temperatures, bodies became adjusted to greater warmth and eventually became able to control body heat at a high level. In doing so scales were discarded to make way for insulating hair, and skin glands evolved for both sweat and oil. Primitive, hairy, warm-blooded mammals started on their way.

Mammals at first were small, meek, nocturnal creatures that had to run and hide from the larger reptiles. For the greater security of both parent and offspring the developing young were retained within the maternal body, and skin glands evolved into milk glands to ease the shock of being launched upon the world. The combination of the womb and the breast brought families into being.

When the greater reptiles disappeared the mammals in general grew larger and fiercer, and some of the meeker ones took to the trees for safety. Climbing trees took noses away from the ground and put a premium on sight. The sense of smell degenerated, and binocular vision evolved for judging distance. Feet became hands for climbing, posture became more and more erect. Eyes and hands combined in useful application, and the brain enlarged.

The land across Asia heaved and raised the Himalayas. Africa grew drier. Heavy forests gave way to scattered trees and the runways in the forest tops more or less disappeared. Treetop apes became partly grounded, and had to run to save their lives. The hinder pair of climbing hands changed into feet, brains became more and more important. Speech evolved for communicating warnings and experience, and mankind took on its recognizable form.

Such is the road that we have taken. Circumstances have pushed or constrained us at every turn. And if any of the circumstances had been different at any critical period, the path would have taken another way, and man in the form that we see ourselves to be would never have existed. No other course would have channeled life to run in human shape, for the course and its product are unique. But, lest we feel that all events have been created for the sole purpose of our creation, the whale and the bat, if they could think and speak, could say the same about themselves. Each kind stands alone at the head of its own particular trail through time. All are the outcome of a planet of a certain size revolving at a certain distance from a sun of a particular strength. The recipe for man, however, includes fresh water as well as salt, stagnant water, land above the surface, alternating cold and heat but not too much of each, humidity and dryness, alternating oppression and escape from oppression, too many trees and not enough of them. It is a peculiar concoction as the outcome shows.

So here we stand, at present master of the only planet in the solar system bearing life worthy of the name. What are the chances that beings like ourselves may exist somewhere in the more distant reaches of the universe?

Direct observation no longer helps. No matter how far we look across space to the remoter galaxies, we see only the light of stars or of incandescent gases. Planets are too small to be detected and shine only by reflection. If other stars besides our sun have planets circling around them, we will probably never see them. Yet this is the question that means the most. If there are no other planetary systems like our own, there can be no other life in our meaning of the word. If a group of planets circling around a star is an infinitely rare condition, life becomes an almost accidental happening in the strict scientific sense. And until a few years ago this is what it seemed to be.

For it comes to this, that the only way we can calculate the chances of life outside our own solar system is to figure out how our own solar system has come into existence. Most of the older and not-so-old theories have required the near-collision of a pair of stars, the one whirling around the other and

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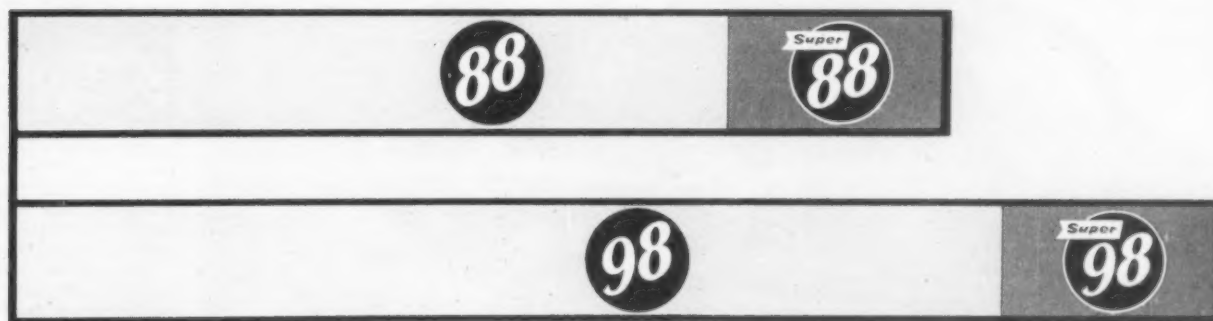
dragging off matter which became the planets. This type of theory accounts for much that is peculiar in our system. If it were true, however, planetary systems and the life they might support would be extremely rare events in the universe, for the chances of two stars coming together in such a way are very small.

But new theories are still displacing the older ones, theories which are better inasmuch as they account for more of the strange qualities of the solar system than did their predecessors. These relatively new theories account for the birth of planets around a sun without involving a second star. And they make it likely that planetary systems are commonplace throughout the universe, that a large percentage of the sun stars have planets encircling them. If these newer theories are anywhere near the truth, the universe itself becomes alive, with solar systems countless beyond imagination. For within each system one or possibly two planets will lie within the life-forming zone where water can exist. Could such planets produce another man?

Before we can give even a tentative reply we need to look once again at our own planet, our own solar system, our own sun. And we can counter also by asking whether there is any other man or woman on this earth who is exactly like yourself, not merely a spitting image, but you down to your inmost fibre and emotion? Unless you have an identical twin the answer to this is decidedly no! The chances of the same individual happening twice are so infinitely small they can be ignored entirely. Novelty is the essence of the universe we inhabit.

By the same token there may be millions of stars very much like our sun, but none exactly the same in size and intensity. There may be millions of planets more or less like our own which

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lie within an all-important water zone, but none will lie in exactly the same position relative to its own star, none will revolve about its own axis and around its sun at just the same rates as the earth, and none will be of exactly the same size or have exactly the same ingredients in exactly the same proportions. There are so many variables that it is almost inconceivable that dice of such complexity could throw the same number twice.

Each life-bearing planet throughout the universe must be unique, no matter how ideally placed it may be in relation

to its sun. It will be larger or smaller than the earth, have a somewhat different atmosphere, more or less water in its oceans, different fluctuations in temperature, perhaps more land in proportion to its seas than we have or maybe no land at all. Every particular circumstance so vital to our own peculiar human course of evolution would be changed to some extent. Human beings, with our shape and size, walking on two legs upon a pair of converted hands, with all our special advantages and disabilities, are to be found only upon this earth, never on

any other planet from here to eternity. Other planets will have their own evolutionary creations the appearance of which we cannot imagine. Yet of this we can be sure: well-placed planets evolve life, and life sooner or later evolves mind. There may not be anything that looks like a man elsewhere in the universe, but there almost certainly will be beings, of kinds uncountable, that possess intelligence and power, deep emotion, beauty in essence, and wisdom grown perhaps far beyond our own. In all that really matters we are almost certainly not alone. ★

The White and the Gold

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

achieved a decisive victory over the Iroquois, tragically handicapped as they were by too little. History never moved more surely—and with less appearance of its sureness.

The Carignan-Salière regiment had been selected for service in Canada and four companies had already arrived at Quebec when Tracy put in an appearance. The ships with the lieutenant-general and his additional forces dropped anchor in the Quebec basin on June 30, 1665. The troops he brought with him were made up of veterans from the regiments of Poitou, Orléans, Chambellé and Lignières. A group of eager young noblemen had come out also, looking for adventure, glory and, perhaps, quick fortunes.

The city on the rock had never before seen so much excitement. As the representative of royalty, the Marquis came ashore under a white flag with the fleur-de-lis embroidered magnificently upon it. The commander was a majestic man, almost mountainous in build if the comments of beholders can be believed, carrying himself with soldierly ease in spite of his sixty-three years. He was surrounded by the afore-mentioned young noblemen, all of them attired in their most handsome clothes: white wigs and coats of all colors sticking out as stiffly as the hoop skirts of women, swords protruding even farther under the tails of the coats, all of them powdered and pomaded and scented.

Laval And His Spectacle

The soldiers were veterans of the Turkish war and some of them could even claim to have fought in the Fronde, when the French nobility made their last protest against Louis' absolute rule. Their discipline was perfect and they marched in splendid order through the Lower Town and up the steep incline to the summit; blue coats piped with white, plumed hats, buff leather bandoleers, muskets carried on slings over the shoulder, long leather boots turned back halfway of the calves. The drums were beaten furiously, the pipes screeched, the trumpets blew with a flourish which said, "Thus begins the King's triumph and the ruin of the wicked Iroquois."

The bells on Cathedral Square were ringing exultantly and a procession behind Laval issued forth to bid the King's men welcome. The Marquis de Tracy went down on the pavement on one muscular knee to receive the benediction and the holy water offered by Laval, wincing a little with the effort, for he was actually beginning to feel his years and he was swallow of face from the fevers which had entered his veins in the Indies. The Chevalier de Chaumont followed suit and so in turn did all the noblemen. Twenty-four guards in royal livery stood at attention while the ceremony was performed. It was a spectacle which gave great satisfaction to all and offered to the eager inhabitants the assurance that the King's mind would not waver nor his resolution weaken until the rejuvenation of the colony had been completed.

It is not known how the eight companies of soldiers now in Quebec were accommodated. As many as possible were quartered in the Château of St. Louis but at best it was not a commodious building. The inns without a doubt were filled to overflowing. After this was done there would still

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remain more than half of the rank and file to be housed and it seems certain that they were billeted on the town. Tracy was lodged in a house which had been reserved for court sessions and was called La Senechaussée. With him were the Chevalier de Chaumont, who was captain of his guard, and most of the volunteer noblemen; with them the valets and pages and cooks without whom life would indeed have taken on the grimmest aspects of pioneering.

Until the forces were complete there could be no question of beginning military operations, anxious though everyone was to see the full might of the King employed against the Iroquois who had held Canada in fear for so many years. The problem of maintaining order became, therefore, of the most serious concern. The town had no more than seventy private houses and it was estimated that when all the ships had arrived there would be more than a thousand professional soldiers; a situation before which morality had been known to shrink and hide her pallid face. That Quebec emerged from this phase without a stain (only one illegitimate child was born in the course of a year) is proof of the often-repeated assertion that this was a crusade and had true religious fervor behind it. Tracy set an example of piety which clearly had its effect; he was known to remain six hours at his devotions. The chief concern seems to have been the religious beliefs of the troops, some of whom were discovered to be Huguenots. There was immediate pressure to convert them.

Eight more companies arrived in August. At the same time came ships filled with settlers and mechanics. Ships came also with livestock and all manner of supplies. If the town on the rock, which had been so long neglected and had remained so patient, had seemed crowded before it was now a madhouse, a hurly-burly of excitement and confusion. Especial interest centred on the "King's Girls," young women of marriageable age sent out at the King's suggestion to provide wives for men in this still overwhelmingly masculine pioneer land.

Two more companies of soldiers were expected and anxiety grew as week followed week with no glimpse of new sails in the estuary. It was known that a new governor was with them, Daniel de Rémy, Sieur de Courcelle, and another official named Talon who was to be called the Intendant, a new post.

It was not until September that the tardy ships arrived after having been 117 days at sea. Courcelle and Talon landed and were greeted with suitable pomp. After them tottered ashore a very sick lot of soldiers. It had been a hideous as well as an interminable voyage. The ships had been constantly buffeted by storms, with the result that the private soldiers had been compelled to remain in the malodorous holds and had suffered beyond description. Scurvy had attacked them as well as the customary diseases. Twenty of them died almost as soon as they set foot on shore and there were 130 so ill that they had to be put in hospital. The Hôtel-Dieu was not prepared for a test of this magnitude. The attendants worked so hard that many of the nuns were reduced to the point of death. Most of the sick soldiers had to be bedded in churches and in houses not filled already.

The situation in the meantime was becoming clarified with the Five Nations. Missions had been established in the Iroquois country and were making progress. Some of the tribes were manifesting what seemed a sincere desire for permanent peace. When the word spread down through the woods and along the rivers and lakes that

soldiers were arriving in Quebec in numbers like the sands of the shore (the Iroquois being much addicted to metaphor) and that they marched together like one man and the sound of their musketry was louder than thunder, a peace party was organized by three of the Five Nations to go to Quebec at once. The three concerned were the Onondagas, the Cayugas and the Senecas. The embassy was headed by Chief Garakontie who had been converted by the Jesuits and was anxious for an understanding. The envoys saw the soldiers marching in

the streets, they counted the muskets, and their thirst for peace became deeper.

There were no delegates, however, from the bitterly antagonistic and contumacious Mohawks. It was understood, therefore, that the Mohawks would be the first to feel the blow when the vials of the royal wrath were finally uncorked.

The first phase of the campaign against the unregenerate Mohawks was a failure and the blame is laid on the shoulders of Courcelle, the new governor. He was in too much of a

hurry to act, leading the Carignan veterans into the land of the Finger Lakes in what is now upper New York, in the dead of winter and suffering heavy losses as a result.

There were reasons for acting quickly, however, and some of them, no doubt, had seemed good to the governor. Tracy was in bad health. Men noted with alarm that he walked slowly on the way to his devotions, and that some tropical disease was giving him a jaundiced look. It was clear that he would be unable to command any foray against the enemy and so Courcelle



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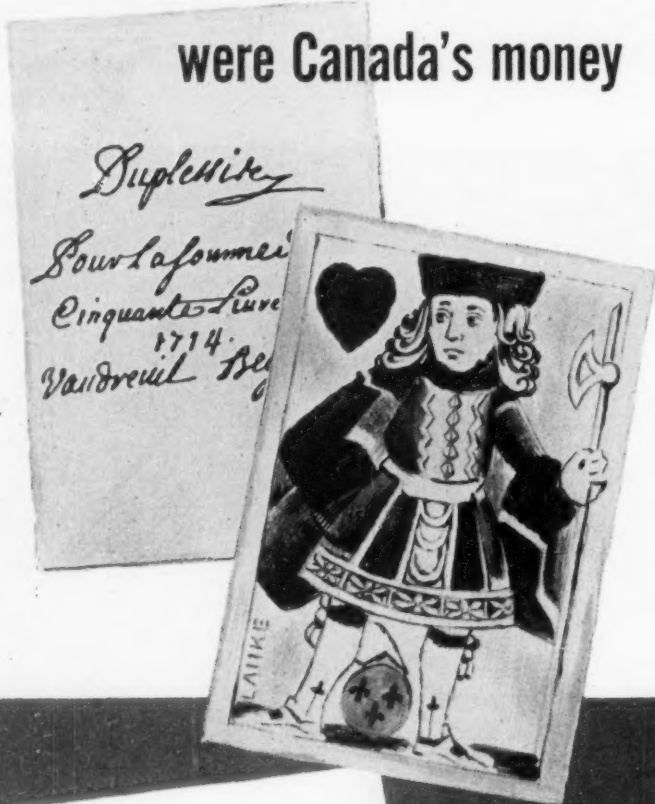


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THE START OF IT ALL—

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The Canadian Bank of Commerce

M-63



This man started Canada's first housing developments, built shipyards, foundries and a brewery, searched for coal under the Rock of Quebec.

WHO WAS Canada's First Big Businessman?

READ PART 3 OF THE WHITE AND THE GOLD BY THOMAS B. COSTAIN
IN MACLEAN'S JULY 1 ON SALE JUNE 23

saw his own chance to monopolize the glory. There was a much more practical reason which unquestionably was in all minds: The hopeless overcrowding of Quebec.

The sooner the chastisement of the Iroquois was attended to the better, therefore. Not until the redskins had been taught their lesson could the apportionment of the new inhabitants be started. New forts could then be built and the land along the St. Lawrence broken for agricultural use. It may have been ambition which actuated the impatient governor but it was a question of expediency which won a reluctant assent from Tracy.

It should be made clear that war in Europe at this period was strictly a seasonal affair. When the rains of fall began to team down and the ground became boggy so that artillery could not be used, the rival armies by mutual consent would suspend operations. The troops would be moved into cantonments and the officers would seek the comforts of the home fireside.

The Freezing Numbing Cold

The Carignan regiment, therefore, was not prepared for the test to which it would now be put. Courcelle waited until January 9, when the surface of the St. Lawrence had been solidly frozen over, and marched a force of five hundred men straight up the river in the teeth of bitter winds. The veterans of a stylized and relatively comfortable kind of war-making had never experienced anything like this. They suffered terribly. Marching down the sheer icy surface of the great river, they found that any part of their anatomy which was exposed to the blistering snow and the numbing winds was quickly frozen. Backs bending with the weight of muskets, snowshoes and supply bags, they staggered into Three Rivers finally and many of them were unable to proceed farther. If a good percentage of the force had not been Canadians—it was estimated that about two hundred were native born—the project would probably have been abandoned at this point. The places of those who were incapable physically of proceeding were filled by Canadian volunteers; and so in due course they started out again, to be greeted with a blinding snowstorm. On reaching the Richelieu River where they turned south into hostile territory Courcelle placed the Montreal contingent in the van. Seventy strong, and under the command of that wise and courageous paladin of the woods Charles Le Moyne, the Blue Coats

proceeded to show that they understood this kind of warfare. The plodding veterans were glad to follow the colonial lead.

They passed all the French forts on the Richelieu—Sorel, Chambly and Ste. Thérèse—made their way across the blinding white of Lake Champlain and through the bitter storms which greeted them at Lake George, and came to the Hudson River after nearly eight weeks of indescribable hardship. There were few Indians about and no hint of organized resistance. The Algonquin guides who were to direct the way had deserted at Ste. Thérèse, and the army was now lost in the wilds. Somewhere to the south and west were the Iroquois villages but the leaders had no idea how to find them.

The chief result of this ineffectual push into enemy territory was that they encountered a party of English officers. The latter informed them that all the Dutch possessions in America had been ceded to Great Britain by treaty. They, the French, were trespassing on British territory and must be prepared to return at once.

As soon as the sadly harassed force had turned about and started back in the direction of the St. Lawrence, the Mohawk warriors put in an appearance. They hung on the flanks and rear, picking off stragglers and making the frozen woods echo with their blood-curdling cries. Sixty men died of the cold or under the Mohawk hatchets before the unhappy band reached the shelter of Fort Ste. Thérèse.

Courcelle had been befuddled at every stage but now he conceived the idea that the Jesuits had been at the bottom of his ill fortune. He openly charged them with having conspired to make the expedition a failure. This was the height of absurdity and can be credited to the chagrin from which the leader of the expedition was suffering and the unbalancing effect of the hardships he had sustained.

One of the junior officers, Chartier de Lotbinière, voiced the real reason for the ignominious result in the course of some doggerel verse which he wrote, and which, for some curious reason, has survived:

Victory would have spoken well
Of the expedition and the marching
That you have accomplished, great
Courcelle,
On horses made of string (meaning
snowshoes).

Then he proceeds to the determining factor:

C'est un tour, dit-on, de coquin
Et, n'en déplaît à l'Algonquin



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BUICK
the Beautiful Buy

Qui s'arretait à la bouteille
Alors on aurait fait merveille.

Translated quite literally, this is as follows:

It is, said they, a dirty trick
And if it had not been for the Algonquin
Who delayed over the bottle,
Then they would have accomplished wonders.

But the expedition had not been entirely a failure as things turned out. The Mohawks had not liked what they had seen of the new French power.

There was something uncanny about so many men dressed exactly alike. Even during the harassments of the retreat there had been times when the teachings of discipline had prevailed and the troops had marched in line. Sharp black eyes had watched from the wooded cover and had been both mystified and disturbed. Nor had they liked the looks of the many hundreds of muskets they had seen slung over the bent shoulders. There was a lesson in this which sunk deeply into Mohawk minds and from which great benefit would come when the second

drive was made for vital victory.

Because of Courcelle's failure there was greater need than ever for a decisive victory. Rallying from the ills which disturbed his huge frame, Tracy began to make his preparations for a major drive. The Carignan veterans received training in forest fighting and in life on the trail.

In the meantime the overcrowding in Quebec continued to be a serious problem. The floor of the Ursulines' chapel gave way on one occasion from the weight of the people who had come in for the service. Some of them fell

right through into the vault which was quite deep but no one fortunately was seriously injured. In an effort to make life more endurable for the newcomers the people of Quebec strove generously to introduce a gay note into the hours of leisure. On Feb. 4, while Courcelle was away on his ill-fated mission, a ball was held, the first to be given in Canada. A solemn note creeps into the Jesuit Journal in recording this event: "May God grant that it do not become a precedent."

During the summer, realizing the might of the blow which was poised over them, the Iroquois made efforts to establish peace, depending for the most part on the forensic gifts of a halfbreed chief, who is never called anything but the Flemish Bastard. He seems to have been an orator of parts, this gentleman of mixed blood. The first mention of him is found in a letter in the Relations by Father Ragueneau. "This commander," wrote the good father, "the most prominent among the enemies of the faith, was a Hollander—or, rather, an execrable issue of sin, the monstrous offspring of a Dutch heretic father and a pagan woman." The mother was a Mohawk woman and the son seems to have combined the cunning of the natives with the towering bulk of the Hollanders; a formidable figure with the ferocious expression of a medicine man but the possessor of a silver tongue which gave forth the most studied verbal passages.

His Eloquence Was Nullified

It was the Flemish Bastard, in fact, who had eloquently described the Iroquois hegemony. "We compose but one cabin," he said, referring to the fact that the name which the Five Nations had for themselves, the Hotinonsionni, meant the Completed Cabin, "we maintain but one fire, and we have from time immemorial dwelt under one and the same roof."

Early in the summer the "Annie," as the French had fallen into the habit of calling the Mohawks, attacked a party of Frenchmen hunting in the neighborhood of Lake Champlain. They killed one of them, a nephew of Tracy's named Chasy, and carried the rest off as prisoners. Realizing at once the ill timing of this unfriendly incident, the Mohawk council sent the Flemish Bastard to Quebec to return the prisoners and make amends. Unfortunately for the Mohawk cause another chief was in the peace party, a loud-mouthed specimen named Agariata who succeeded in nullifying the eloquence of the head envoy.

During the course of a meal at La Senecaussée, to which the heads of the Mohawk party had been invited, Agariata felt called upon to boast of the fact that he himself had killed Chasy. "This," he declared, raising an arm in the air, "is the hand that split the head of that young man!"

The face of Tracy became suffused with an angry flush. "You will kill no one else!" he exclaimed.

On an order from the commander, Agariata was seized, taken out and hanged without a moment's delay. The nonplussed Bastard looked on, for once finding no words to express his feelings. This incident seems to have ended the efforts to bring about a peaceful understanding.

Early in October the second expedition started with Tracy himself in command. There were 1,300 men in the party and it took 300 boats and canoes to carry them. Only 600 of the regimental veterans were in the little army, the pick of the ranks. There were as many colonists, including 110 from Montreal, again under

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the command of that doughty interpreter, Indian fighter and merchant, Charles Le Moyne. One hundred friendly Indians had been brought along as scouts.

There was one notable recruit in the ranks of the Montrealers, a Sulpician priest who had arrived from France just a week before the expedition started. The newcomer was François Dollier de Casson, who was as tall as Tracy himself and much stronger. Dollier had served with singular bravery as a captain of cavalry under Turenne. Becoming a priest because of the abhorrence he conceived for the cruelties of warfare, Dollier joined the Sulpician order in the diocese of Nantes and had been selected for service in Canada.

Dollier de Casson was due to play a great part in the annals of New France, particularly during the years when he was Superior of the Sulpicians in Montreal. Third of the three tall men whose names are associated with this particular period, the other two being Father Brébeuf and the Marquis de Tracy, Dollier became the Samson of New France and legends gathered about his name. On one occasion he was attacked by two "Annies" who had stolen up behind him. Lifting them up in the air, one in each hand, he crashed their skulls together and then tossed them aside, to recover later with aching heads and a respect for the brawny priest which acquired weight as the story was told around the hunting fires.

No sooner had the French forces reached the difficult part of the journey than their leaders became incapacitated. Tracy was taken with an attack of gout. He had to be carried when the need arose to leave the boats. Once he nearly lost his life when the soldier to whose back he had been strapped lost his footing in the rapid water. Courcelle suffered from cramps and had to be carried also. Altogether it was a good thing that there were French-Canadian leaders to assume the burden of command through these early stages.

The tall new priest was nearly worked to death in spite of his great strength. Food supplies were running short and he refrained from eating so that the men would have more, with the result that his great frame became gaunt and thin. To quote his own third-person account, which appeared later in his history of Montreal, "a scoundrel of a bootmaker had left him barefoot through a villainous pair of shoes that no longer had any soles to them." He spent his nights in hearing the confessions of the men and had little or no time for rest from his labors.

The French attacked the first Mohawk village in a dismal rainstorm. Without waiting to bring into action

the cannon which had been laboriously brought along in the boats and over the portages, they rushed at once to attack the walls. It had been the intention of the Iroquois to make a stand here. The platforms back of the palisade were black with fighting men. Steam rose from the kettles of hot water which would be poured on the attacking party. Then a panic took possession of the defenders, an almost unheard of manifestation with these doughty warriors. They vanished by the rear gates as the French came on to the attack with twenty drummers

beating a loud and incessant tattoo.

Three more villages were captured with the same ease. The Indian garrisons lost heart as soon as they saw the French filing out through the trees. Not a shot was fired, not a blow struck. "It is done," said Tracy reverently, after the exodus of the Indians had been completed from the fourth village. But it developed that there was one village left, the largest and reputedly the strongest of the lot. This information was conveyed to Courcelle by an Algonquin woman who had been a prisoner of the Mohawks for years

and who knew the country well. She led the way at once through the forest to this last stronghold.

Andaraqué was the name of the last village. It had, quite clearly, been fortified with the advice of the Dutch, for there was a hint of European methods in the quadrangular shape and the triple palisades nearly twenty feet high. There were four strong bastions at the corners which made it possible to enfilade the whole line of the walls with gun fire, an idea which had not been hatched in a native skull. It would have been a tough nut to

The Spirit of Scotland

The example of a spider which refused to accept failure is said to have inspired Robert the Bruce, while he was in hiding, to gather his army together again and finally win his kingdom.



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The Flemish Bastard was sent by the Mohawks to discuss peace terms.

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Today and in Between

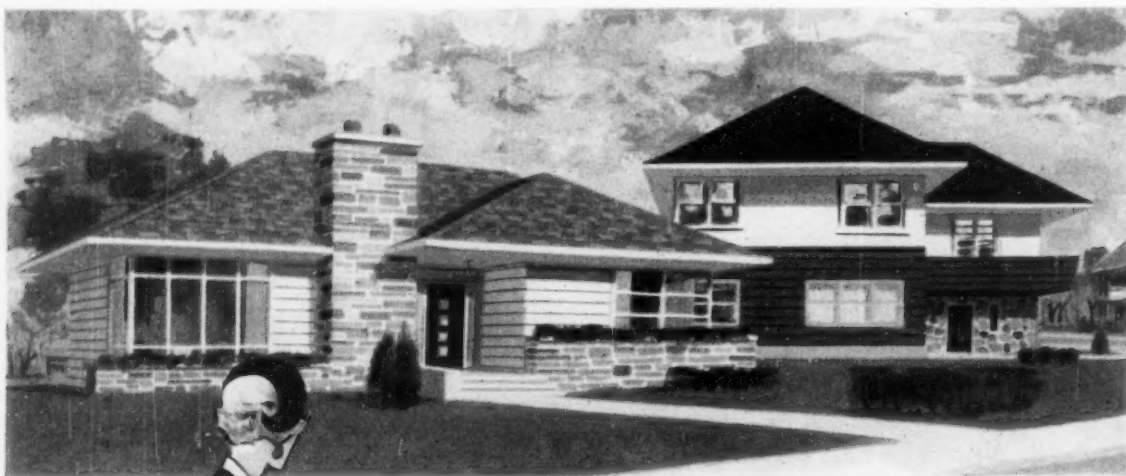
And in between now and then Barrett has roofed some of the most famous structures in the world... the Empire State Building, Canadian National Exhibition Grandstand, the Chrysler

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Building and the UN Building.

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ASK HER about colour — she knows how important it is. Today, modern decorators' colours have completely changed home colour schemes. And Barrett Frostone® and Fulltone® shingle colours are the first to match the modern trend.

"Frostone" colours are pleasant pastels with frosted overtones. "Fulltone" colours are full, rich tones, enlivened with lighter shades. You really ought to see them.

To the man of the house: — Barrett Asphalt Shingles with their new colours are beautiful — but they're rugged, too. Made of finest roofing felt, saturated with top-grade asphalt, surfaced with fireproof rock granules — they're the best roofing value you can get.

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crack if the resolution to defend it to the bitter end had not deserted the garrison.

Panic swept over the crowded platforms when the uniforms of the French came in sight. The chief in command, who had been exhorting his men to fight, was the first to yield to it. "The whole world is coming against us!" he cried. He was the first to run and the first to make his way through the rear gate.

Andaraqué had been well stocked for the winter. The houses inside the palisades were unusually large, some of them being 120 feet long. These had underground cellars filled with dried meat and smoked fish and huge stores of corn meal, enough to provide the tribe with food for the long season ahead. When the first of the Frenchmen forced their way in through the ponderous oak gates they found only a very old Indian, two ancient crones and a small boy, hiding together under an upturned canoe.

After reserving as much of the food as would be necessary for the return trip, Tracy had the place set on fire. The bark on the roofs was as dry as tinder and the trickle of fire which ran along the walls grew almost instantaneously into a devastating blaze. It lighted up the sky for many miles around. The sombre Mohawks, watching it from afar, drew the anticipated conclusions from it. The power of the French King, that great white chief whose home was dragged behind the mighty hornless buffalo, was too great to be withstood.

The Five Nations had no will left for war. The Mohawks, after the burning of Andaraqué, managed to survive the winter but were now as much disposed to smoke the pipe of peace as the rest. No move was made to send delegations to Quebec, however, until Tracy sent word that, unless something were done quickly, he would hang all the chiefs he had been holding as hostages. The men of the Five Nations took this threat seriously, having acquired a proper respect for this massive old man. Had he not hanged Agariata the boastful in the presence of the other members of the peace party which had gone to Quebec the year before?

The four more pacifically inclined of the confederacy were prompt to send delegates, who arrived in subdued mood and did not indulge in any bluster or swagger. It was not until April that the Mohawks followed suit. The inevitable Flemish Bastard had been selected for the task and he proved himself as persistently eloquent as before, addressing himself to the French with high-flown turns of speech and impressive gestures. When the toplofty oratory of the Chief of the Bend-sinister failed to accomplish the desired end, a full delegation of Mohawk chiefs was sent to Quebec to get matters settled. An agreement was reached and, after the usual preliminaries, a treaty of peace was ratified. It was maintained for twenty years.

One indication that the Mohawks were at least inclined in all honesty to bury the hatchet was the settlement of some of their number near Montreal. Even the Flemish Bastard brought his family up to take land near the junction of the great rivers. ★

NEXT ISSUE • PART EIGHT

Canada's First
Big Businessman

The Hundred Girls Who Mind Men's Business

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

To Rena and Ethel, their company is still the one they started together. They alone thought it would work. For one thing it was an all-woman effort and more ambitious in scope than the average public steno office. For another, the partners were absolute opposites.

Rena is a tall brunette, 36 years old. She is a quiet but fluent conversationalist, wears subdued expensive tailored suits, smokes sparingly and loves classical music. At the office, much of her time is spent behind her polished mahogany desk, poring over paper work.

Ethel at 34 is a short, impulsive chain-smoker. Between cigarettes, her words tumble out in volleys, scrambling to keep up with her thoughts. She dislikes desk work and is happiest chatting with customers at the front counter, parrying persistent salesmen or tinkering with the "multilith" offset printing machine, up to her elbows in ink. Junior staffers in Edmonton address Rena as "Mrs. Petteypiece." In Calgary, Mrs. Jakob is "Ethel" to everyone.

They met after they enlisted as RCAF wireless operators in 1943. One day during a training course in Montreal Rena was baffled by a lecture on batteries. From the seat behind, Airwoman Zatyko jabbed her in the ribs and whispered with a trace of Hungarian accent, "I'll see you after class. I'm a farm girl—I know everything there is to know about batteries."

Rena's Husband Died

That night as they talked Rena explained that she was a minister's daughter, born in Oil Springs, Ont.; that she'd entered business college at 18, gone on to teach typing and shorthand at the college, then worked from steno to a managerial position with a freight-lines company; that she had married in 1941; that her husband had died suddenly of diabetes in 1943.

Rena learned that Ethel, born in Gerendas, Hungary, couldn't speak English when the family moved to a farm north of Edmonton in 1929. With a flair for wading through awkward situations, Ethel had won top marks in school. After gaining a working knowledge of English, she memorized entire pages on various school topics. Then, if asked what year Columbus discovered America, she recited everything she knew about Columbus, just to play safe. The teachers were impressed. At 19 she became a telephone operator, then joined the air force after a quarrel with a boy friend.

A few nights after this exchange of confidences, the girls joined other airwomen around a piano, produced a battered violin and called for music. Rena, it turned out, could play the piano. Ethel could play square dances on the fiddle in the key of G. From then on they were inseparable.

By 1945 there was a surplus of women wireless operators. Bored with inactivity, the restless pair asked for and received discharges, went home, corresponded regularly and looked for exciting peacetime jobs.

"Somehow court reporting struck us as glamorous," says Ethel. "The more we thought about it the more we wanted it. There was no training course in Canada and the Department of Veterans' Affairs wasn't fussy about sending us to the States. We argued for seven months and finally decided to

The important way to look at a new car ... these days!

If you've wanted a car but felt you couldn't afford one, take a look at the Morris Minor. Depending on where you live, the cost is somewhere under \$1600 for the 2-door Sedan or Convertible.

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go anyway. We were just crossing from Windsor to Detroit when DVA okayed the trip."

They went to Chicago for a 12-month course. A month before graduation they wrote to Edmonton for jobs. When the letter came from the court official saying women court reporters were not allowed in Alberta (much of the court testimony was considered too strongly worded for female ears) the girls reacted violently.

"Those court people can drop dead," snapped Ethel. They decided to go to Alberta anyway.

But first they took a trip through Florida, Mexico, California and the northwestern states in Rena's 1939 car. On the way Rena recalled how, in her prewar job, an independent stenographic agency would have helped her boss over many a rush season. "Why don't we start a service?" said Rena. "Not just a steno service but everything in the office field."

They agreed it was a good idea and went to Edmonton. Ten days later they were in business. They called it Office Assistance and Typing Service.

Ethel had no money. Rena produced \$500, enough to buy a typewriter and pay their office rent and living expenses for a few months. No business license was required. They located an office but were refused a telephone.

"There's a waiting list and it'll be months, maybe years, before your turn," said an official. "But you two women will drop this business and get married in a month or so anyway."

To gain access to a phone they shared a real-estate agent's office for \$20 a month and threw in free receptionist and phone-answering service. The office was a single room in a partially converted boarding house. A few boarders still lived there and the odor

SHELL-STITCHES

Lady oysters learn to knit When very little girls. Oyster-Mammas make them sit Practicing their purls. So when they're old enough to wed, They use what Mamma taught 'em, Knitting spreads for oyster-beds On the ocean bottom.

ALEX MCGOVERN

of boiled cabbage saturated the hall. "Our customers got a free meal every time they took a deep breath," says Ethel.

The founders of Office Assistance began to tramp from office to office. On the third day a finance company's stenographer took sick and the firm sent the girls four dictaphone cylinders to be transcribed. Rena and Ethel meticulously typed the letters, which all demanded payment of delinquent accounts. The finance company congratulated them on their work and paid them \$3.45, Office Assistance's entire take for the first week.

They realized they'd have to expand their service if they wanted to continue to eat—even cabbage. With nothing else to occupy their time they invented the confident prospectus: "Whatever the job is, we can do it." Two weeks later a lawyer called for a stenographer with legal experience.

"We'll send our legal girl right over," said Rena, and went herself. With a shorthand speed of 200 words a minute, she kept pace with the unfamiliar legal terminology. The lawyer later recommended Office Assistance's

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we chose
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"legal department" to his friends and still doesn't know that it was Rena's first day in a law office.

The girls decided they ought to have a president and a vice-president. Typically, they drew matchsticks for the honors. Ethel became the firm's president and Rena the vice-president.

Next, Office Assistance was called to record an electronic company's annual meeting. The company was financially embarrassed, the managing director was on the griddle and Rena struggled to keep up with rapid-fire questions from 25 irate shareholders. But her speedy shorthand won more customers.

The girls lived at first in a single room furnished with a bed and a hot plate. After a lean week they'd visit the Zatyko farm near Clyde, fifty miles north of Edmonton, for a square meal and bring back supplies of canned chicken, vegetables and homemade bread. In the first year their earnings averaged \$70 a month each. Ethel now draws \$400 a month. Rena won't say what she draws.

In its second month Office Assistance hired another girl and the founders worked harder than ever. Sometimes clients called at 9 or 10 o'clock at night. It didn't matter; Office Assistance always accepted the job. One Friday night an engineer brought in a three-day job—a survey of natural gas consumption in Alberta—to be typed by Monday. Ethel and Rena worked from 9 a.m. to 11 p.m. on Saturday, then from 9 a.m. Sunday until 5.30 a.m. Monday. On the last lap they bolstered themselves with too much benzedrine and went home singing like tipsy sailors.

Becoming Big Business

"We averaged 12 hours a day that first year and worked at least half the Sundays," says Rena.

But the long hours began to pay off in new accounts. Sometimes a customer made a special trip to the office to see, as Ethel says, "what sort of freaks we were—two women with big-business ideas." In January 1949 after 14 months of 12-hour days, six or seven days a week, Office Assistance had grossed \$9,000. That autumn the Calgary office opened and last year it alone turned over more than \$100,000 in gross business.

The executives still have night and, sometimes, week-end assignments, but nowadays a regular evening shift works from 5 p.m. until around midnight. Each firm has a large main office with about a dozen desks with electric and standard typewriters, several individual offices, which are rented unfurnished to businessmen (for \$60 to \$120 a month depending on the telephone-answering and stenographic services that go with them), a back-room printing shop and a private-dictation room.

Rena Pettypiece's private office in Edmonton reflects the woman's touch with two-tone green walls, deep slanting windows and long low boxes of lilies and other potted plants. Her business cards and stationery are elegant creations of black, grey and green. This spring her office printed five batches of blotters in beige, pink, royal blue on silver, green on gold and fuchsia on pale green. Each was stamped, "Good morning, this is your Monday-morning blotter from Office Assistance," and told a few facts about the company in verse form. It was mailed to scores of Edmonton businessmen, five weeks running.

The girls like poetry too. Once they moved to a new site in Edmonton and sent a mimeographed poem to every client:

Reach for
the jar with
the stars on
top!



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Not a powder! Not a grind! But millions of tiny
"FLAVOR BUDS" of real coffee... ready to burst instantly
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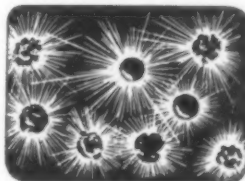
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See how the "Flavor Buds"
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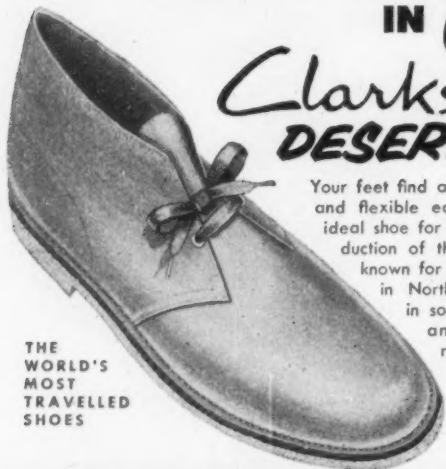


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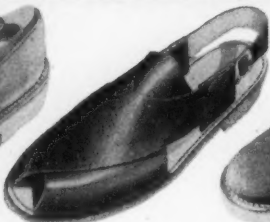
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DESERT MOROCCAN Chamo-suede finish in brown thicket shade. Like all desert casuals, this shoe has pure crepe rubber soles and heels. C. D. E. widths, sizes 6 to 12; average price \$12.95.

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MACLEAN'S

"Did I mail the ah—er—did you say the finance-company cheque, dear?"

We're open for business
In a brand-new location
With lots of good stenos.
Are yours on vacation?

James McAvoy of a Yellowknife, N.W.T., diamond drilling and developing company, responded:

We received your rhyme,
We think it's swell.
But business here
Has gone to hell.

Office Assistance's most celebrated feminine venture is its staff photographs which appear in the yellow pages of Calgary and Edmonton telephone directories and in newspaper advertisements. They vary from year to year. The Calgary phone book currently carries Ethel's photo; the Edmonton phone book carries Rena's. One year three pictures ran in the Edmonton directory. Up to five Office Assistance girls have smiled from newspaper ads. The photos are usually of top members of the staff; the girls aren't pictured merely for their beauty. "We don't glamorize the photos, either," says Ethel. "Well ... not much."

Strangers seeking steno service often choose Office Assistance because of the eye-catching portraits. Soon after her photo appeared Rena received a phone call from a man who called her by name and said briskly, "Now look, Rena, my two friends and I are strangers in town. How about you and two of your girls stepping out with us?"

"Sorry," said Rena, frostily. "We don't supply that kind of service."

Because customers occasionally mistake Office Assistance for a date bureau, a few firm rules have been made. The stenos accept no dictation jobs in hotel rooms after 6 p.m. This was established after one girl was summoned to a hotel by a washing-machine salesman. She'd barely opened her notebook when he kissed the top of her head and showed signs of becoming more amorous. The steno grabbed her pencils and fled.

Office Assistance in Calgary charges \$1.80 an hour for service in the customer's office; \$1.90 an hour for work done in the company's own quarters using its own typewriters and supplies. The employee stenos earn from \$180 to \$250 a month, plus overtime and bonuses. Most are married and often work on a part-time basis, available on call. They must have at least five years experience, a minimum typing speed of 80 words a minute and a shorthand

speed of around 120 words a minute. Clients often hire stenos for weeks or months at a time. One Edmonton businessman has hired an Office Assistance girl every afternoon for two years.

In Calgary good-humored Bernard Jakab, who does art layouts, helps his wife manage the business and has to get along with fifty women. Jakab came to Office Assistance one day in 1951 to sell an inter-communication system, met Ethel Zatyko and came back often. When Ethel learned he too was of Hungarian descent they began dating and a year later were married. Jakab sold the inter-com set, too.

"Up until then I'd been traveling constantly between the two offices," says Ethel. "After I was married I wanted more home life. So Rena and I dissolved the partnership. Each office became an independent company under the names Office Assistance (Edmonton) Ltd. and Office Assistance (Calgary) Ltd."

No Job Stumps Them

Rena and her assistant, Mrs. Elizabeth Campbell, own the Edmonton business. Ethel and Bernard Jakab own sixty percent of the Calgary firm with most other shares divided among members of their staff. Ethel brought her husband into the company last June. She hopes someday to turn over most of the management to him but doubts if she'll ever leave the business to be strictly a housewife. Recently she took a vocational test which rated her lowest as housewife and highest as a lawyer. Now she's studying law by correspondence course.

The women have turned out some monumental jobs. Once they addressed 100,000 envelopes for an oilman in one week. This would have kept one steno busy eight hours a day, five days a week for four months.

Another time the Calgary office accepted what appeared to be five financial statements, to be typed in three days. On closer scrutiny, it turned out to be ten years of financial statements for each of five oil companies—a total of 250 hours work. Office Assistance mobilized its part-time help and finished the chore in two and a half days.

As far as internal harmony's concerned, an all-woman management has its faults. Stenos gossip more about a female boss and, when the gossip gets back to the boss, it worries her more than it would a male employer. Some



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stenos, particularly the older ones, dislike taking orders from a woman. A few have left to start competitive businesses.

But most Office Assistance girls think a female boss is more sympathetic than a man and are happy where they are. If a girl wants leave of absence to do spring housecleaning or go home to mother, she can usually get it. If a client complains about a job, Rena and Ethel usually know from their own stenographic experience whether it's legitimate criticism. Once a businessman complained to Rena about an erasure in a typing job. "I've been typing nearly 18 years and I still use the eraser," said Rena gently. "All stenos do, occasionally."

Even Babies No Problem

In Calgary, a customer wanted a 40-page job completed in an hour. "My wife could do it in that time," he said.

"Then take it home to her," suggested Ethel, who is not noted for her finesse.

There's only one personnel problem: girls who quit to have babies. With a high percentage of married women on staff, Office Assistance has more babies than most other companies. One year there were eleven. Currently, four are expected. One steno has had three in her Office Assistance career. But even pregnancy is considered a small inconvenience. Ethel Jakab's first child was born last August. She lost one day's work during her pregnancy—the day before the baby was born. A week later she was back at the office.

Aside from engagements with the stork, the girls run the business as competently as men. They've even proved that women can keep a secret. Much of their work is confidential. When a

promising oil field is being explored, a new price list released or a new manufacturing process in the making, Office Assistance knows about it long before the public. One Edmonton office manager personally brings Office Assistance a job once a year: lists of salaries and bonuses for all his employees, a typing job he doesn't care to entrust to his own stenos.

Four years ago, Rena typed a statement of claim for a lawyer, in a motor-accident case. The next day the defendant in the case brought a letter in to be typed. Two days later the defense lawyer was in. "By this time I felt like a judge," says Rena, "but of course I couldn't let any of them know that I'd heard all the details already."

Office Assistance has never had a "leak" of secret information. Once a new steno typing a salary list paused to tell Rena, "Golly, listen to the money some of these men earn . . ."

"Don't tell me or anyone else," interrupted Rena. The girl couldn't adjust herself to this unwomanly philosophy and was fired within a week.

When mum isn't the word, the business girls who mind men's business always have an answer, even if the problem isn't in their field. Two years ago a customer gave a group of Office Assistance girls a car ride from Calgary to Edmonton. It was cold, the defroster didn't work and the driver searched in vain for a cloth to mop his steaming windshield.

Instantly a steno pulled a pair of panties from her overnight bag and offered them as a windshield wiper. The driver gingerly accepted, dabbed at the glass and remarked, "It's a bit unusual but it does the job."

"Why, naturally," said the Office Assistance girl. "You know our motto: At your service, efficiently." ★

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Adam Beck's Fight For Public Hydro

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

companies not unnaturally retaliated in kind. He was subjected to five investigations by the Ontario government. Even his private secretary turned against him.

But today the Hydro Commission supplies 88.2 percent of all power used in the province, has 1,387,153 customers (all but about sixty thousand of the province's consumers), assets totaling \$1,408,079,000 and generates 4,779,000 horsepower at 64 water-power and six fuel-powered stations. It has 12,000 regular and 7,000 temporary employees.

Although Beck developed Hydro, the original idea was not his. As far back as 1888 Daniel B. Detweiler, the chubby-cheeked co-owner of a small shoe factory in Berlin, Ont. (which became Kitchener in 1916), began talking around midwestern Ontario about the possibility of harnessing the power of Niagara Falls. He was scoffed at because, although power had been generated at the Falls as early as 1881, long-distance transmission of electricity was unknown. Factories which used electricity had to generate it by steam, burning coal from Pennsylvania. In 1902, after promoting his dream for fourteen years, Detweiler and others chipped in \$45 to pay the traveling expenses of a Niagara Falls engineer to speak at Berlin on the possibility of obtaining power from the Falls. It was an enthusiastic meeting, and a committee was appointed to push the project.

Political Future Promising

In 1903 Beck, then a cigar-box manufacturer in London, Ont., became interested and he soon had such a grip on the reins the prime movers retired. Detweiler had been called "Father of Hydro" by Berlin papers but Beck appropriated the title.

Beck's father was a German pioneer of Ontario's Waterloo County who founded the two towns of Baden and Hespeler. Adam was born in Baden in 1857, worked in his father's foundry, and in his early twenties opened a factory in London. He was already a well-to-do businessman, with branch factories in Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg, when he was defeated in 1898 as Conservative candidate for the provincial seat in London. He tried again in 1902 and this time won. He was also elected mayor of London in 1902, 1903 and 1904.

So when Berlin businessmen in 1903 looked to Beck for leadership, they were turning to a substantial energetic man of 46 with a square-cut aggressive chin, aquiline nose and impatient dark eyes, who seemed to have a promising future in politics.

By 1905 the Hydro issue was swept up in a provincial election. The Liberal Government under George W. Ross threw in its lot with the private power interests and, nine days before the election, passed an order-in-council permitting the Electrical Development Company of Ontario to double the 125,000 horsepower it was already authorized to develop at Niagara Falls. It did this without submitting the matter to the legislature and it acted without waiting for the report of the commission (of which Beck was a member) that had been named by the Liberals themselves and had been studying the power question since December, 1903.

The Conservative leader, James P. (afterward Sir James) Whitney, made



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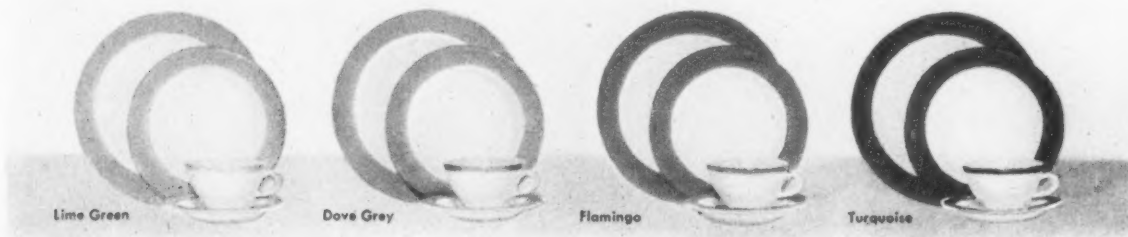
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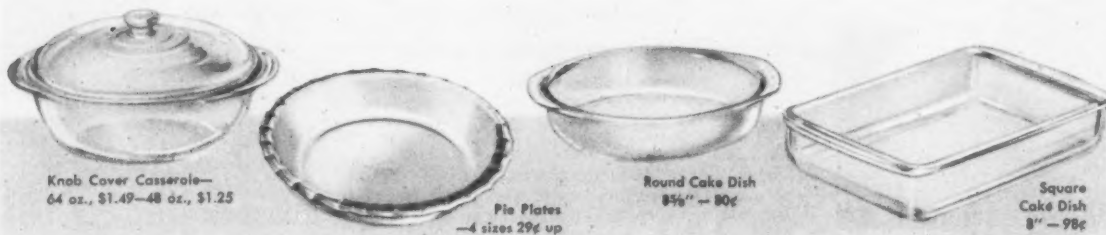


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Cake Dish
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political capital of this, charging that the Liberals were giving away the birthright of the people. In a far-reaching break with Conservative tradition, Whitney opposed the private interests and spoke out for publicly owned power. His strategy was sound. The Conservatives took 69 of the 98 seats and for the next two decades many governments, both local and provincial, stood or fell on their attitude toward power.

After the election Whitney repudiated the additional franchise given the Electrical Development Co., and Beck was taken into the cabinet. He joined another commission of enquiry which made a second study of the potential power of the Falls and the amount already allotted to companies.

By 1906 three companies were in the process of developing power on the Canadian side with these franchises: Canadian Niagara Power Co., 100,000 horsepower; Ontario Power Co., 250,000 horsepower; Electrical Development Co., 125,000 horsepower. The first two were owned by American interests, the last had been formed by a Canadian, H. M. (later Sir Henry) Pellatt.

Pellatt was one of Beck's three greatest enemies, all Toronto millionaires. The others were Sir William Mackenzie and Sir Donald Mann.

Mackenzie and Mann, both of Scottish descent, began separately as railroad contractors and teamed up together in 1888 to build the Canadian Northern Railway system which eventually reached coast to coast with ten thousand miles of track. Mann was the construction genius, Mackenzie the financial wizard. They expanded their interests in many directions and by the time Beck was snapping at them they were virtual owners of fifteen companies, several of them electrical.

Pellatt was a flamboyant man of energy and vision who had pioneered Canada's use of Niagara's power. He once had a set of false teeth made for a favorite horse, and in 1910 he took over to England at his own expense the entire 620 men of the Queen's Own Rifles, of which he was colonel, to take part in manoeuvres of the British Army at Aldershot. A year later he started building the fabulous Casa Loma, Toronto's castle of 98 rooms and 30 bathrooms which cost about \$2 millions and was finally taken over by the city for taxes. He began his career as a stockbroker and financier, organized the Toronto Electric Light Co., and was vice-president of the Toronto Power Co. which controlled the Electric Development Co. and the Toronto and Niagara Power Co. Mackenzie was president.

While Beck ranged around Ontario preaching the gospel of publicly owned power, the public was peppered with counter-propaganda by these men and by other power groups in Quebec and the U. S. They claimed that if Ontario backed Hydro its credit rating and that of Canada itself would suffer.

In 1906, after a deputation of 1,500 crowded into the provincial legislature in Toronto, the Whitney Government created the Hydro-Electric Power Commission with Beck as chairman, a position he held until his death. At first he drew no salary apart from his sessional remuneration as a member of the legislature. It was not until 1912 that he was voted a salary of \$6,000. This was later increased, and by 1922 he was earning \$18,000.

Beck and his engineers contracted to buy an initial one hundred thousand horsepower from the Ontario Power Co., and his first big project was the building of a system to carry that load over a loop of wires 283 miles long. This distance would require a pressure



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yours will be a happy journey, whether you travel by boat, train, bus, motor or plane. Children, particularly, are not accustomed to travel motion and often become faint and irritable after riding but a short way. Relieve this travel sickness with a timely dose of **MOTHERSILL'S**, the remedy successfully used for half a century, and recommended by many physicians and well-known travelers.

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THE WORLD OVER

of 110,000 volts, which was higher than ever transmitted before, and the cost of the line was to be \$3,500,000. Hydro engineers had to devise a new type of insulator for the job. To pave his way Beck proposed a Hydro Act, which was passed by the legislature. It gave him dictatorial powers. Hydro was put in complete control of electricity in Ontario. It could expropriate any water power, any land, any electric company or any business. It could prescribe rules to govern electric construction anywhere, force any municipal commission to obey its orders—and no legal action or appeal to the courts could be taken except with the consent of the attorney-general.

It was four years before power began to flow over Hydro's first transmission line which cost \$136,000 less than the estimate. In the interval, an idea of the opposition Beck faced may be had from an editorial which appeared in one of his home-town papers, the London Advertiser, on June 6, 1908, which said, "Has the Honorable Adam Beck become a monomaniac on the power question? . . . The other evening he declared that every cottage, every house, every home in this city will be lighted by electricity . . . Mr. Beck will never be able to give effect to the reckless promises which he is dangling before the electors."

"Unfair and Dishonest"

The power companies appealed to the courts on many occasions to have the Hydro Act disallowed, and also went to the federal Minister of Justice, A. B. Aylesworth. In April 1910 Aylesworth denied an application for federal disallowance of the act, holding that it "clearly relates to matters declared by the British North America Act to be within the exclusive authority of the provincial legislature."

Whitney declared: "When, if ever, the secret history of the fight of the corporate electric interests to destroy the Hydro-Electric power project is made public, the people will indeed be amazed. The unfair and dishonest methods adopted against this legislation prove clearly that when men's pocketbooks govern their actions they are not as a rule particular as to the nature of the means they are willing to adopt. From the beginning, the electric interests in Toronto and elsewhere were the bitter opponents of this legislation. All the stock gamblers were against it. An emissary was sent over to England and the so-called financial journals there blossomed out with editorials made up very largely of misrepresentation and frigid calculated falsehood."

The big day for the inauguration of Hydro power was Oct. 11, 1910. The first city to get the service was Berlin because it was there the Hydro movement was born. Eight thousand turned out for the ceremony and special trains arrived from Toronto and London. The indoor rink where the ceremony took place was packed. A little girl dressed in red, white and blue and wearing a crown of electric bulbs, carried a cushion bearing a button to Premier Whitney. He took Beck's hand and with Beck's finger pressed the button. The building blazed with light, the little girl's crown lit up and the crowd sprang to its feet and cheered. Hydro was in business.

The following month when Hydro power reached London, the province had a striking example of the economy of public power. The starting rate for house lighting in London was four-and-a-half cents per kilowatt-hour—half the previous rate. The people of Hamilton were paying the local private company eight-and-a-half cents,



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although London was three times as far from the source of supply. Beck's rates to industrial users were not nearly so favorable; he was in a political fight and he used the politician's device of soaking the rich to court the esteem of the electorate at large.

Beck opened a new circuit to serve Toronto in 1911. The previous year the Toronto Electric Light Co. had taken legal action to prevent the erection of further power poles and wires in Toronto, but without success. For several years Toronto was served by two rival electric systems.

A few months after Hydro power began to flow the State of New York appointed a committee of eight men to study the Ontario experiment. Their report, issued in January 1913, called the venture a failure by business and economic standards. It stated that Hydro sold power at less than cost and that if it was a private company, it would be a half-million dollars in the hole. This report was followed by another attack in the form of a book written by a New York engineer, R. P. Bolton, and entitled, *An Expensive Experiment*, the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario. The book suggested that within a few years the power development at Niagara Falls would be dismantled.

Soon after, a Buffalo civic official put the argument into focus by declaring that although Toronto was 93 miles from the Falls, the 1913 rate for power was \$15 per horsepower, compared to from \$25 to \$38 in Buffalo, which was only a few miles from the power source. The official said he had looked into the reasons why Buffalo had been unable to get any public support and had discovered that "for years the proprietors of three daily newspapers have not paid one cent to the electric company, their accounts having simply been charged to profit and loss."

That same year, 1913, Beck flung himself into a controversy when he successfully introduced an act to permit municipalities to build electric railroads, known as radials because they were to radiate from urban centres. He claimed radials would reduce the cost of transportation as well as the cost of power because of the increased consumption. During the early part of 1914 he stumped western Ontario in favor of them. The opposition was as stubborn as ever. The opposition did not lack for cogent arguments; the automobile, apparently almost unnoticed by Beck, was about to revolutionize the continent's transportation habits and many people with no direct financial interest were sure Beck's radials would be on the way to obsolescence before he could get them built. In mid-1915, with the first flurry of war over, Beck again turned his attention to radials and succeeded in having a proposed bylaw put before the ratepayers in each of thirty-one municipalities which were to be included in the system proposed by Beck. The question was put to the voters on Jan. 1, 1916. In all but four small towns, the bylaw was passed, even in Toronto where it was fought by the Board of Trade.

About this time, on top of his conflict with private power, Beck was faced with a personal problem. His daughter and only child, Marion, born in 1904, was found to have tuberculosis. The Becks took her to specialists in Europe, and eventually she was cured. Beck returned home and sponsored a campaign which resulted in the building of the Queen Alexandra Sanatorium, at Byron, near London. In 1918 he donated \$25,000 to it and years after his death its name was changed to the Beck Memorial Sanatorium.

Beck also found time to pursue his



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favorite hobby: riding and breeding horses. At one time he was director of both the National Horse Show Association of America and the International Horse Show, London, England. He bred many fine horses which, carrying his conspicuous purple and gold colors, took top prizes in three countries. Perhaps his proudest day came in 1919 at the New York show when he, Lady Beck and Marion all won honors at the jumps, Marion taking first place.

Beck was knighted a few months before the outbreak of war in 1914. Newspapers and speakers who supported Beck began calling him the "Hydro Knight," those who opposed him called him the "Power Boss." Beck never had a portfolio and fought successfully against any move to make Hydro a government department, claiming politics would kill it. Commissioned as a colonel, he was made remount commissioner. He bought 20,000 horses for Canadian troops and gave ten of his own prize horses to the British War Office.

He Hated Smooth Water

The war interfered with his plans for Hydro and his ambitions were further hampered that year by the death of Premier Whitney and the succession of William Hearst as head of the Conservative Government. Beck and Hearst were never friends. Nevertheless in 1915 Hydro was supplying 104,000 horsepower to 131 municipalities. Beck's popularity was at a high level and he had an international reputation but he was not content with smooth-flowing water. He gloried in the turbulence of the rapids and the roar of the Falls, and if the water were too calm it seemed he had to find obstacles to throw into it. He got into hot water with his own government when the provincial auditor reported that it had been impossible to complete an audit of the expenditures of Hydro since 1909 because the commission had failed to submit complete accounts. There had also been large unauthorized expenditures. Although the province had loaned Hydro only \$13 millions over the seven-year period, Hydro had spent more than \$17 millions, charging up the difference to the government.

The Mackenzie and Mann companies, which included the Electrical Development Co., demanded an investigation and the government complied. Questioned by the public accounts committee of the legislature, Beck was anything but penitent. "I take the whole responsibility," he said, his prominent chin outthrust. "We must have some latitude and the confidence of the municipalities and the government . . . They can appoint our successors any time."

A Toronto writer with a sharp pen, the late Augustus Bridle, described Beck at that time as "the psychic problem of Ontario," and went on, "that Piccadillian figure, dressed so often in a black cutaway . . . has the kind of egotism that is content with Sir Adam's own good opinion of himself as the apostle of a popular economic movement, and is largely indifferent to the feelings of other people. No, that he is established he has become a czar. Since the death of Sir James Whitney no one in the Ontario cabinet dares to oppose Beck." Undeterred by such criticism Beck plunged ahead.

Until 1916 Hydro acted only as a middleman, buying power from private companies and selling it to the municipalities, 191 of which were taking 167,000 horsepower. That year it bought the Electric Power Co. which generated 25,000 horsepower on the



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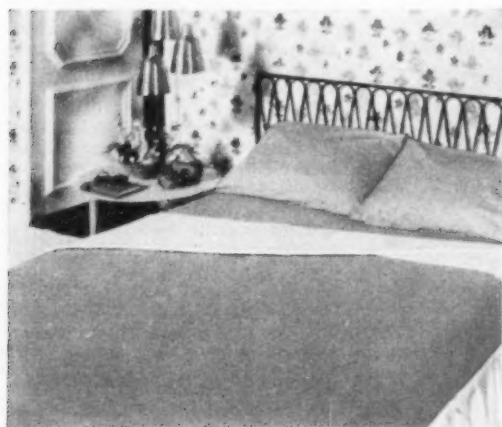
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Trent Canal, and in 1917 it bought the Ontario Power Co., generating 180,000 horsepower at Niagara Falls (less than its franchise permitted) and became the largest electrical corporation in the world. The Ontario Power Co., which was American-owned, had been selling 100,000 horsepower to the Hydro Commission at the Hydro-dictated annual price of \$9 per horsepower, although the company was getting \$12.50 for the balance of its output which it sold to Buffalo. Also in 1917 Beck had the Ontario government authorize the building of Hydro's own power plants,

the largest to be on the Niagara River. Dubbed the Queenston-Chippawa power development, it was Beck's most ambitious scheme next to the Seaway. It involved reversing the flow of the Welland River for four miles from the point where it entered the Niagara River, and the digging of a nine-mile open canal to a point on the Niagara River near the village of Queenston where the water would plunge 305 feet compared to the 160 feet of the Canadian Falls and the 167 feet of the American Falls, resulting in almost double the power for the same

amount of water. It seemed worthwhile. When digging began in 1917 it was planned for an output of a hundred thousand horsepower at a cost of \$10 millions. Costs mounted and estimates were frequently revised and by December 1925, when the last unit had been put into operation, the total output was 550,000 horsepower and the cost about \$75 millions. At the time it was the largest power plant in the world. In 1950 it was renamed the Sir Adam Beck-Niagara Generating Plant No. 1. But before earth had been broken Beck's arch-enemy, the Electrical De-

velopment Co., claimed that a thirteen-year-old agreement prevented the government from developing power at Niagara. It vainly sought the attorney-general's permission to sue the commission. Then it had a writ issued asking for a declaration that the Hydro Act did not give Hydro a legal right to divert water from the Niagara River. While court proceedings were still in progress, Beck and the Hearst Government changed the act in such a way as to eliminate all doubts about Hydro's authority.

Then Beck had himself appointed inspector under the legislation known as "The Act to Regulate the Use of the Waters of the Province of Ontario for Power Purposes," and announced that the Electrical Development Co. was developing 145,000 horsepower at the Falls, or 20,000 more than had been authorized by the province. On the floor of the legislature Beck stated baldly, "We found them stealing. That is a terrible statement to make, but I want to say, Mr. Speaker, that when we find a poor man is liable to go to prison for tapping the gas main, then I say that the rich man who appropriates the people's power and water is also liable to imprisonment and can well be called a thief."

Beck did not stop there. He said of the Toronto and York Radial Railway Co., another Mackenzie and Mann outfit, "Every year in the private bills committee you see their manipulations and machinations in connection with various bills," and of the Canadian Northern Railway, the apple of Mackenzie's eye, that it had issued bonds to an amount double the cost of building the road.

Derailed the Big Wheels

Mackenzie replied in a letter to Hearst, "I have been subjected to an outrageous attack by Sir Adam Beck on the floor of the legislative assembly . . . Surely a member of the assembly is not entitled to use his position for . . . cloaking his personal vindictiveness with its prestige."

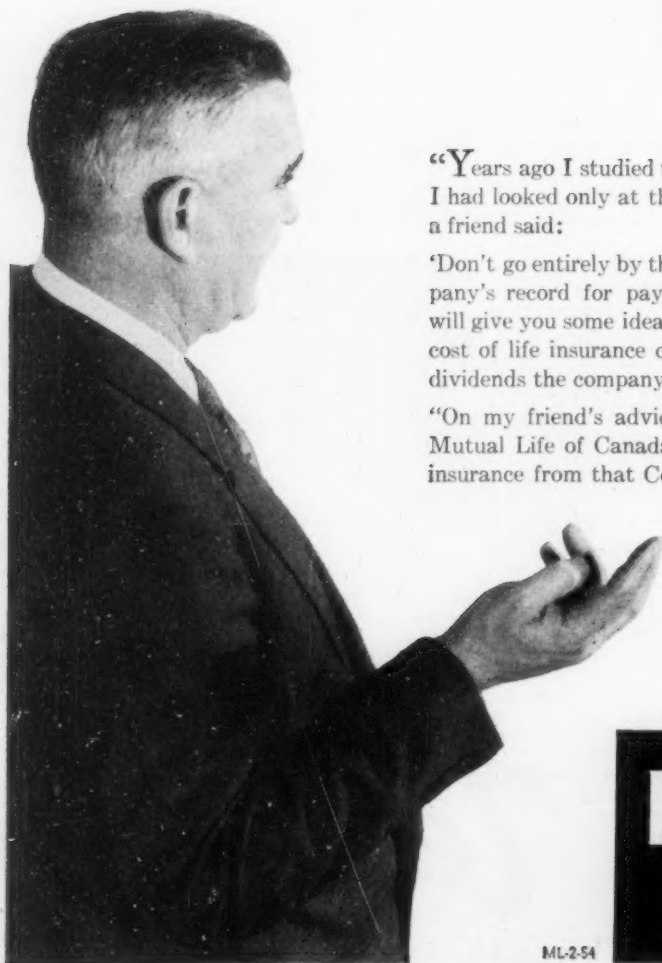
In 1918 Beck put another pebble in Mackenzie's shoe by joining the agitation for nationalization of Canada's railways and that same year, among several other railways which became the government-owned Canadian National, the Canadian Northern was taken over in a state of insolvency. Mackenzie was licked, although he and Mann received about \$8 millions for their stock.

The four years from 1919 to 1923 were probably the hardest in Beck's life. The Conservative Party lost favor in rural areas—federally because the Ottawa Government had repudiated a pledge not to conscript farmers' sons, and provincially because farmers felt agriculture was not getting a square deal. The agrarian revolt led to the spontaneous birth of the United Farmers of Ontario, and in the provincial election of October 1919, 44 of 64 UFO candidates were elected, giving them a majority and requiring them to form a government.

Beck, who had run as an Independent (in protest, he said, over Hearst's wish to make Hydro a department of the government) was defeated in his own riding by a Labour candidate. On the eve of the election he had announced in a Toronto speech that without the confidence of the electorate, he would not stay in office twenty-four hours. But he did not resign, nor was he replaced as Hydro chairman. Members of the new government wanted him to continue his program of farm electrification.

Farmers were convinced of the benefits of electric light, but to in-

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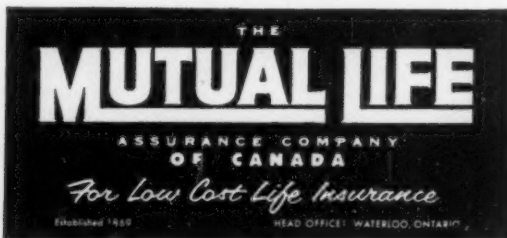


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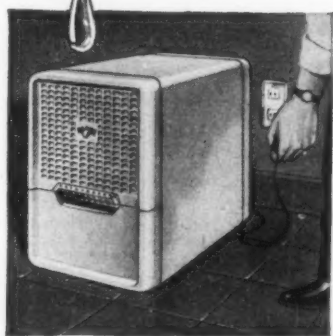
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crease their consumption of electricity Beck organized demonstration vehicles carrying electric appliances like washing machines, irons, pumps and sewing machines to widen the eyes of the women, and equipment with which to show sceptical farmers how to make use of this new hired hand to milk cows, saw wood, fill silos or load wagons.

Beck himself, though 63, went out on rural demonstration tours. The unwieldy-looking trains, usually consisting of a truck painted a fire-engine red with two wagons trailing behind, came to be known as "Beck's Circus."

In 1921 the Farmers' Government passed a law under which the province would underwrite half the capital of new rural lines, the balance being met by the municipality installing them. The measure still operates and has given three out of four Ontario farms electricity.

Under the leadership of E. C. Drury, the government favored rural electricity, but opposed Beck's radial scheme, feeling that radials would be of greater value to urban centres than to rural communities and also that the age of the motor car had already arrived. Drury decreed that all municipalities that had voted for radials would have to be given the choice once more, due to the lapse of years since the referendums had been held. Several towns reversed their previous decision, including the strategic centre of Hamilton.

In 1920 the government appointed a royal commission under Mr. Justice Sutherland to study radials. After ten months and at a cost of \$750,000 the commission gave a report completely unfavorable, stating that radials would not be self-supporting and would "strike a serious blow at the success of government ownership." But Beck was stubborn and the radial fight only increased in intensity.

That year Beck and Mackenzie, who had been dickering since 1918 for transfer of Mackenzie's interests to Hydro, at last came to terms for something over \$32 millions. It was the formal surrender to public ownership of the fortress of the private power interests. Beck trumpeted: "The people of Ontario have in the enlarged Hydro the largest organized power system in the world; it is practically a power monopoly." Hydro by now had acquired private companies for a total investment of \$66 millions and had resources of almost a million horsepower. Today there are about eleven companies and ten municipalities in Ontario still generating electricity but the power they produce is less than 13 percent of the total produced in the province.

In 1921 Beck's wife died and the entire Hydro system was turned off for two minutes in tribute. The next year found him beset by troubles. For one thing, the Chippawa-Queenston project was costing a lot more than had been estimated. Another commission, headed by W. D. Gregory, was appointed to find out why, and as an afterthought, was asked to investigate Hydro as a whole.

An old foe of public ownership, the National Electric Light Association of the U. S. issued a book contending that electric service cost more in Ontario than it did in New York, Quebec, California and elsewhere under private ownership. Beck retorted that the book's conclusions were based on false premises.

Beck's engineers had been making a study of the St. Lawrence river bed, and he announced that 1,635,000 horsepower could be developed at a cost of \$154,925,415, or about \$95 per horsepower. But a start on the St. Lawrence Seaway and power project was to be held up for at least another three

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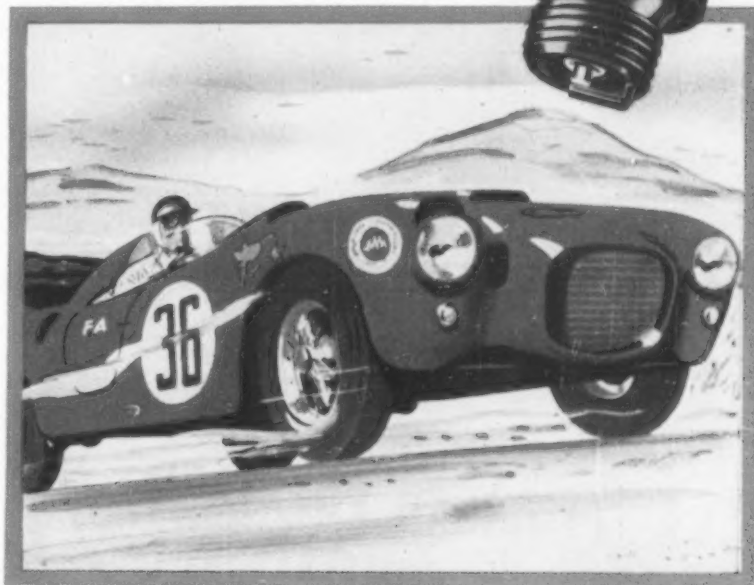
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decades. Today the goal is 2,200,000 horsepower, to cost about \$618,000,000, or \$281 per horsepower.

Beck accepted the Conservative nomination for the provincial house in his own constituency of London in 1923 and in a landslide election that saw Drury and the Farmers' Government swept aside, a more humble Beck was elected. The new Conservative Premier, G. Howard Ferguson, took Beck into the cabinet—again, as in Whitney's time, he was minister without portfolio.

In 1924 the Gregory Commission, after twenty months' investigation, returned its report on Hydro. It consisted of 103 volumes. "There are two sides to Sir Adam Beck," said the report. He had "rendered most notable service to Ontario in building up the present Hydro organization . . . defended it when, at a critical period in its history it was attacked by unscrupulous interests that sought to destroy it." But, "he has paid little regard to legislative authority and he has shown an absolute lack of frankness . . . He has frequently been arbitrary and inconsiderate in his dealings with his colleagues and with the government and it is needless to say that at times his relations with both have been far from cordial."

The probe supported Beck in his conviction that Hydro "should not be a department of the government . . . It should be kept free from the patronage hunter." And in summary it stated, "The value to Ontario of the power developments under the control and management of the commission is inestimable."

Commenting on the report, Premier Ferguson said, "Public ownership has been fully vindicated."

In October 1924 Beck's private secretary of many years, E. C. Settell, tried to escape the country with almost \$30,000 of Hydro Commission money. When caught, he made charges of dishonesty against Beck and other officials. Beck himself asked the Premier for an investigation of the charges, and this was granted. It was perhaps the crowning humiliation when Beck was called to court to answer 39 specific charges against himself, and many more against the commission.

The five-week probe proved the most serious charges unfounded but showed that light bulbs delivered to Beck's home and worth \$5.40 had been paid for by Hydro; that Hydro had also paid for some photographs taken of Beck's home; that 86 nurses from London, attending a convention in Toronto, had been treated to a lunch by Hydro; that a Hydro chauffeur had driven Beck's trainer around the country to look at horses. The Premier announced that the government would take no action.

The Press was almost unanimously complimentary. The Buffalo Express said, "It is unthinkable that Sir Adam Beck would stoop to petty graft." Said the Toronto Globe, "Another attempt to get Sir Adam Beck has failed miserably."

But his enemies were not finished. Soon after this investigation a University of Toronto professor, James Mavor, published a book on Niagara in Politics, stating that Hydro "has from the beginning of its history been a menace to the financial credit and to the liberties of the people of the province. The chairman of the Hydro-Electric has for the past twenty years been the dictator of Ontario. A reign of terror has been established by the Ontario Hydro-Electric." About the same time there appeared a report by an Ohio engineer named Wyer, consisting principally of extracts from the Gregory Commission's report unfavorable to Hydro, and none of those which

paid tribute to Hydro. This was published by the Smithsonian Institution.

The almost continual criticism probably helped to undermine Beck's health and he was soon laid up with pernicious anaemia. From his deathbed he dictated a bitter reply to the Wyer report, stating, "The present attack . . . would not assume the importance it does were it not for the fact that at the head of this great institution (the Smithsonian) is the vice-president of the United States." He said the attack was as improper as if one of Hydro's assistant laboratory experts had gone to Washington, made a brief examination of the work of the Smithsonian Institution in its spheres of archaeology or astrophysics, then returned to Ontario and used public funds to discredit the work of the institution "by gross misrepresentations and betraying motives which were not disclosed when presenting governmental credentials."

One voice was raised in defense of Hydro. Carl D. Thompson, secretary of the Public Ownership League of America, published a book which said, "The greatest electric light and system of power plants in the world is the Ontario Hydro-Electric. Greatest of all publicly owned systems, it is also the greatest of all whether private or public."

"A Martyr to Hydro"

Ontario rates today are among the cheapest in the world. According to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics the average rate paid by domestic consumers in Ontario in 1951 was 1.25 cents per kilowatt-hour, compared to 1.65 for the whole of Canada and 2.81 for the whole of the United States.

Beck died in August 1925 at 68. He was called "a martyr to Hydro and to the cause of public ownership in general." Flags throughout Ontario were half-masted. The Times of London carried a column-long obituary. "Sir Adam," it said, "sometimes was arbitrary, if not ruthless, in his treatment of private interests, but he lived to see his policy justified and to boast that the results were as great as he had ever predicted."

In Canada, the Hamilton Spectator declared: "You might take issue with Sir Adam Beck's policies, but you had to respect the man, even when he was peeling the epidermis from you, inch by inch, by his lashing tongue on the public platform."

At the base of the Beck monument which the City of Toronto and Toronto Hydro erected on University Avenue in 1934 are cut the names of the power plants he built, listed as battle honors are fixed to a regiment's flag. The analogy is appropriate. Every advance he tried to make was a struggle, and every successful project a victory.

Shortly before he died, a feature writer from an American magazine came to see for herself what this public ownership was all about. She captured the miracle Beck had wrought when she wrote:

"Entering the province in the grey dawn, I saw through the car window a little mud-stopped log cabin, old, black, listing to one side—and blazing with light. The power line from Niagara, striding past on giant stilts, had dropped a wire casually upon this remnant of the past age and dragged it into the twentieth century." ★

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Saint John, N.B., painted for the Seagram Collection by Evan Macdonald, A.R.C.A.

THE SEAGRAM COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS

builds world-wide goodwill for Canada

In its year of travel abroad, the Seagram Collection of Paintings of Canadian Cities brought a new understanding of Canada to more than 215,000 people of other lands.

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After seeing the impressive aspect of our thriving cities, these new friends now know Canada as a land of tremendous resources and remarkable human resourcefulness.

Accompanying the Collection were 48-page booklets containing reproductions of the paintings. These were available to all who visited this exhibition. The Seagram Collection is now back home on a two-year trans-Canada tour but it continues, through these booklets, to build goodwill for Canada abroad. In many thousands of homes along a 30,000-mile international route the text and pictures of these booklets are, day by day, helping people become more fully informed about our great land.



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ROME... LONDON... PARIS... GENEVA... STOCKHOLM... THE HAGUE... MADRID... AND A VISIT TO THE CANADIAN ARMED FORCES IN SOEST, WEST GERMANY.
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QUEBEC... LONDON... WINNIPEG... REGINA... EDMONTON... VANCOUVER... VICTORIA... CALGARY... SASKATOON... WINDSOR... HAMILTON... KINGSTON... HULL.



EVAN MACDONALD, A.R.C.A.

Studied at the Ontario College of Art and Royal Academy School of Painting in London, England. On his return to Canada he has specialized in portraits and Canadian landscapes.

BANK OF AMERICA NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION MEMBER OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM



ISSUED BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST BANK

Joseph Anatole Desfosses

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

visitor as the conversation went on. A few seconds later, he had the developed photo ready to be stapled to the visitor's form. "I will do my best. I will think of you. Come back in three weeks or write me." These were his invariable comments as he ushered the visitor to a second door leading to the secretarial office. The interview might have lasted anywhere from one to two minutes, depending on whether he took a photo. When no photo was taken it was usually because the visitor had been there before.

The second door opened into a larger outer office where three female secretaries were busy with typewriter and telephone. One was obviously the cashier, and the visitors went to her desk. One secretary told me that \$16 was expected on a first visit, and that subsequent payments depended on the success of the visit. But I observed that some people paid as little as a dollar, and the most common payment seemed to be two dollars. I was told that these were repeat visitors. A printed receipt form with amounts from \$2 to \$16 printed on it was given for each payment. The cashier's desk contained a large display of literature. My eye was caught by the eight-page tabloid-type paper, *The Evidence*, and a booklet, *His Deed Will Last*, each published by Desfosses in a variety of tongues, including English, French, German and Ukrainian. Contents were practically the same, testimonial after testimonial together with photos of people from all parts of Canada, some from the United States, and even a couple from France and Belgium, claiming to have been cured of their ailments after visiting Desfosses or hearing from him by phone or letter.

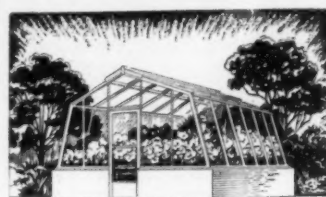
Sometimes 400 a Day

Those who called to report a cure went to another secretary, who took down the details on their original form and then had the visitor sign the form. The most spectacular of such testimonials would form material for future issues of *The Evidence*, I was told.

Despite the fact that Desfosses frequently sees as many as 400 people in a day at his Montreal office, it is not the most important part of his operation. It is his trips beyond the city that occupy most of his attention, keep him moving at an astounding pace for the greater part of the year, require the greatest planning and bring in the most money.

Before he goes on a tour his manager, Gilles Rivet, makes a preliminary survey, based upon letters and enquiries that have come to the Montreal office. Then he makes arrangement for the distribution of literature, the hotel reservations, and the renting of office space, which may be in the hotel itself in small towns, or even in the home of a former "cure" in villages and hamlets. In larger cities, a good-sized hall is usually engaged. Timetables and road maps are carefully studied by Rivet, and then the schedule is drawn up for a period of three or four months ahead. This is printed in special editions of *The Evidence* and mailed to the various points on the itinerary.

Each trip is planned to last three weeks and may be repeated two or three times in a season. Desfosses leaves Montreal by plane on Monday evening and by Tuesday morning he is ready for his first "office" in Swift



Orlyt Aluminum Greenhouse

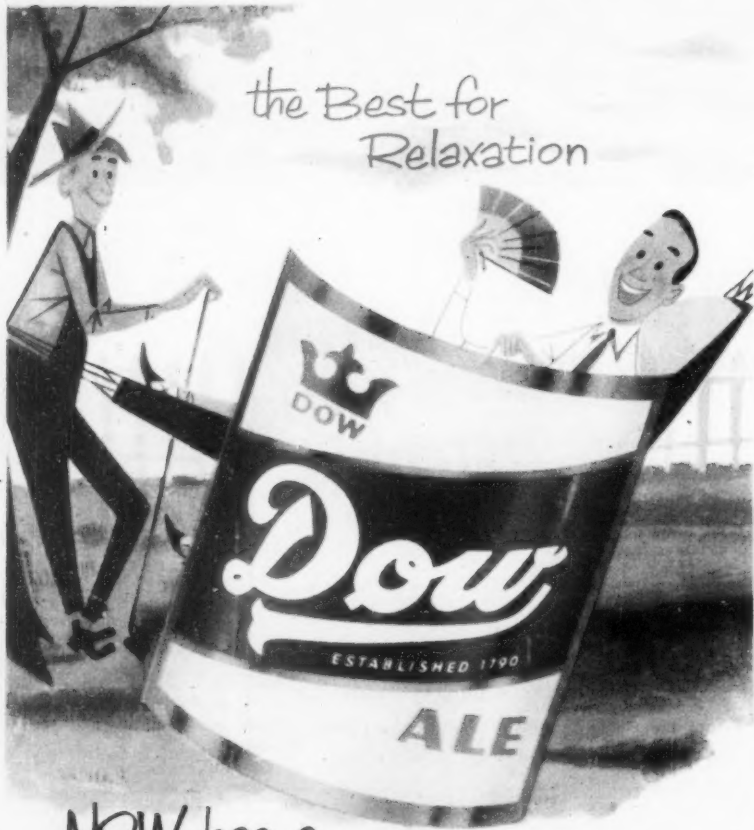
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Current or whatever town he has selected to start his western tour. On his first tour this spring, between March 2 and March 20, he visited fifteen cities and towns in Saskatchewan, ten cities and towns in Alberta, and thirteen cities and towns in British Columbia. By starting his first "office" at 8 o'clock in the morning, by skipping meals and traveling at night by car, plane or train, Desfossés maintains this back-breaking schedule, seeing around a thousand people each week. On tour he may run behind schedule because crowds exceed his expectations hour after hour and sometimes he has to skip a small town and leave prospective clients waiting in vain. I saw him during one of these tours one day last March. He began the day with an "office" in Humboldt, Sask., between 8 and 9 in the morning at the Windsor Hotel. Finishing just after nine and traveling with his secretary, Mrs. Yvonne Gagnon and a local driver whom he regularly hires for his Saskatchewan road travel, the luggage compartment of the car loaded with literature, he was driven to Saskatoon where the ballroom of the Canadian Legion Hall was ready for him, crowded with the waiting and ailing faithful. The driver, long practiced to the routine, hustled into the hall with his load of literature and arranged it on a table. Meanwhile Desfossés and his secretary set up their office in the lady's powder room off the ballroom, and numbered cards were handed out to the crowd, who seated themselves in chairs according to their number. Shortly after one o'clock he was ready for his first Saskatoon visitor

Over the Gravel to Rosthern

The interviews are quick and to the point. At my suggestion, Helen Teskey of the Saskatoon Star-Phoenix visited Desfossés in Saskatoon. She reported, "I went into the little room where Desfossés was seated on a chesterfield, his secretary at a table. She asked me to tell Desfossés my trouble. I said I had terrible headaches and couldn't sleep at night. He asked my age. I told him. He promised to think of me, and the secretary asked for \$18. I settled for \$3. I was in there just one minute."

Despite the speed of his interviews and the fact that he had allowed himself five and a half hours for Saskatoon, Desfossés was behind schedule at 6.30 with another twenty people still to be interviewed. His next office was scheduled for Rosthern, some fifty miles north, at 8 o'clock. By 7, he had seen his last visitor. The driver and Desfossés packed his literature and bundled it into the car. Both the driver and Desfossés' secretary suggested eating and, reluctantly, Desfossés agreed. While he fidgeted impatiently, they

ate, then headed north over a bumpy gravel road to Rosthern. The secretary sat with the driver, while Desfossés dozed in the back, heedless of the bumps. It was after 10 when they reached Rosthern which at that hour on Saturday night seemed deserted.

But at the Queen's Hotel where the office was scheduled, Desfossés found the lobby crowded with about fifty people who had been waiting since 8 o'clock. They were old, work-worn, humble-looking farm folk, most of them. While Desfossés and his secretary rushed to a room on the first

floor to set up shop, the driver distributed literature among the people, who now lined the hallway leading to the first-floor office. Some of the people spoke French. Some spoke German.

They soon began to trail downstairs again, their interviews over. In the lobby below I encountered one little old man, hunched over with rheumatism and nearly blind in one eye with a cataract. He told me he had just paid \$16 and he seemed a little stunned with the steepness of the fee and the brevity of the interview. Timidly he said he hoped it would do him some good.

There didn't seem to be anything else to look forward to. I wished him luck as I opened the outside door for him and watched him disappear down the road into the night.

The Rosthern office was over in an hour. The driver, as he waited for Desfossés to come down the stairs, told me that Desfossés never seemed to rest when he was on tour. "The guy must be made of iron," he remarked.

It was nearly one o'clock when Desfossés reached Prince Albert, slumbering in a Sunday-morning calm. The manager at the hotel was still awake,

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please send it to a member of the armed forces serving overseas. If you know no one in the services, enquire locally if some organization is collecting magazines for shipment. In most areas some organization is performing this valuable service.

however, and he threw up his arms in alarm.

"You're not having one of your meetings in this hotel, are you?" he demanded.

Desfossés laughed gleefully. "No, no," he assured the manager, and his secretary confirmed that a hall had been hired for the meeting scheduled for Monday. She told me that so many people had besieged the hotel on a previous visit that the fire department had had to be called to maintain order.

Thus does Anatole Desfossés diligently harvest his crops with the

seasons. And like the many hard-working farmers who make their contributions to that harvest, he has carefully calculated the soil and the weather. He may never have heard of the law of diminishing returns, but he knows that about half the faces he sees on each visit must be new, for once a contribution is made, payments fall off sharply on subsequent visits.

The most fertile district in the recollection of his secretaries was the area around St. Claude, Man., where there is a considerable settlement from the Lourdes area of France. "They

know all about miracles there," a former secretary told me. "The first time Mr. Desfossés arrived at St. Claude, just a few houses in the middle of the prairie, nearly a thousand people greeted him. He paid many return visits to St. Claude before dropping it from his tour." This summer will see the outlying communities of Quebec and Ontario visited in their turn, and the Maritime Provinces will not be neglected. Desfossés has yet to visit Newfoundland.

Desfossés' chief source of publicity is the publications he himself produces.

These are widely distributed on his visits and in answer to enquiries. The tabloid, *The Evidence*, is printed in 10,000 lots for distribution in the areas to be visited, and the testimonials in it are usually drawn from the area in which the distribution takes place. The testimonials are simple, semi-literate, often moving and sometimes unconsciously ironic. Thus wrote Miss Georgette Guibard of 5165 Berri Street, Montreal:

"Dear Mr. Desfossés, I had sore legs before I consulted you six years ago. I consulted a doctor, who ordered me to rest and I had no relief; therefore I consulted you and soon after I was completely cured. After this happening I was to be operated on for a cyst on my left eye and I decided to consult you again as I was sure to be cured and it proved to be true. Today I am still hopefully seeking your help for a nervous breakdown."

The volume of testimonials, literally in the thousands over the last twenty years, might have little weight as scientific medical evidence, since they recount for the most part self-diagnosed cures for self-diagnosed ailments, but to the pitiful procession of unhappy and sick people who make their way to the various Desfossés offices, often traveling hundreds of miles to get there, scientific evidence means nothing against their overwhelming wish for a miracle.

In the face of this, Desfossés has adopted an attitude of becoming modesty. A pamphlet published in the early Forties, persuasively titled, *To Hope is to Live*, quotes him: "Personally I cure no one! I am merely the agent for a power beyond human understanding. How these powers to heal came to me, I do not know, yet they are transmitted to you, and this is what I tell everyone who asks me, 'How do you effect such marvelous cures?' I don't. They are only effected through me!"

In the same pamphlet he found a



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good if slightly condescending word to say on behalf of the medical profession. "Whenever you read the doctors have been unsuccessful in bringing relief to someone who has been helped by me, it is not because it is my intention to belittle the efforts of the medical profession. Within the limits of their knowledge they have done and are doing more for the betterment of humanity than any other class of people. The fact that they have failed in certain cases is no reflection on their part. They are only human and human beings are fallible."

Desfossés declares that while several civil and criminal cases have been brought against him by the medical authorities, none was successful. Sherbrooke and Montreal court records show four convictions against him, three for the false practice of medicine and one for publishing a circular leading the public to believe that he was entitled to practice medicine. Friends recall a period when he was as well known for his ability in performing card tricks, telling stories and dispensing home remedies. In an early court case, the charge against him of advertising himself in such a way as to lead people to think he was entitled to practice medicine was dismissed on the grounds that Desfossés also advertised himself as a social, matrimonial and legal adviser and there was no evidence that he had in fact practiced as advertised. His present publicity fails to pay tribute to a colorful past.

His Father Came Fifth

Desfossés may rightfully trace his origin to the time-honored if disappearing tradition in Quebec province of the *guérisseur* or healer. There, particularly in small villages and settlements where qualified doctors were once a rarity if not a curiosity, certain individuals and in particular seventh sons, are sometimes held to possess rare gifts for healing. These gifts are looked upon as a great convenience by neighbors and almost as a nuisance by the *guérisseur* himself, who may be called upon at any hour of the day or night. Traditionally his compensation has been exceedingly small, since he is regarded as simply the servant of a Divine Will. One man in Ste. Adèle who was held capable of driving rats from homes and barns by his mere presence customarily collected five cents for the service.

Anatole Desfossés may have been destined to become a faith healer from the time of his birth. His grandfather, Joseph Desfossés, had been a farmer and a horse breeder near the little town of St. Francois du Lac, north of Three Rivers, and enjoyed a modest local reputation for his skill with sick horses. He had been born the seventh son in a family of nine boys and two girls. But his skill had not extended to humans.

Desfossés calls himself the seventh son of a seventh son in his literature. His own father, however, told me that he, the father, had actually been the fifth son in a family of nine. The father, also named Joseph, inherited his parent's skill with horses and he left the farm to settle down in Cap de la Madeleine, just across the Duplessis bridge from Three Rivers, where he made a living raising horses and operating a livery stable. He married a lively French-American girl, from Lowell, Mass., Eliza Tessier, and they had an unbroken succession of boys, nine in all, followed by two girls. Eliza, who died in 1953, has been described by family friends as extremely religious and deeply interested in all kinds of treatment for the sick, with a wide knowledge of herbs.

While Eliza was awaiting the birth of her seventh child, she told her neighbors, "You wait and see. It will be a boy, and my son will help you later."

When Anatole was born on June 7, 1911, the event was noted with considerable interest by the neighbors after Eliza's prophecy. According to his father, Anatole was still in his crib when people started to call, looking for supernatural relief from their ailments. The same source credits him with a "cure" at the age of two, when a seven-month-old infant, suffering

from eczema, was placed beside him in the crib for a few moments. When the eczema finally disappeared, young Anatole received the credit from his zealous mother, and his career was tentatively launched.

Desfossés claims his mother kept a journal which faithfully recorded every "cure" attributed to the youthful seventh son, but that in her movements among her large brood in later years it was mislaid. He says he has since tried to trace it without success. But he chiefly remembers that people used to stop him in the street and press

money and gifts upon him. His schoolmates ridiculed him as the "little seventh son" and the "little healer," and he rarely joined in their games. Instead he became an expert horseman at seven, and in the winter he raced with dog teams.

At first Joseph took a dim view of his son's rapidly spreading fame. Meals were often interrupted by the untimely arrival of ailing folk seeking relief, and Eliza was called upon to exercise considerable tact to keep the peace. But eventually Joseph became reconciled, and once sent his son, then age five,

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WEATHER BEACON ATOP HEAD OFFICE BUILDING—TORONTO

across town to try his "gift" on a boy suffering from eczema. Desfossés doesn't remember whether he succeeded or not.

But it was the curé of Cap de la Madeleine himself, Father Fusée, who set the final seal of approval on Anatole Desfossés as a "healer." The aged curé, suffering from rheumatism, sent for the boy when he was ten. He instructed Anatole to apply his "gift" and immediately afterward announced himself as much improved. He began to take Anatole with him on his parish calls, and the youngster's stock as a "healer" rose rapidly and his hours after school were filled with demands for his services.

In Cap de la Madeleine young Desfossés had only two close friends. One was Henri Larivière, a tall, slim, good-looking boy who used to help Anatole with his growing correspondence. The other, Lucien Lacourcière, was six years Anatole's senior and had already shipped on an ocean-going vessel and visited Europe. He had returned with a fund of stories and a repertoire of card tricks which he revealed to the awed young Desfossés. Lacourcière was the first of a series of clever and capable people who were attracted by Desfossés and helped make him a going concern. It was Lacourcière who persuaded the young *guérisseur*, at the age of fifteen, to open an office in Drummondville.

Lacourcière had circulated the news of Desfossés' arrival before him, and some fifty people were waiting when he got off the train. He set up his first "office" in a boarding house and took in nearly \$200 the first day. But the enterprise was short-lived for the police could not be persuaded that the diminutive youngster in short pants was really a serious businessman. To his humiliation, they bought him a train ticket to Cap de la Madeleine and shipped him back home to his mother.

Leaflets From the Sky

In 1929, at the urging of Lacourcière, he moved his headquarters to Sherbrooke. At that time and for the next eight years he offered a fascinating and bewildering array of accomplishments. From his mother he had learned a considerable lore of home remedies. His father had taught him a great deal about curing sick horses. And Lacourcière had given him a large fund of stories and card tricks. These accomplishments lent a polish and certain charm to his appearances, which extended from Sherbrooke and Drummondville to Victoriaville, Quebec City, St. Hyacinthe, Granby and other communities. As a youngster he had visited his aunt in Montreal, and from this contact he also developed a modest Montreal office.

Lacourcière left his employ after two years in Sherbrooke and returned to Drummondville. Desfossés carried on alone, unshaken in his belief in his own destiny. He had a flair for publicity and arranged mass distributions of leaflets to announce forthcoming offices. On several occasions he employed a plane to shower communities with leaflets. He also made frequent trips through the New England States, working up contacts developed through his mother's relatives. He was warmly received wherever he went, as much for his ability as an entertainer and his homely advice as for his fame as a healer. Epsom salts and creosote were among his favorite suggestions.

Gradually a substantial following was built up by Desfossés, despite the fact that in his early twenties he was inclined to work only when the spirit moved him. At the same time he

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attracted the attention of the Quebec College of Physicians and Surgeons.

It is a curious conceit of Desfossés to maintain, along with his denial that he ever practiced medicine, a flat claim that despite numerous charges which the Quebec College of Physicians and Surgeons brought against him, they never succeeded in obtaining a conviction. Thus, in the pamphlet, *To Hope is to Live*, an editorial note states: "His career has been a turbulent one, including intimidation, attacks on his life, malicious rumors and persecution, not to mention several highly dramatic civil and criminal accusations of practicing medicine without a license, and witchcraft, none of which had been able to be substantiated in court. Through all this he managed to keep his name and his reputation clear."

It is true that the first case on record in Sherbrooke resulted in an acquittal, on April 10, 1935, when the judge ruled that there was no proof that Desfossés had in fact practiced as advertised. But later that same year he was trapped by two sisters, Alice and Jeannette Boucher, who visited him while investigator Lucien Rheume watched through a peephole. Desfossés examined the sisters and prescribed medicine. On March 4, 1936, he was found guilty of the illegal practice of medicine and was fined \$50 and costs.

The next case on record in the Sherbrooke courthouse was the celebrated "sorcery" trial of 1939 which brought Desfossés nationwide publicity. It turned out an exceedingly unfortunate action for the cause of orthodox medicine in Quebec. Private investigator L. C. Davignon, his wife and a Madame Roch Caron arrived in Sherbrooke for the avowed purpose: "He must be put in prison"—the words were attributed to Davignon by Desfossés in a subsequent widely distributed book and Davignon took no action against the quotation and shortly after their arrival Desfossés was warned of the presence of "spotters."

Madame Davignon and Madame Caron subsequently put in an appearance at the office of Desfossés, where they obtained an interview with him and paid him for the visit. Their evidence was collected by Davignon and on the basis of this information a charge was laid against Desfossés by the Quebec College of Physicians and Surgeons of "having illegally pretended to exercise or practice some magic, sorcery, enchantment or conjuring, and to have undertaken to predict the future, and to have pretended to exercise a supernatural power that permitted him to cure and find lost articles." It was a charge which, if it had been proven in court, might have ended the career of Desfossés.

There was a sharp conflict in the evidence. Both Madame Davignon and Madame Caron claimed that they had been alone with Desfossés in his office. Two of his secretaries took the stand to declare that one of them had been present during the entire interview. Both women contended that Desfossés said he could cure them. The secretary who claimed to have been present at the interview declared that Desfossés had said no more than he usually said, "I will think of you. Write to me." The case for the prosecution broke down when Madame Caron contended that certain parts of her written deposition had been inserted without her knowledge and were not true.

Defense attorney Emile Rioux trotted out an imposing list of witnesses, 35 in all, who swore that Desfossés had cured them of everything from cancer

and appendicitis to stomach ulcers, bad indigestion and hay fever, without any apparent treatment. He declared that he had another 80 similar witnesses waiting to be called. Most impressive of the defense witnesses was the curé of Bishopton, Que., Abbé Lucien Leguerrier, who declared that Desfossés had cured him of acne with a power that he did not pretend to understand. The jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty." No direct evidence of witchcraft or sorcery ever came out in the trial. It was left to the defense witnesses themselves to attribute their

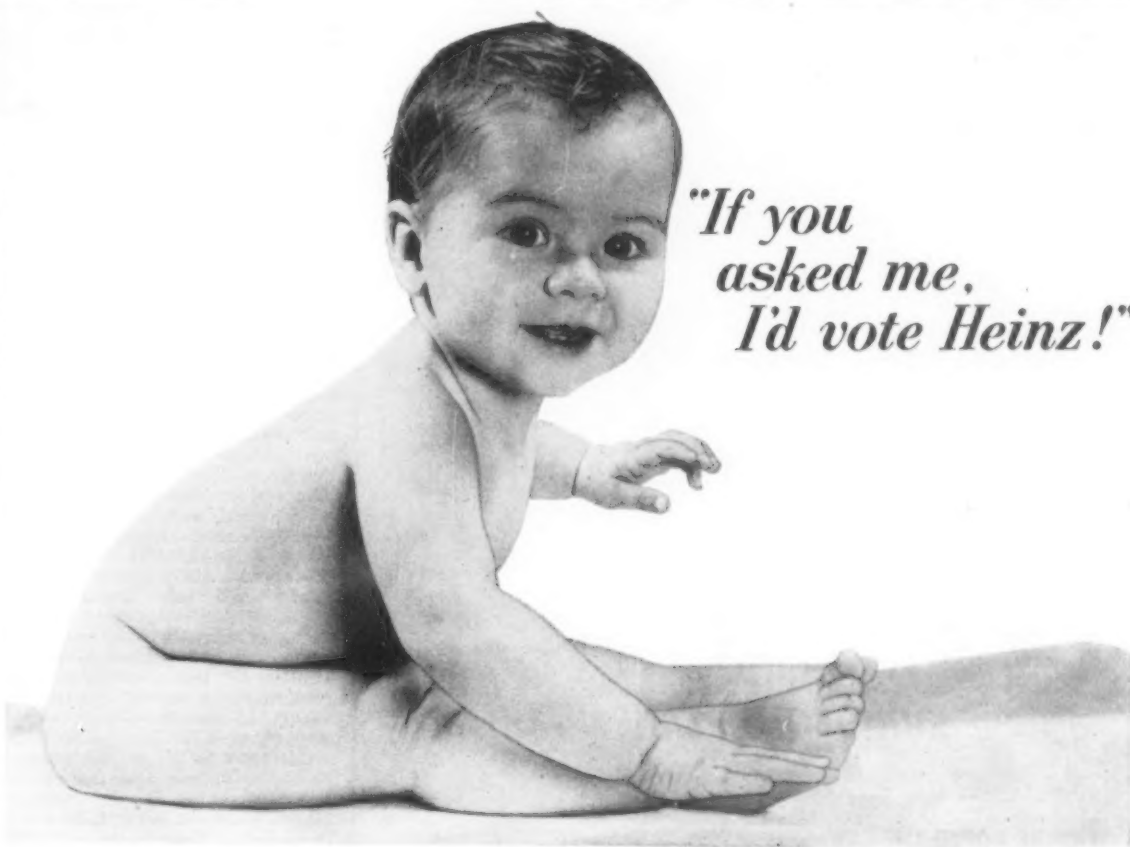
cures to a power beyond understanding.

Desfossés may have thought that his troubles were over after his victory in the sorcery trial, and he may have gotten careless, because on Dec. 9, 1940, he was fined \$50 and costs in a Montreal court for the false practice of medicine when George Remillard testified that Desfossés had given consultation, diagnosis and treatment to him for rheumatism.

And he was caught again on May 20, 1941, and fined \$50 and costs for the false practice of medicine when Eve Lamoureux testified in a Montreal

court that he had treated her for a foot injury. From that point forward he was apparently very wary, for it was not until Feb. 1, 1945, that a summons was issued against him for publishing a circular leading the public to believe that he could practice medicine. The summons was dismissed because of a technical error, but on Jan. 16, 1946, he was fined \$50 and costs in Montreal for announcing in a pamphlet that he was a physician and had a legal right to practice medicine.

Meanwhile, time and his troubles had done much to change Desfossés



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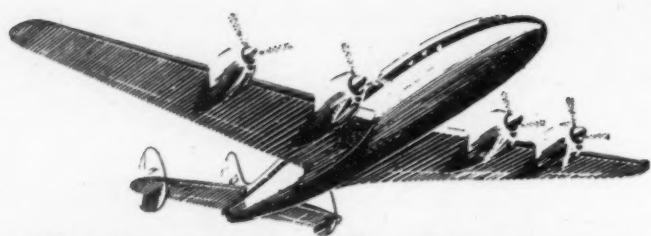
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from the impulsive and often erratic young man of sudden moods and strong temper to the well-organized businessman of today. According to Yvan Bureau, a former secretary of Desfossés and now a wholesale grocer in Sherbrooke, it was in 1937 that he started to settle down to a regular routine. During his first years in Sherbrooke he had been as popular for his entertaining ability as for his prowess as a healer, but the steadily growing volume of testimonials which followed his visits through the countryside gradually overshadowed his other attributes.

In 1935 he married Estelle Lepage after a brief courtship. Six months before, a novice in the Order of the Soeurs Filles de la Charité, she had visited him for relief from a persistent headache. Gazing intently at her, he predicted that she would marry him. The startled girl fled, but shortly afterward she left the order and on Aug. 7, 1935, they were married. Shortly afterward Desfossés moved from his office in the Casino Building on Wellington Street to a house at 253 Aberdeen, valued at \$22,000 and the gift of a grateful Sherbrooke "cure." From this base he extended his contacts through the country. Since his trips depended on the weather, with his greatest activity in the spring, summer and autumn, his staff fluctuated between two or three and twelve to fifteen, depending on the season and his itinerary. An endless stream of literature poured from his office. The half-dozen former employees whom I talked with all agreed that Desfossés was generous in his treatment of them and was, in fact, open-handed in his disposal of the contributions that flowed through his hands. He managed, however, to make investments in Sherbrooke real estate and purchased a fifty-acre country property at Rock Forest where he assembled a stable of show horses—hackneys, hunters and jumpers.

The result of the sorcery trial had been to bring Desfossés national attention. It lasted four days and when he was acquitted he was carried from the courthouse in triumph by his supporters and given a banquet at Sherbrooke's leading hotel, the New Wellington. In subsequent trips to his other offices in Montreal, Shawinigan and Quebec City, crowds gathered for his arrival.

Desfossés lost no time capitalizing on this publicity. Surpassing all previous efforts he produced a book of 429 pages which reproduced the evidence of the trial in full. Borrowing its title from Davignon's alleged remark, "Il Faut Le Mettre En Prison," it also included a series of testimonials and letters in defense of Desfossés from Abbé Joseph

Raiche, Abbé Honoré Chagnon, Rev. Father Noel of the Father Redemptionists and other individuals who claimed Desfossés had aided them. It reproduced newspaper articles concerning the trial and accounts of his subsequent triumphal tour, and it warned of the activities of an imposter who was posing as Desfossés.

On its part, the College of Physicians and Surgeons published a bulletin which devoted several pages to a critical examination of the clerical support given Desfossés. It reproduced a statement of Cardinal Villeneuve, entitled False Devotion: "The pseudo healer, J. Anatole Desfossés, a seventh son according to reports, has claimed on several occasions to have Our



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PH 3

authority for his activities. He has even insinuated this without foundation in the preface of a book in which he claims also to have the approval of priests . . . You may judge from this what you must think of the supernatural mission which is claimed for him. On this subject We remind the faithful that it is a grievous fault to take part in practices of superstitious appeal and denounced by the ecclesiastic authorities. While the sick always wish to be relieved of their suffering, they must guard against stupid credulity and remember that it is not permitted to use supernatural means of healing. They must think on the contrary that sickness is often the means that the Lord uses to purify our souls and remove us from the earth."

It was one quotation that Desfossés never used in his publicity.

He continued diligently to expand his operations. As he put it in his pamphlet, *To Hope is To Live*: "Many times I have faltered in my determination to continue my appointed task, only to be encouraged and fortified by the tokens of appreciation and sympathetic sentiments of those who benefited through my efforts."

The tokens of appreciation kept rolling in and soon Desfossés, who said that the sorcery trial had nearly bankrupted him, was able to purchase the apartment block in Montreal where he now operates, a riding academy, a steam laundry, a bowling alley and a furniture store. His operations in the United States came to an abrupt close during the war years, however. He says it was because of the expansion of his Canadian activities.

In the late Forties Desfossés made a couple of exploratory trips to the Canadian west and then decided to open up there in earnest. On his first

trip to Prince Albert, however, he met with a hostile reception on the part of the police, who grilled his two secretaries to such effect that one took the next train to Winnipeg. The other stuck it out. In Swift Current he paid a fine of \$97 for selling pamphlets without a license and on his first trip to the tiny community of Swan River the local authorities flatly refused to allow him to hold an office. No point of law was invoked and he did not question their right to refuse him. But a cavalcade of about thirty cars followed him out of town, and when he stopped along the roadside to interview his followers he says that a couple of RCMP constables slapped tickets on all the cars for parking on the highway.

Nevertheless Desfossés today covers the west as thoroughly as he covers the east. Everywhere he goes he is sure to find from 30 to 500 people prepared to pay him for thinking of them.

At home and among his friends Desfossés in his actions and attitudes bears more than a superficial resemblance to that other great philanthropist, George Baker, better known as Father Divine. Both are descendants of simple farm folk, both claim divine gifts, and both are the recipients of a great deal of this world's goods as a result of that "gift." Both spread it around, both are genial hosts, flashy dressers, shrewd businessmen and naive in other respects, with a naivete which is only exceeded by that of their followers. Desfossés furnishes his home in rather garish taste. He entertains lavishly at Rock Forest when he annually is host at a horse show. He is a skilled rider and delights to show off for the benefit of his guests by putting his mount over jumps without touching the reins. He has some first-class jumpers in his stable. One horse, *Souvenir of Brandon*, won the grand championship at the Miami Horse Show this spring.

During the winter, when country travel is difficult in Canada, Desfossés and his wife often travel to Mexico, Florida or Europe. Wherever they go, Desfossés takes thousands of feet of color film which he is prepared to screen on the least provocation. He faithfully recorded his trip to Rome in Holy Year, 1951, where he and Madame Desfossés obtained an audience with Pope Pius XII. The Vatican acknowledged the "generous gift" (amount unstated) which the couple made, and the letter of acknowledgement is reproduced in the latest Desfossés pamphlet, *His Deed Will Last*.

Desfossés has two children, a boy, Jean, age 16, who attends school in Rhode Island, and a daughter, Claudette, 13, who is being educated at a convent in Quebec City. Five of his brothers are still living and reside in and around Three Rivers. Two work for a paper company there, one is a welder, and two are farmers. Two of his brothers died when they were children. He has a brood of nephews and nieces, 48 in all, and he gives some of them liberal financial aid.

Thus the affairs of his numerous visitors, horses and relatives keep Anatole Desfossés a very busy man. Only on the legal front does he now enjoy peace and quiet.

Desfossés recounts a great moment of retribution that fell to him. His old enemy, the persistent detective Davignon who dogged his movements in the early days, called on him one day to confess that he was in poor health and suffering from ulcers.

"I had my revenge," says Desfossés proudly. "I said I would think of him. And I cured him."

Detective Davignon died early this year. ★

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The Hospital You Built For Hugh McKeown

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

changed as much as any and more than most. He arrived at the hospital on Aug. 19, 1951, after three months in military hospitals in Korea and Japan. He weighed an estimated 75 pounds, a little more than half his normal weight. The doctor who examined him immediately prescribed a blood

transfusion and found McKeown's arm pitted with the marks of a dozen previous transfusions. His five-foot-ten-inch frame was a fleshless skeleton. His molars showed through the sunken, translucent skin of his cheeks and his eyes were great sockets in his head. He hadn't eaten for weeks and his pain was so intense that sedatives, except in monster doses, had no effect.

The bullet had entered behind his left hip and emerged at the front of his right hip, smashing the socket of his right leg and spraying his bowel and bladder with twenty or thirty

splinters of bone which traveled at the same velocity and did as much damage as bullets. American and British surgeons had performed four operations and succeeded in keeping him alive, to their own astonishment. A doctor in Kure reported, "I do not think he can be got better . . . and advise his evacuation to Canada before he deteriorates further."

He was sent home to die and the Canadian Red Cross stood ready to fly his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McKeown, of Toronto, to meet him if it appeared he wouldn't survive the trip.

His parents and sister, walking along a corridor at Sunnybrook in search of him, looked in his room and passed on without knowing him. He called out and his mother recognized his voice. "That's Hugh!" she cried. His sister Veronica went back to the doorway and stared at the man on the bed. "No it isn't," she told her mother, turning away. Mrs. McKeown looked, and looked again. "Yes it is," she said faintly.

Since then McKeown's progress has been a phenomenon in tolerance to pain, medical skill and that intangible factor, will to live. He is known throughout the hospital, which deals daily in human courage and brilliant technique. His charts are thumbed and worn by a hundred doctors and nurses who find his medical history fascinating and dramatic.

Today, however, his hospital routine is like that of any convalescing patient—unspectacular and tedious. Lying in his small pastel-green room with its view of a distant hill of trees to give him a concept of the changing seasons, McKeown is aware of the giant organization around him, but is separated from the activity by his own reticence and the fact that he is far from well.

In the morning at 7.30 when he gets his breakfast of juice, toast, cereal, an egg and coffee, half of the dietitian's staff of 300 already has been at work for more than an hour. White-uniformed women have poured into thick white pitchers some of the day's quota of 265 gallons of milk and have popped into toasters in ward servery all over the hospital a couple of thousand slices of bread from the day's delivery of 457 loaves.

Sunnybrook's kitchen is on the ground floor of the hospital, an enormous room bigger than three tennis courts with a sound-absorbing acoustic ceiling, ivory tile walls and a red tile floor swabbed to sterile cleanliness twice a day. Beneath a battery of steam kettles, one of which holds 150 gallons, the floor is tilted to drains and washed with a hose.

The kitchen has the finest equipment available to assist in the chore of preparing 5,000 meals a day—the noon meal is the heaviest, when most of Sunnybrook's staff of 1,800 eat their dinners in three staff dining rooms. The big kitchen has a five-foot egg beater capable of whipping 80 quarts of batter at a time. The potato-peeling machine denudes 30 pounds of potatoes in one operation, a velocity required by the noon-meal demand of eight 75-pound bags of potatoes. Nevertheless Miss Dorothy McNaughton, chief dietitian, keeps a personal touch in her menus by baking a full-size cake for each patient observing a birthday.

McKeown has had three birthdays at Sunnybrook and records the trickling away of his twenties almost impassively. Like most long-term patients, he has made peace with his antiseptic environment; weeks and sometimes months go by between his requests for information about how much longer he will be there. When he is discouraged he can, like every patient, find someone he can feel is worse off than he is. A man with an arm off can always find another with both arms off. A burn case requiring painful plastic surgery may be in the next bed to the young man who has had forty plastic-surgery operations since he looked into an explosion almost ten years ago. A paraplegic, paralyzed in his lower limbs because of a spinal injury, can be humbled by a quadriplegic, who is paralyzed in both arms and legs. Quadriplegics are grateful they aren't blind. When he is despondent, McKeown brings himself into a better frame of mind by considering

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the plight of two men on the next floor who have cancer. "You're lucky, McKeown," he tells himself. "Those poor guys have got it *really* rough."

McKeown's days have a desultory sameness. Every morning he wakes at seven just as the orderly arrives to change the dressing on the stump of his right leg. Though the amputation was done more than two years ago, the wound is still draining and hot compresses are applied five times a day.

On days when he is feeling well he wraps himself in a green bathrobe and is helped into a wheel chair, where he sits the rest of the morning. Usually he wheels himself around the corner into a ward where he has some friends and they swap complaints, army style, about the hospital regulations, the relief nurse with the temper, the food.

"We're due for mutton one of these days," McKeown mourns, watching a small merry-eyed World War I veteran playing solitaire.

"You oughta get arthritis," the older man grins. "Then you'd get steak every day. Filet mignon, every day." They both chuckle at the absurdity of a story which most hospital patients have heard.

Actually the story is true. Sunnybrook has a Clinical Investigation Unit, maintained by a Department of Veterans' Affairs grant of \$63,000 a year, which is engaged in research on the effects of ACTH and cortisone on arthritis and cirrhosis of the liver. Three, four or five men at a time occupy beds in the CIU wing of the hospital and the changes in their body chemical balance are the subject of elaborate study.

Even Water is Measured

To ensure that these chemical changes are the result of ACTH or cortisone, and not some factor in the patient's diet, all the subjects of the study are volunteers who are willing to eat exactly the same food every day for a period of several weeks or months. The menu is planned with a dietitian, Miss Beatrice Robertson, who must work out the calorie, protein, carbohydrate and fat content to two decimal places to meet the doctor's prescription exactly. The quantities of food on the patient's tray will not vary even a gram from day to day; Miss Robertson weighs everything on a balance scale. The patient can't even have a drink of water that isn't measured.

The two meats found in this experiment to be the least tiresome are chicken and filet mignon, with canned peas and pressure-cooked potatoes for a vegetable, and canned fruit for dessert. One man chose cold canned tomatoes for his vegetable and ate them, twice a day, for five weeks. The men get meat and potatoes twice a day. One patient gained 41 pounds on the static diet.

The ethereal delights of steak every day occupies the attention of Sunnybrook's bu'l sessions in the wards only occasionally. War recollections, some of them as wildly fictional as Buck Rogers, are swapped in the long quiet hours of waiting for recovery. Most veterans know in what unit every patient in his ward served, what his rank was and how he was wounded.

McKeown stays out of these exuberant exchanges almost entirely; he is a withdrawn man, opposed to bombast and shy of confidences. His military record is an odd one, full of frustrations and a higher idealism than he will admit. He enlisted in 1944 when he was 17, but missed any action because he was too young. After his discharge he lived with his parents, worked in a paper-box factory, read westerns and detective stories for

relaxation and studied electricity at night school. He never had a girl friend. In the summer of 1950, without telling his parents, he enlisted in the Korean Brigade. He was 23 years old.

"I couldn't seem to save any money and I don't know yet where it was going," he once tried to explain. "I wanted to see more of the world . . . I guess I don't really know why I enlisted." His friends suspect they know the true reason: McKeown enjoyed being a soldier, did it well and was proud of the army.

McKeown arrived in Korea in April

1951 and was wounded a month later in his first brush with the enemy. He was part of an advance platoon, laboring up a dirt path shortly after dawn to take the crown of a hill. McKeown, who then weighed 140 pounds, was carrying the 50-pound weight of a Bren gun and eleven full magazines.

He was about three quarters of the way up the hill, cursing under his load and the rapidly gathering heat of the morning, when machine guns opened up on two flanking hills and nailed his platoon to the ground. While McKeown watched, two soldiers were shot

cleanly through the head trying to get their Bren in action. McKeown studied the problem calmly for a few minutes, recognized that the Chinese had a clear view of the position and decided nevertheless to try to get his Bren in action. He pulled his leg up under him to start bellying toward the gun and a single bullet tore through his hips with such force that he cartwheeled twice down the hill.

McKeown has been asked why he bothered to move toward the gun, knowing the enemy would see him. His answer could be carved on a



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monument. "If you volunteer for a war," he replied, "the least you can do is fight."

While the patients talk idly of such battlefield incidents in the spacious airy wards, a thousand cogs that contribute to their comfort and returning health are turning in the big hospital. Five window washers are scrubbing their daily quota of the hospital's 2,900 windows; a hundred of the staff of 330 graduate nurses are on duty, the stiff white veils they wear on their heads bobbing as they hurry; 24 employees, mostly women, in a high-ceilinged humid laundry are doing the day's washing at a rate of 1,300 sheets, pillowcases and shirts every hour in giant wash wheels filled with scalding water.

Elevators, loaded with food in electrically heated wagons, are rising from the kitchen to ward servery on every floor, where aides are waiting to distribute the dinner on thick white plates. The servings are checked against the patients' name cards on every tray. At a quarter to twelve McKeown's dinner is brought in on a tray; he lifts the cover that keeps the food warm and grins—no mutton today.

After the noon meal most of the hospital patients doze and the halls are quiet. An elevator operator is startled to see a visitor, a shabby woman with a puckered face. "No visiting until tonight, ma'am," he tells her. She stares at him.

"The padre called me," she tells him in a strangled voice. "He said, 'Don't you know how sick your husband is?' I thought I'd better . . ."

"You'll have to get a special card," the elevator man interrupts gently. "Right over there."

The doors slide silently together and the elevator floats to the seventh floor, where the operating rooms are located. Sunnybrook's seven operating rooms have pastel-green tiled walls, the best surgical equipment, and wide windows that overlook a wooded hill a mile away. Since Sunnybrook is situated in a 400-acre park and has no peering neighbors, the operating room windows are not frosted glass.

The hospital's 35 surgeons, most of them consultants, perform about 300 operations a month ranging from such routine matters as hernia, appendix and tonsils to rarely performed surgery on brains and rheumatic hearts.

McKeown has made seven trips to the operating rooms, usually accompanied by doubts he'd survive. The first two operations were performed three weeks after he arrived at the hospital, a few days apart. A surgeon fished out of an abscess with his forefinger a dozen chips of bone. The medical report referred to these operations as "the first stage in the reconstruction of this patient's existence."

The summer that McKeown arrived at Sunnybrook none of its nursing staff could be spared to give him the constant attention he needed. DVA accordingly hired three special nurses, Miss Bernetta McLaughlin, Miss Blanche Salmon and Mrs. Phyllis Savage, from Toronto's Central Registry of Nurses, to take care of him day and night. The women were advised that they would be kept on "until the end," which when they saw their patient they expected to be a matter of days. As it turned out, they were with him almost a year and a half and cost the department close to \$20,000.

To keep more pressure sores from developing—McKeown already had two, one of them showing bone at its base—his nurses turned him every two hours. The movement was excruciatingly painful, despite the efforts of the staff who would pile as many as thirty pillows around him to cushion his body.

No fewer than five people combined to turn him. When they had settled him an orderly would put a cigarette between his shaking lips and light it for him. It was a comfort on which the young man leaned increasingly; his father believes he was smoking five packs a day at one point.

His next operation, by Dr. J. D. Mills, the hospital's chief of general surgery, was on his colon and the next was an amputation of his leg at the hip. The right leg had begun to cause him unbearable pain. He described it as comparable to having the leg in a furnace, constantly. An interne told McKeown's mother, "I think we'll have to let him die." One of his doctors commented, "As an attempt to save his life, the only thing I can think of which might be done would be disarticulation of the hip (amputation) but my feeling is that in his present condition he would not survive the operation."

Dr. G. Dale, chief of orthopedic surgery, a big gruff man McKeown admires, broke the news to him. McKeown, aghast, refused.

That night he talked it over with his father, who had been asked by Dale to urge him to agree. "Looks like it had better come off," his father said quietly. McKeown swallowed. "All right," he answered bitterly. They amputated the next morning.

"He would never have walked on that leg anyway," Dale observed later.

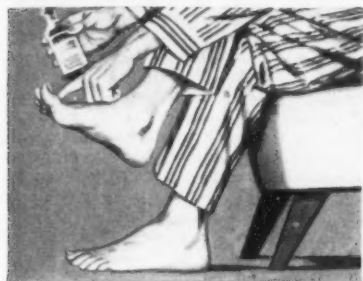


"It was useless below the knee and the bone was dead at the femur."

Other operations have been performed to clean out bone chips which fester in his body. McKeown has more such operations to come because not all the dead bone has broken away as yet. "We can't chip it off without injuring the living bone so we have to wait for it to separate by itself and then we can go in and get it," Dale explains. "It's impossible to tell how long this process will go on."

Meanwhile McKeown waits. While most of the hospital patients are sleeping after dinner, he lies in his bed doing arithmetic homework. He is studying business arithmetic, to help pass the time, with William Baird, one of six teachers available to patients through the Casualty Welfare Department of the hospital. McKeown is now at Book 3, which is approximately Grade 11, and is making sensational progress. "He gets A plus," Baird reports. "He's one of my best pupils."

ATHLETE'S FOOT



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While McKeown lies in bed studying his text books or reading a western, the hospital librarian comes by with a cart of books. McKeown has been a stubborn case in her campaign to improve the patients' reading habits. She has developed a system of luring some readers into enjoying the world's finest literature through a chain of better-written adventure novels. Hopefully, she keeps her best books on the top shelf of her mobile cart and the westerns on the bottom, a strategy that has only mild success. The branch of the Toronto Public Library at Sunnybrook has more westerns in circulation than any other branch in the city.

Around two o'clock in the afternoon an orderly and a nurse change McKeown's dressings again and help him into his wheel chair. His shoulders and arms strong from two years of this type of locomotion, he wheels himself swiftly to the elevators and along a ground-floor corridor to the hospital gymnasium.

The hospital gym, known officially as a remedial gymnasium, is dedicated to the muscular improvement of sick men, rather than increasing the prowess of strong men. Its equipment includes weights a man must lift with his foot, weights that are increased every treatment and grips that must be squeezed. At each end of the gym floor are mirrors so men learning to walk again can examine their posture.

McKeown's daily prescribed trips to the gym, when he is well enough, are to help him learn to walk on elbow-length crutches. Some days he can swing his frail weight between the crutches for 48 lengths of the long room; other days he is panting and exhausted after four lengths.

Leading off the gym is a dressing room and a shallow warm swimming pool—Sunnybrook is one of the few active-treatment hospitals in Canada with its own pool and gymnasium. Remedial swimming instructors guide men with feeble legs who are learning to walk again supported by the buoyancy of the water. The pool, built at a cost of \$142,000, is used every day by polio victims, arthritics and others whose pain is relieved and muscles relaxed by the 90-degree water.

The gym and swimming pool are part of Sunnybrook's Department of Physical Medicine. According to its director, Dr. G. A. Lawson, the department tries not only to get the patients back to work but to ensure that they are "willing to work and able to enjoy it."

Lawson's staff of 35 includes an interne, 10 remedial gymnasts, 14 occupational therapists who restore manual dexterity with woodworking, weaving and pottery crafts, and 10 physical therapists who massage, administer whirlpool baths and urge exercises.

"We help the men get back all the movement that they possibly can," Lawson explains. "What they don't get back we can brace."

The bracing is done in Sunnybrook's Prosthetics Department, one of the two biggest factories in North America for the production of braces and artificial limbs. One hundred employees, forty percent of them amputees themselves, make about 600 artificial arms and legs each year for Canadian veterans and the cost is born entirely by the government. An artificial leg, custom made and with a ball-bearing knee, would cost a non-veteran about \$300.

The manager of prosthetics, E. A. Weir, and his staff have lately been stumped by the problem of tinting a plastic glove so that it resembles a human hand. The glove itself, complete with fingerprints, a life line and veins, is so lifelike that an amputee testing it over his artificial hand was

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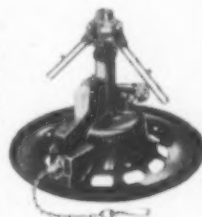
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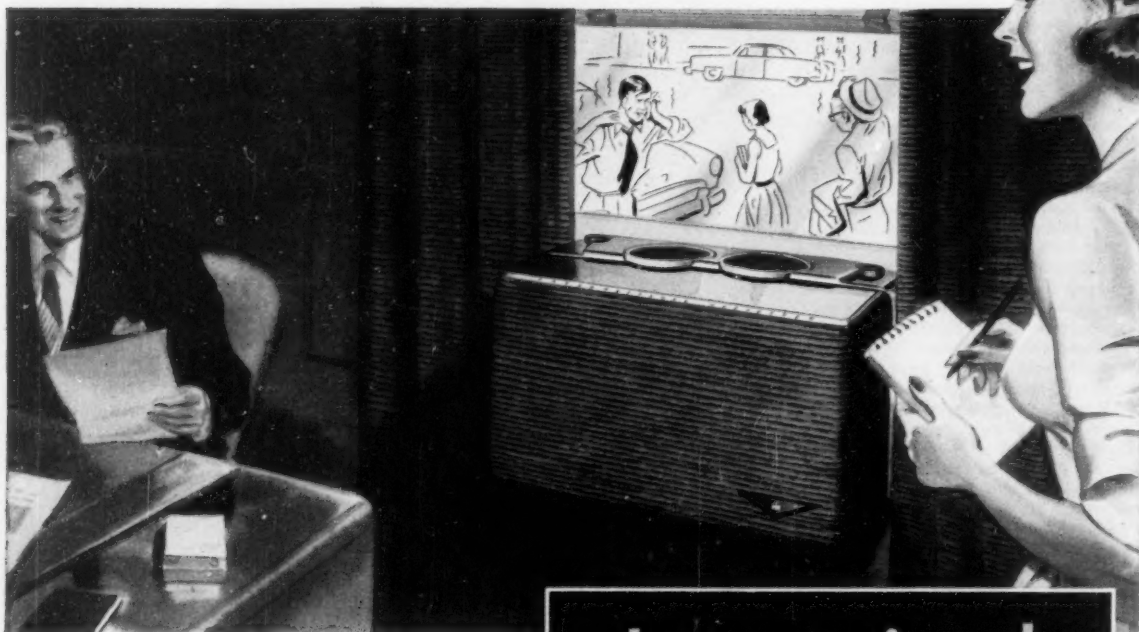
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"Why it pays to freeze your own foods"

...by one of Canada's leading food consultants



Mrs. Jehane Benoit

challenged by a citizen who didn't believe he was entitled to wear the lapel badge of an amputee. In spite of this encouraging test, the right color eludes Weir. He is beginning to suspect that hand amputees will require two gloves, a tanned one for summer and a paler one for winter.

McKeown doubts that he will ever be able to wear an artificial leg, though he has heard that one veteran with both legs amputated at the hips can walk up stairs with his artificial legs and another in Hamilton with one leg off at the hip walks forty blocks to work every day. "The socket of my leg is all smashed," McKeown observes offhandedly. "Those guys still have the sockets sound."

When he is through in the gym, McKeown wheels himself back to his room where a girl from the Department of Bacteriology is waiting to get a small amount of the pus draining from his stump for laboratory analysis. McKeown is more than another name on a test tube for the chief bacteriologist, vivacious Dr. Marion Ross. In the three years of McKeown's hospitalization, she has isolated hundreds of his infections, including one capable of killing all by itself.

"This happened early in McKeown's history, before I knew what a fantastic person he is," she relates. "I discovered among his many infections nocardiosis, a nasty thing which usually goes to the brain if it isn't found in time and causes death by brain abscess."

One of her staff phoned McKeown's doctor immediately. "That McKeown you've got up there," she said excitedly. "He's got nocardiosis. We've got to get drugs into him at once or he'll die of a brain abscess."

"Humph," snorted the doctor derisively. "is that all? That's just one more thing for him. But I'll do something about it."

Just outside the bacteriology department is a \$30,000 building for the experimental animals used in testing. Bert Knight is in charge of the 500 guinea pigs, 20 rabbits and two sheep which are used in testing tuberculosis, syphilis and other infections. The animal house uses about fifty guinea pigs a month.

Since his leg was amputated McKeown has been deeply depressed by the movies that are available at Sunnybrook every night, possibly because of the extreme mobility of Hollywood heroes. His nurses used to dread the melancholy that consumed him after a movie but McKeown solved the problem himself: he stopped going to movies.

Every afternoon at a quarter to five an orderly prepares McKeown for bed. He has his supper at five and then lies quietly for the next two hours listening to disc jockeys on his radio, smoking cigarettes and reading pocketbooks.

"The thing about a hospital," he comments philosophically, "is the waiting for things to clear up. You just wait and wait and wait."

One of the intangible factors that contribute to the miracle that McKeown is alive to wait at all is the faithfulness of his parents, who visited him every night and twice on Sundays for two and a half years. His mother suffered a stroke six months ago and

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now visits him only once a week and his father comes four or five times a week. Their constancy is the more remarkable because the McKeowns are both hard-working people, tired at the end of the day, and a trip to the hospital takes them over an hour on three different streetcar and bus lines. The McKeowns have never owned a car.

Sometimes when they were still coming every night they would find their youngest child in too much pain to speak to them. He would hold on to an iron bar that overhung his bed with his jaw clenched and tears running down his cheeks. "I'd hang on as long as I could," he recalls, "and then I'd scream." The McKeowns stayed the full period allowed by the visiting hours even during these ordeals, talked uneasily with his nurse over their son's tensed body and refrained from crying themselves until they reached home again.

Most nights Hugh McKeown's father, a brawny easy-going worker in a stationery company's warehouse, arrives at the hospital along with a thousand other visitors at 7 o'clock. He brings with him the evening paper and he and his son share it in companionable silence. Hugh hasn't been reading the front pages since the Korean armistice; he reads the funnies and the sports pages. When they finish the paper they play cribbage until 8.30 when visiting hours are over, and the elder McKeown joins the long line of visitors, some of them wiping their eyes, at the bus stop.

The Most Depressing Time

After his parents leave, McKeown turns on his radio again and picks up a pocketbook crime story. An orderly comes in to change his dressings and a nurse helps him. McKeown tugs at the army nurse-style veil she wears, the nurse squeals and McKeown and the orderly laugh.

The hospital is settling down. In the paraplegic ward's sunroom, some thin young men in wheel chairs are laughing at a plump television comedian. The two quadriplegics who attend the University of Toronto in the day are finishing their homework, using a page-turning machine operated by chin pressure. The Alcoholics Anonymous meeting is breaking up cheerily and the bingo game in the patients' cafeteria is almost over. A man in a wheel chair slips silently out of the non-denominational chapel and joins a cluster of wheel chairs waiting for the elevator.

This is the time when some of the patients have been known to kill themselves by jumping out of windows. In a five-year period the hospital had seven such suicides, all of them older men despondent about their health or some family problem. Every hospital has its share of suicides, Sunnybrook no more than any other, but because it is government owned the hospital is particularly vulnerable to criticism. Nurses watch patients who seem depressed with extra care and report to the doctors.

At 10.30 Sunnybrook's thousand men are supposed to butt their cigarettes, turn off their radios and bed lamps and settle down for the night. Some of them cheat, lying in the darkness listening to dance music or smoking deeply, thinking of wives and children at home. The matron, making her rounds, catches them breaking the rules and makes them feel like errant schoolboys.

McKeown was surprised one night with a cigarette in his fingers, the light on and the radio blaring baseball scores. "Went all to hell," he comments with

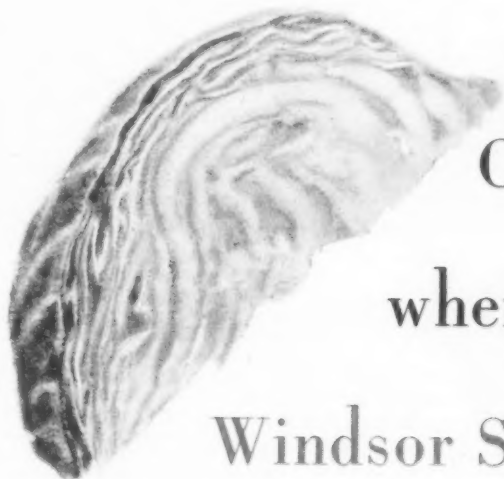
Cabbage is at its best when

the head is firm, and heavy for its size.

Choose cabbage by its colour,

too... the greener the cabbage,

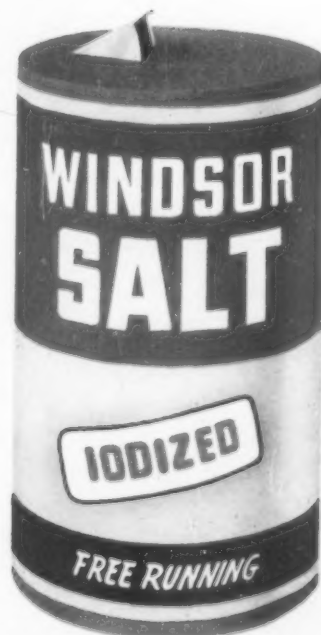
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gin in the world... must be good!

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on "Gilbey's please!"

satisfaction. "You should have seen the matron's face."

Among McKeown's favorite literature is his bankbook. As a 100 percent disability pensioner, he has realized his ambition to save some money. The Department of Veterans' Affairs banks for him all but \$20 spending money of the \$125 a month he will get for life. His bankbook total is in four figures.

McKeown is one of 28 Korean War veterans receiving 100 percent disability pensions out of a total of 823 Korean pensioners. World War I, by comparison, left almost 4,000 "total" pensioners out of 61,895 who receive pension cheques; World War II left 3,512 total disabilities out of 95,738 pensioners.

In spite of his fortitude and the close and expert care he receives, McKeown finds his nights in the hospital hard to bear. The knees and toes of the leg that was amputated seem to pain him, the celebrated "phantom limb" that doctors agree amputees can really feel through severed nerves. He is sometimes stabbed by fierce hard pains in his abdomen and the stump of his leg causes him continual pain.

"Everything seems to hurt more at night," he frequently tells his father. "Some of the boys say it isn't true but I don't believe them. You've got nothing else to occupy your attention except how much everything hurts."

Did Korea Achieve Anything?

The patients lie awake an hour or more in the darkness listening to the night noises on the floor: the orderlies changing shifts, the footsteps they have come to recognize and the ones they can't place and wonder about, the racket in the supply room next door when a bed pan clangs against a sterilizer, the elevator doors opening and closing, the nurses' footsteps on the floor above, the buzzers. Sometimes someone screams. For weeks two years ago, McKeown listened at night to an ex-service woman moaning pitifully in the next room. She died of cancer of the spine and then the room was occupied for three days more by a youth who also died of cancer of the spine.

"They asked him what he wanted for his last hours," McKeown reflects, "and he said beer. As long as he was alive no one touched his beer in the ward servery but as soon as he died, the beer disappeared. I got to the fridge as soon as anyone and it was gone. Later I found out I can't drink beer any more anyway."

McKeown concentrates his bitterness, not on the fate halfway around the world that shredded his insides and changed his life, but at the failure of the Korean War to achieve anything he can be proud of. He finds it hard to accept that the hilltop he was wounded trying to capture was taken later that day by his regiment and abandoned that night. A famous Canadian general recently visited Sunnybrook and commented that the Korean War had not been in vain.

"None of us Korean vets here said anything, naturally," McKeown later commented, "but I can't agree with him. Ever since the cease-fire I've been feeling lousy about that war."

Sunnybrook Hospital doesn't quarrel with McKeown's opinion of a controversial war, any more than it quarrels with the right of a suspected lead-swinger to receive a thorough checkup, or the right of a homeless sick old man to live out his life in comfort, or the right of a roughneck to wear out an artificial leg every three years and receive a new one. Sunnybrook, the most beautiful hospital in Canada, quarrels with no man who has ever offered his country his life. ★

Ever See a Girl With a Painted Guitar?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

asked bluntly. And when Ella adjusted the Cassidy hat on her dark hair and rode the bicycle up and down the living room, tilting perilously around the sofa and the tables and the large easy chair, Boyd could hardly contain himself.

"Hey, Dad, she's regular!" he screamed in satisfaction.

McCrary set the coffee and sandwich in front of the young man. Outside the wind shrieked against the metal sides of the diner. McCrary wondered how many inches of snow had fallen.

"Here you are, young fellow," McCrary said, pushing the sugar bowl toward him. "This should hold you until you get downtown to the hotel for something hot to eat." The soldier nodded and murmured thanks and apologized for putting him out so.

"The coffee's swell," he said. "I sure needed it. I've been traveling so much these past few days I'm just about worn out." McCrary nodded sympathetically.

"Planning to stay in town long?" McCrary asked. The soldier lit a cigarette and took long burning gulps of coffee.

"That depends. I've been trying to attend to a little private business."

McCrary went back into the kitchen and started to do the last few necessary things before he closed for the night. Good Lord, he'd almost forgotten the food. He took part of a leg of lamb from the refrigerator, some vegetable soup in a cardboard container and the sugar doughnuts that Ella liked so well. These he packed in a thick paper bag.

That Ella, he thought. I'll never be able to get her into the kitchen. He had to chuckle to himself the way she acted when he first tried to explain to her how food should be prepared for a family of four. She had wandered around the kitchen touching the pots and pans, fingering the silverware, holding the teacups up to the light and trying to see through them. And finally she had flung herself into his arms and kissed him all over his face and neck and whispered that it was just too mixed up in the kitchen and she didn't like it at all. Then she spied the children playing blind-beggar in the living room, and she gathered them to her and sang and played a melody that was so hauntingly beautiful that McCrary felt on the point of tears. Hell, if she didn't like household chores he wasn't going to fuss about it. He could handle that end of things for a time.

Out front the soldier was biting into the second half of his sandwich. McCrary came toward him with the coffee pot.

"Here, you might as well finish this off," he said refilling the man's cup.

"Say, you're being too nice," the soldier said. "I'm trying to finish up and hurry out of here so as you can get home."

McCrary said it was all right. "You been in the service long?" he asked.

"Almost a year," the soldier answered. "I'm home now on a ten-day leave. Probably the last one before we ship out."

"That's tough," McCrary said. "Not so tough," the soldier said. "I'm the kind of guy that likes to see a little action."

A shutter crashed against the side of the diner startling McCrary. He had learned to dislike sudden loud noises, mostly because Ella hated them so. There were some women who were afraid of mice and such things, but not Ella. Ella would just as soon kiss a

mouse as not. With Ella it was noises. He remembered a thunderstorm that had crashed upon them one evening this past summer. They had just finished dinner when the sky seemed to explode with lightning, and when he looked around for Ella she was gone. He finally came upon her in the bedroom, huddled under the covers and shivering.

"Oh, come, darling," he'd said. "It's only a storm, nothing to hurt you." But she had been too fearful to answer. "You don't want the children to see you this way, it will frighten them," he said soothingly until finally she had relaxed and hugged him to her and called to the children. And together they had gone into the living room and watched the small blurred images on the television set until it was far past their bedtime.

Of course his sister-in-law usually complained about her. "Burt," she'd say, "how did you ever come to marry such a scatterbrained woman for a second wife? Poor Annie would turn over in her grave if she knew." But he didn't pay much attention to her or to anyone else who criticized Ella. Once his sister-in-law asked, "Burt McCrary, what makes you think this new wife of yours will take proper care of your children? What makes you think you won't come home some day and find she's run off? Seems to me you're taking a chance." But McCrary knew differently. He'd seen the way Ella washed the kids and slicked them up . . . the way she stood by and made them finish their vegetables at meal times. She took a real pride in them—almost the way a child does with her favorite dolls. And once she said to him, with her large eyes glowing like black lanterns in her pale face, "This is the nicest house, the kids are the nicest . . . and you're the best."

His mind filled up with Ella . . . the way she was when he first saw her. He and Eddie Jackson, the bar and grill man, had gone to the Industries Fair in Doversville to see about buying some fixtures. The first night they pulled into town they went to a little Norwegian restaurant. McCrary noticed Ella immediately. She was sitting on a chair in the middle of a cleared space, with her dark hair hanging loose around her shoulders and her face like a cool distant moon, and in her lap was a stringed instrument concealed in the folds of her dress. She was singing to the customers. Ella noticed him too. She came over after her songs and sat down and smiled at him. McCrary went back to see her every night. He'd sit at a table and order those little herrings in wine sauce and a glass of beer, and listen to Ella's small faraway voice chanting tunes with words that didn't make sense, and didn't have to make sense because only the voice was important . . . that soft, believing, faraway voice. After her songs were finished, she'd come to his table. They'd sit there and talk together and he didn't try to figure out what they were saying to each other

because somehow it didn't matter.

Toward the end of the week he said to Eddie, "I'm taking her back with me."

And Eddie said, "You sure you know what you're doing?"

"Yes," McCrary said.

Eddie said, "Maybe sometime you'll be sorry . . . maybe sometime you'll wonder why you did it."

But McCrary didn't seem to hear. "She feels the same as I do," he said. "She wants to come with me." And that's how he met Ella and brought her back and married her.

McCrary forced his attention to the soldier opposite him. He removed the empty cup and sandwich plate, and started to switch off the lights to hurry the soldier along.

"Well, anyway, it's nice that you've got a leave," he said.

"Nice! It's lousy as hell!" the soldier snapped. "It's all fouled up. I've got a ten-day leave and I'm killing it with this here traveling around." The soldier ground out his cigarette, hesitated for a moment and said, "Have you seen a girl around here with a painted guitar?"

McCrary juggled the ash trays he'd been emptying, but one went crashing to the floor. "I don't think I get you," he said.

"Well, she's been known to wander off," the soldier continued, "with this guitar of hers all painted with flowers and birds and a big yellow catfish on the back . . . something she was given as a kid and has never parted with." And then as McCrary stood there staring at him with a kind of dryness in his throat so that he had to swallow a few times, the soldier told how this girl, his sister, who was about twenty-

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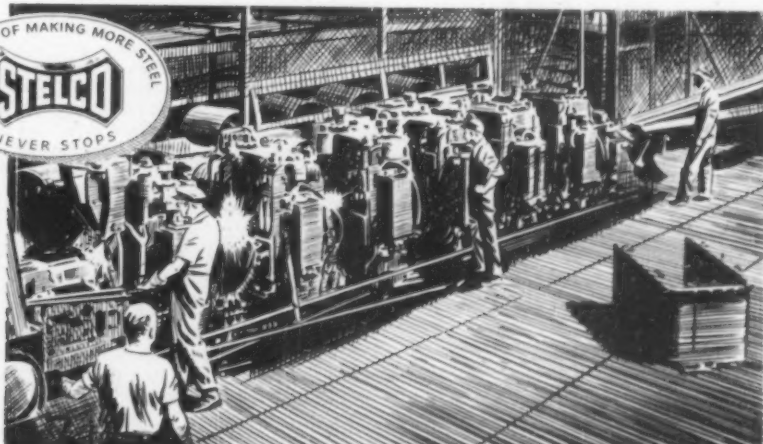


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six years old, had disappeared some time ago, and how his father had been looking for her without success; there was no mother. And now that he had this leave . . . the soldier spread his hands on the table . . . "What could I do," he said, "the old boy was haunting me. Find her he says. Let's get her put away. I don't want the authorities pestering me. So this is the way I've got to spend a leave." McCrary stared at the red beefy fists lying on the table, at the grimy line underneath each fingernail. They were dirty hands . . . evil-looking hands McCrary decided. He was surprised he hadn't noticed them before.

"See, here's her picture," the soldier said, extending a photograph. "Ever see anyone around here like that?" McCrary looked at the picture for a while until one eyelid began to twitch the way it usually did when he was tired, or had an upset stomach, or was thinking hard about something. "I'm sorry," he said at last. "I don't think I can help you."

"No, I didn't suppose you could," the soldier answered. "The old man is sore as hell though because the authorities from the school keep hounding him about what he's doing to find her. She's off her rocker," the soldier said pointing his finger to his head. "Nothing serious . . . she's just simple as a nine-year-old." Then the soldier explained that his sister had been going to a school for retarded girls during the day and that his father was responsible for her the rest of the time. Only she'd disappeared almost a year ago and his father had been so pestered by the whole thing that he swore if they found her again they'd put her in an institution.

"How do you know where to look for her?" McCrary enquired carefully as he pulled on his storm jacket.

"It's been tough," the soldier said, "but I managed to pick up a couple of tips. Some people in Pleasantville noticed her in a bar. She was just standing around staring at everything. They remembered her because of her songs and that crazy guitar. I think she may be in this region now."

"Poor girl," McCrary said and he followed the soldier out into the snow.

"Poor girl, hell!" the soldier said. "Every time I think how I have to waste my time looking for a half-wit . . ."

McCrary stared at the soldier grimly for a moment. "Look here," he said, "there's only one real bar in town. Why don't I drive you over and introduce you to the proprietor. He knows just about everybody." The soldier thanked him profusely.

In the car McCrary was silent for a while, then he pushed a kind of friendliness into his voice. "Yes sir," he said, "I get to hear the strangest stories. Only a couple of months ago there were two government agents in asking about a narcotics peddler with a grey eyebrow. He had a grey eyebrow, that's all there was to it. Funny thing is I did see him too. He'd come off one of the afternoon trains and walked into my place for coffee and pie. But I couldn't help the government boys beyond that."

The soldier laughed a great deal. "That's the nuts," he said.

AT THE bar and grill McCrary introduced the proprietor to the soldier.

"Eddie," McCrary said slowly, "this here fellow is looking for a girl with some kind of painted guitar. Did you see anybody around like that?"

Eddie thought for a while. "A painted guitar . . ." he said. He lifted his eyebrows and stared at McCrary as though he was trying to figure

out the answer. "That's an interesting question," he hedged.

"She's kind of thin and small," the soldier said, "with long black hair down to her waist and this here colorful guitar."

"Say, why don't you show him the photograph," McCrary said. "That will settle for sure whether he's seen her or not."

Eddie stared at the photograph for a moment. "Well, I don't know, McCrary. Does she look familiar to you?"

"No," McCrary said, "I've never seen her before. According to her brother here, she's supposed to be some kind of loony. Not so quick on the trigger maybe, or something like that. They want to find her so that they can lock her up in an institution."

Eddie's eyes narrowed as he stared at the soldier. Then he looked back again at the photograph. Suddenly he said, "Well I'll be darned. I have seen this girl before and so have you, Burt." McCrary took a step forward. He



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thought he had heard incorrectly. "Of course, it was last spring in Doversville," Eddie continued, "that time we went to the Industries Fair." McCrary's fist came out of his pocket. Eddie must have gone crazy . . . didn't he understand? "Sure, don't you remember?" Eddie said, "she was going to join a carnival going into the States. We saw those boxcars load up and get moving ourselves. Sang beautifully too as I recall, with that little guitar of hers tucked in her lap." McCrary relaxed against the bar. He could depend on Eddie.

"Take another look at the picture," the soldier said. "Are you absolutely positive?"

"Absolutely," Eddie answered. "Well, what the hell—that finishes it," the soldier said. "I'm taking the next train back tonight."

AFTER the soldier left McCrary said, "I've got to get home, Eddie." Eddie said, "Sure, I know." And then he added, "After all, Burt, nobody can take her away from you if you don't want it. I mean you're married and all. No authorities can get past that."

"I suppose so," McCrary said, "only somehow I don't like the idea of strangers messing around."

When he got back into the car the snow had stopped and the air was as stimulating as strong chilled wine. McCrary felt a sense of elation, like that time as a kid when he found a three-legged king beetle and he built a nest for it out of tissue paper and grass in a cookie box, and he wouldn't let anyone see it because he was afraid that something would be spoiled. As he drove along, the snow started up again.

There were two more turns, then into the valley and over the concrete causeway. His mind leaping ahead already embraced the shrillness of children's laughter and the soft plucking of strings. ★

My Marvelous Friend, Dr. Einstein

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

hardly refuse. Later the ambassador confided to me, "You know, Einstein has arrived with only one pair of shoes. My valet has to clean them several times a day." Einstein in his turn complained that his shoes were constantly disappearing. "I keep telling the good man that I'm going out, that it is still raining, that he shouldn't polish them when they are going to get dirty right away, but he doesn't understand me."

Einstein is seldom at ease with servants. In England he and his wife Elsa were once guests at Lord Haldane's Scottish castle. On their arrival they were taken to their room by a solemn butler who carried a heavy silver candlestick majestically in front of them. They marched in a procession along the interminable passages that separated them from the rest of the world. Their large room was filled with deep shadows. They awoke in the morning in this immense bedroom, buried in darkness, like two people shipwrecked on a desert island. "Could we ask them to open the shutters?" murmured Elsa. "Ask whom? That man who brought us here?" Einstein exclaimed in terror. A long pause ensued. "All the same, I would love to have a cup of tea . . ." Elsa ventured timidly. "Sh . . . sh . . . perhaps they have forgotten about us . . ." A faint hope sounded in Einstein's voice.

One day after he had visited us in Geneva, I noticed, as he was leaving, that it was raining hard. The professor had nothing on his head, so I offered him one of my husband's hats. "What for? I knew it would rain, that's why I didn't take my hat—it dries less quickly than my hair—surely that is obvious!"

Once he left for London with a suitcase well packed by his wife. He returned to Berlin with all the clothes still folded and untouched. He had had no opportunity of wearing them, he said. He was wearing shoes, but no socks, and explained to me triumphantly: "I've discovered that one can easily wear shoes without socks—socks, you know, get holes in them—my wife does nothing but mend them. I'll never wear any again now that I can do without them."

Frequent visits to Brussels and a common taste for the same music and the same German poetry gradually turned Einstein's relationship with the Belgian Royal Family, particularly with Queen Elizabeth (grandmother of the present King Baudouin), into a friendship based on mutual confidence. This friendship had no special emphasis for Einstein. He said "the Queen" as he might have said any ordinary Christian name.

One day, in his country house, I was beside him while he was going through the pockets of his old pair of white trousers, searching for a piece of paper he could not find. With impatient gestures he was emptying the contents of the pockets on the table. They were the pockets of a schoolboy: penknife, pieces of string, bits of biscuits, bus tickets, change, tobacco dropped out of his pipe. At last, with a rustle of parchment, a large sheet of paper fell out. It was a poem that the Queen of the Belgians had dedicated to him. At the bottom of the large ivory-colored page there were a few words and a few figures in Einstein's small regular handwriting. I bent over the table. Were these immortal calculations side by side with the royal signature that slanted across the page? I read: Autobus 50 pfennigs, newspaper, stationery, etc.

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The Queen once asked Einstein to play a musical piece with her which they both particularly liked and they acquired a habit of playing together every time he passed through Brussels. Sometimes the King would arrive at teatime and they would talk, with Einstein telling his royal hosts that the world was crumbling around them.

When the Queen asked Einstein for the first time to come to Laeken, her summer residence, she had to wait a long time for him. The chauffeur who had been sent to the station came back saying that he had not seen anyone. Einstein was always punctual. The Queen began to be alarmed. A lady-in-waiting was asked to look out for him in the park. After a long time she saw a man appear at a crossroads. He was covered with dust and his hair flowed in the breeze as he walked. He was balancing a violin in his hand and whistling gaily. "How could I guess that you would send a car to the station?" Einstein replied to the Queen's questions. Later the chauffeur explained: "No one came out of the first-class carriage and it never occurred to me that Her Majesty's visitors would travel third."

The Vagabond and the Queen

Elsa Einstein had acquired the habit of providing her husband for every journey with a first-class return ticket and, if necessary, a sleeper. She knew that he was always likely to give away any money he might be carrying with him. But one day Einstein, who was in London, decided suddenly to go to Brussels. He had quite a lot of money on him, but had probably met many people who, in his expression, "needed it." When he came to buy his ticket for Brussels he had just enough for third-class and this left him with only a few francs in his pocket. He wandered about for a time in Brussels, looking for a cheap lodging. He ended up in a slum, covered with dust and disheveled, with his clothes rumpled and nothing but a small suitcase in his hand.

"Have you got a telephone?" he asked the proprietor. The telephone was in the bar. "Do you know how to ask for Laeken—yes, the Castle of Laeken, the royal residence?" The proprietor and the early customers sitting in the bar exchanged astonished glances. They heard, through the open door of the telephone booth, the hirsute traveler who looked like a vagabond ask for Her Majesty the Queen. Was he a madman? Or an anarchist? Most likely a madman, but perhaps he was a dangerous one.

When Einstein left the booth he found a crowd assembled at the door. While he had been battling with the phone the news had spread round the district. "I really must have looked suspicious" — Einstein shook with laughter, recalling this grotesque scene.

His detachment from everyday affairs was never more clearly shown than on the occasion I visited the Einstein home for his birthday. Greetings arrived from all parts of the world; telegrams came in such numbers that they were delivered in laundry baskets. Masses of presents arrived—gifts from millionaires and offerings from the humble. Friends were asked to help unwrap the parcels. No sooner had one present emerged than Elsa rushed to inspect another one. "After all, I must tell him what he has received," she kept repeating.

Einstein had escaped a few days before and found refuge in the country. Only his wife knew where he was. On the great day she was awakened early

by the telephone. "How nice of you to have called me, Albert," she said.

"It's important," said Einstein. "There is a mistake in the calculations I gave my assistant." And he begged her to see that they were corrected at once.

"But I wanted to tell you, Albert..." Elsa interrupted him. "Don't you know what day it is today?"

He did not know; he had forgotten what he had run away from. When his wife reminded him he burst out laughing. When she arrived at his retreat in the afternoon, her arms filled with gifts, he looked at her with astonishment. He had again forgotten the morning's conversation. He was wearing his oldest suit.

"How did you manage to find it?" groaned Elsa. "I had hidden it so well to prevent you from putting it on again!" "Ah, I know all about these hiding-places!" Einstein replied triumphantly.

During his first visit to America in 1921, Einstein was given a questionnaire covering all the intellectual equipment a student was supposed to carry with him through life, once his university studies ended. To one question as to the speed of sound, Einstein replied: "I don't know. I don't crowd my memory with facts that I can easily find in an encyclopedia."

One day Paul Valéry, with the acute curiosity he had about people, asked Einstein to describe how he worked. Einstein looked at him with open surprise. Valéry repeated his question. He wanted to know whether Einstein used a writing pad or little bits of paper to put down his ideas. "I don't use anything," said Einstein. "Ideas are rare things, you know."

All his life he has retained a distaste for education when it stuffs young minds with facts, names or formulae. He is apt to say that one need not go to a university to learn these—they can be found in books. Education, he believes, should be devoted wholly to helping young people to think, to give them the training which no textbook can provide. "It is truly a miracle that modern education hasn't completely stifled the sacred curiosity of research," he once said. As a student he had felt deeply the oppression of examinations. He felt as if he was living under the guillotine. Now, in his middle seventies, he remembers his years of study with a kind of resentment at the time it all took. "I believe that you could even ruin the appetite of a healthy animal if you forced it to eat under the threat of a whip, even when it is not hungry..."

He loves an explanation to be both exact and clear. He once interrupted a grandiloquent statement on a scientific discovery by a visitor with: "If it is something that one can understand, one can also explain it clearly." It annoys him that the automatic way in which physics is so often taught to children is responsible for the number of adults excluded for ever from awareness of that miraculous universe. I talked to him about my own ignorance of the most elementary facts, as I had a blind spot for even the basic principles of mathematics and physics.

"What nonsense!" he said aggressively. "It is merely that you haven't been taught properly." The telephone interrupted us. "You see," I said, "I have been told how a telephone works, but I still don't grasp it." "Why, it's very simple," and he explained it so clearly that it became quite obvious and also wonderful. "You see what a good teacher of elementary physics I might have been," he said, laughing at my sense of achievement.

Afterward he made a point of explaining discoveries which, without him, would still be enigmas to me. Once I saw him stir the tea in his cup with

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concentrated attention, playing with his spoon. The whirlpool he had produced in the cup so completely absorbed him that he did not even hear his wife speaking to him. The rest of us lowered our voices, aware that his thoughts were far away. Suddenly he glanced at us with mischievous defiance. "Who can explain why a tea leaf in a cup that you stir remains on the top and in the middle?" Obviously none of us knew. For a moment he was silent, then said triumphantly: "You see, there were several tea leaves that fell to the bottom of the cup because they were heavier. When I began to stir they gathered in the middle owing to the centrifugal force. But the whirlpool that I produced is not uniform—it is arrested at the edges by friction and its force of rotation there is weaker than in the middle. It is also weaker at the bottom of the cup and that is why the leaves are carried toward the middle and to the top, until the rotating movement is stabilized by the influence of the friction exercised from the depth."

He went on: "The same thing happens at the river bends. It explains the erosion that goes on at the shore and the formation of windings. Can't you see how simple it is?" Everything is very simple when he explains it with ordinary words.

This taste for playing with problems like so many billiard balls is so strong that Heinrich Simon, the editor of the Frankfurter Zeitung, once let him, on his own request, write scientific riddles. The condition was that they should be published anonymously. An American newspaper had offered Einstein a fabulous sum for an article and failed to get a statement of a few lines. The same man was willing to sit down and in his fine clear writing formulate "posers" and give them away. The readers of the Frankfurter Zeitung never suspected the authorship of the scientific problems over which they racked their brains. Simon, who found it difficult to keep the secret, told me that readers did not always find them easy, but always highly instructive.

While Einstein can be charmingly friendly he can also be blunt, especially when he wants to rebuff the intrusions of worldly vanity and the lures of ambition. One of the most popular hostesses in Berlin one day tried to tempt him by listing the distinguished guests she had invited to dinner. "So you would like me to serve as a centre-

piece?" Einstein demanded sternly.

It is a rare exception for him to accept invitations to meals with five or six other people. One winter day, coming to see me, he found the entrance filled with overcoats. "She told me it would be an intimate luncheon," he muttered and quietly turned back. Elsa had great trouble in catching him on the stairs, shouting that in fact there were only four or five overcoats there.

At a musicale where Einstein had played his violin a persistent woman confronted him, an ecstatic expression on her face. "You'll let me come again, I hope, Professor?" "No," Einstein said calmly. There was no harshness in his voice, only a statement of fact. He gazed astonished at the woman's confusion as she left his house.

"How could you, Albert?" exclaimed Elsa.

"But why should she come back?" There was sincere astonishment on his face. "I don't see the necessity."

Soft Music by Einstein

Einstein plays for his own pleasure. In the old days when people were asked to hear him play, it always was to help some unknown musician whose talent he appreciated. He laughed at this publicity made at his expense. "He plays well, I play badly and he believes he is getting publicity by playing with me." He was amused by the illogicality.

One evening in Geneva Einstein went to dine in a restaurant, Les Eaux Vives, with other members of a League of Nations scientific committee. A band played a soft accompaniment to the learned table chatter and the clatter of plates. Einstein was listening to the music, oblivious to what was being said. Suddenly he got up, spoke for a moment to the soloist on the violin. He took the violin from him and started to play. A smile appeared on his face, his features relaxed as though he were abandoning himself to a dream. He gave no thought to the spectacle he made on the platform of a fashionable restaurant, with all eyes riveted on him. The waiters went round in circles, trying not to make too much noise with their plates. The band rested. Conversations were resumed once the first moment of curiosity was over. It was late. A dance band arrived to replace the more serious music. Young couples arrived, hurriedly taking their seats; they had come to dance and they stared impatiently at the violinist with his air

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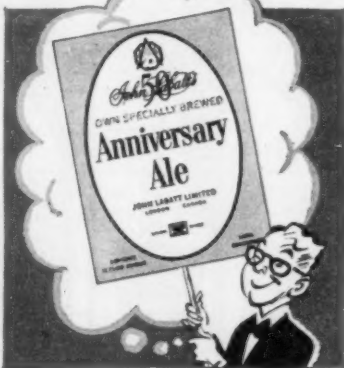


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of an old virtuoso who lingered alone on the platform. They began to indicate that he was no more than a nuisance. Einstein went on playing, impervious to his surroundings. When somebody finally ventured to tell him that it was late and time to go, he returned the violin to the musician with a smile of apology and walked away, still with the air of a sleepwalker.

Through my years of friendship I got the impression that Albert and Elsa Einstein were eager to get rid of all the surplus money which was left over by their modest way of life. They were besieged by beggars as well as by celebrity-hunters. They found they had hordes of relatives who confidently expected to be helped, and complete strangers asked for their help with the same confidence. A queue gathered round their door, as though waiting for miracles to be performed, and Elsa had to sort out the crowds of applicants by examining each individual case. Sometimes the clever ones escaped her eagle eye. "But, Albert, you've again given some money to that crook who has fooled you several times already," she would say indignantly. "I know," he replied calmly, "but he must be in need of money all the same. One does not beg for pleasure." He gazed at us as if defying us to deny the truth of this.

Planes, Flowers and Streamers

The rare occasions when Einstein agreed to appear in public were always to help charitable institutions or to defend a cause. Sometimes Elsa made arrangements without his knowledge. He performed his duty, at first with a grumble, but later he would ask laughingly: "How much did you sell me for this time?" And turning to me would add approvingly: "She knows how to go about it and gets considerable sums for me at times."

Einstein's first encounter with the New World was a sensation. Many American Jews felt personally honored by the arrival of their illustrious co-religionist and left their work or closed their shops. But it was not only the Jews who acclaimed him. I believe it was during the first visit to New York that Einstein was driven down the main streets in a car preceded by a gigantic poster: "This is the famous Professor Einstein." Planes droned in the sky, flowers and paper streamers were dropped on the procession.

"What do you think of it all, Albert?" Elsa asked faintly. "It is like the Barnum Circus!" he said, laughing, and added, glancing at the crowds gathered on their way: "After all, it must surely be more amusing to see an

elephant or a giraffe than an elderly scientist."

The Rabbi of New York had cabled to him in advance, as though examining his credentials: "Do you believe in God?" Einstein cabled back: "I believe in Spinoza's God who reveals himself in a harmony among all people, not in a God that worries about the destiny and actions of man."

Einstein was not very reassuring to other conservatives who found his jokes about money in bad taste. He repeated all too readily that all the great figures in history were completely disinterested men, and added: "Can one imagine Moses, Jesus Christ or Gandhi with Carnegie's money?"

He has always been a soft touch to anyone who pleads poverty. He agreed, for example, to let an émigré German painter paint his portrait when persuaded that this would add to the painter's prestige. His letters of recommendation lost their impact because they were too numerous. On one occasion he recommended four radiologists for the same position in a hospital. Later, he was unable to understand that anyone could reproach him for this abuse of generosity: "Yes, I did recommend four radiologists, all for different reasons, which I explained. All they had to do was to make their choice among them, which, in fact, they did." One day the French police found one of his letters of recommendation in the home of a quack doctor whom they had come to arrest. "His mother was in such despair when she came to see us," said Elsa.

Yet Einstein was under no illusions about the power of his name. He replied one day to a letter which suggested nationalization of the armament industry and expressed the hope that Einstein's intervention would result in its success. The armament industry was, indeed, one of the great threats to humanity, he wrote and he agreed that nationalization might avert the danger. But he did not share his correspondent's optimism as regards his own intervention. "You believe that a word from me would help to achieve something in this direction? What an illusion! People flatter me as long as I do not embarrass them. If I make suggestions that embarrass them they immediately resort to insults and calumny in order to defend their interests. And those who have no interests side with those who have out of sheer cowardice."

Serious matters would often fade in the easy laughter of the Einstein home. He liked to see his wife and his step-daughters laugh. I have rarely seen so relaxed an atmosphere as the one in their home. A charming foreign artist

who had come to sculpt Einstein was so moved by being in his presence that she spoke of him all the time as *der Genie* (the Genius) instead of *das Genie*, using the wrong article in German. They found this very funny. For a long time the family went on asking whether The Genius was back home, what The Genius would have for dinner . . . Einstein laughed louder than all the others.

Whenever he was working particularly hard, Elsa saw that her husband had silence and made his everyday life as easy as possible. When he emerged from his study where he had been closeted for many hours with his assistant, followed by clouds of smoke and pulling at his pipe, with his eyes shining, Elsa would slowly bring him back to reality as though awakening a sleepwalker; she would gradually bring to his attention the people around him and the food on his plate, which he was chopping with his knife like a blind man.

It Sounded Like Chinese

One day, in a moment of relaxation, she asked him: "People talk a lot about your work at the moment. Everybody keeps asking me for news. I appear so stupid when I have to say that I know nothing. Couldn't you just tell me a little about it?"

"Yes," said Einstein, "it must be irritating for you." He thought for a moment. He smiled. "Well . . ." he began with a visible effort. He stopped, then suddenly his face lit up happily. "Well, if people ask you, you can tell them that you know all about it, but can't tell them as it is a great secret."

One morning in his house at Le Coq, Belgium, I found him in a room on the ground floor sitting at a large table with his assistant, Professor Mayer. They

were both hard at work. "Sit down and wait a moment," he said. "You are not disturbing me in the least." I went over to a corner of the room by the window and took a sheet of paper, intending to write a letter.

"No," Einstein was saying with determination, "this is the way to do it." Then came a series of formulae; his firm voice sounded like that of a man thinking aloud. "Don't you think . . ." went on Mayer, and out came a row of figures which he put down on paper. The words I caught here and there had no meaning for me; they might have been talking Chinese. But I was embarrassed as though I were committing a grave indiscretion. Mayer sat with his back to me, but I could see Einstein's face in the hard morning light. I soon realized that he did not see me. His eyes did not have their usual brilliance; he seemed mentally a vacuum. But at the same time there was a fixity in his gaze as if he were deciphering a hieroglyph. He could see what he was saying. He was thinking with his eyes. From time to time he spread his hands and made signs and curves in the air with them. Mayer followed him with bated breath. Mayer would protest at some point, then listen greedily to the explanations.

Einstein rose and walked round the table. His hand wrote something on an invisible blackboard. He stopped. He pulled at his pipe. A shadow flitted across his face, vanished in the smoke. His voice once again was raised as if for dictation. He stopped for a moment. "Yes, that's right," he said and laughed happily. "I told you so!" His features grew human, lit up by an expression of boyish, slightly arrogant, mischief. Then again his face withdrew as behind a transparent wall, so great was the concentration around him. His compact, solid form, leaning heavily



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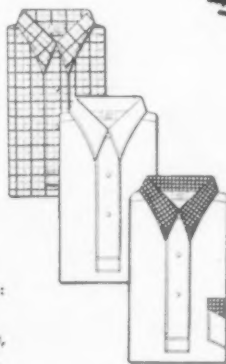
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Summer Fare

COOL...COMFORTABLE...CORRECT



HATS

Bright, soft looking bands add colour to the new darker and rougher summer straws. Comfortable and flattering, straw hats are now a "must" for correct summer wear.

SUITS

Light weight wool, man-made fibres or a mixture of each mean cooler summer clothes. Two or three-button single breasted suits are correct for business wear.

SHIRTS

Plain or fancy weaves of white cotton or nylon are preferred for business. Wear neat looking collars with either short points or rounded with pin. For casual wear — bright sports shirts either plain or in small-to-large patterns.

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Darker shades in feather-light tweeds. Single breasted models, half lined in two or three button style and with centre or side vents are correct. Pockets may be plain patch or slanted flap.

SLACKS

For casual wear... tropicals in mixture yarns or light-weight worsteds. Choose solid plain shades from light pastels to tones darker than the jacket. Remember, always a contrast in colour or fabric.

SHOES

Two-tone shoes in contrasting leathers or a leather-and-fibre combination... always with ventilation. Two pair of summer shoes mean greater foot comfort.

By Ralph Edwards, Men's Wear of Canada

AN ADVERTISEMENT CONTRIBUTED TO BETTER CLOTHES BUYING BY MACLEAN'S, CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

against the table, made one think of a modern sculpture, of thought expressed in stone.

"Yes," he told me later, "I can work anywhere, in any surroundings." He carried his world with him.

But that private world of Albert Einstein's has never been proof against the clamors rising in the past decade from the tremendous destructive forces unleashed by the relentless probings of the atomic scientists. His lifelong pacifism and belief in a one-world brotherhood of man have often made his views highly controversial.

"Physicists today are in a position similar to that of Alfred Nobel," he says. "Having invented the most powerful explosive ever known, Nobel, to atone for this and to relieve his conscience, established the Peace Prize. Now the physicists who have participated in forging the most formidable and dangerous weapon of all times are disturbed by the same feeling of responsibility, if not guilt."

Another time, he said: "We placed this weapon in the hands of the American and British people as trustees of humanity and fighters for peace and liberty. But so far we have seen no guarantee of peace, no guarantee of the liberties promised to nations in the Atlantic Charter."

"I Served as a Mailbox"

Although the popular view links Einstein, above all others, with the development of the atomic bomb he has often tried to deprecate his role. "I do not consider myself as the father of the liberation of atomic energy," he said in 1945. "My part in this was quite indirect."

What he did, in fact, was to send a history-making letter to President Roosevelt on Aug. 2, 1939. This is approximately how that letter ran:

The results of the research recently pursued by E. Fermi and L. Szilard, submitted to me in manuscript, have revealed that we may in the immediate future expect to find the element uranium capable of being transformed into a new and considerable source of energy. This new phenomenon may also lead to the construction of excessively powerful bombs. A single bomb of this type, transported by ship and allowed to explode in a port, could destroy the whole port and the surrounding territory.

Scientists Fermi and Szilard, following on the line of research begun in Berlin by Otto Hahn and Lise Meitner the previous January, approached Einstein to speak for them because of the great weight and respect that his name commanded. "I simply served as a mailbox. They brought me a letter and all I had to do was to sign it," said Einstein as we recalled that time several years later in his study in Princeton.

The grey light that shone through the large bay window brought out the deep furrows on his face and the shadows under his eyes. Silence fell, full of unasked questions. I finally said: "Still, you pressed the button..."

His glance turned away from me. It moved to the winding valley, to the green lawn with its group of trees that masked the horizon. And then Einstein, as though he was replying not to me but to the top of those old trees, said in a low slow voice, each word separated from the other: "Yes, I pressed the button." ★

Antonina Vallentin's biography of Dr. Einstein will be published later by Doubleday and Co., New York, in greatly expanded form.

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

No Patches on George Feyer

MANY, many years ago—oh, five or six anyway—a small pixyish Hungarian came into our art department and produced some sample cartoons. They were all very curious, involving as they did, strange men with patches on their beards, and elephants whose posteriors contained luggage compartments. The elephants also had patches on them—indeed most of the characters in the cartoons, animal and human, presented a vaguely shabby appearance.

Well, naturally, we bought several cartoons immediately and we have been buying them ever since from George Fejer, who now spells his name the way it was pronounced in Hungary—Feyer. In those days George was working in a blanket factory but today, as one of Canada's best known, and certainly most prolific cartoonists, he devotes his entire time to his drawing.

Feyer was born and raised in Budapest where he did art work for magazines and newspapers, illustrated books and made animated cartoons. Shortly after the Iron Curtain rang down he left the country. In 1948 at the age of 27 he arrived in Canada.

He draws so quickly that his illustrations for our Mailbag column are often done right in the office in about five minutes. He simply whips a pen from his pocket, and a few moments later hands us the finished work. More elaborate drawings though, such as the ones illustrating Norman Berrill's article, *Are We Alone in the Universe?* (pages 12 and 13), take a little longer.

"I can draw as fast as normal people talk," Feyer tells us proudly, "but of course most of my friends aren't normal."

Feyer did his first work for Maclean's but has since branched



Cartoonist George Feyer whips up a drawing as fast as most people talk.

out. You can see him on television, doing illustrations at a fascinating speed for Pat Patterson's *Telestory Time* and at the intermission in the hockey telecasts illustrating the commercials. George explains that the hockey sponsors had decided on doing what are known in the trade as "institutional commercials." These can be pretty dull, but, as Feyer says, "To avoid making them intolerable they came to the right man—me."

Normally he does not wear the artist's smock and beret in which he appears during the telecasts. The gimmick was thought up by the sponsor and Feyer reluctantly goes along with it. The rest of the time he dresses neatly and conservatively like any other successful businessman. No flowing cravats. No beard. And no patches. ★



A sponsor dreamed up George's beret for television.



He lets George do it.

the case of the **missing** cliché

Sherlock Holmes fans — prepare for a shock! Never once did the greatest detective of them all say "Elementary, my dear Watson".

Conan Doyle's tales about the noted sleuth use "My dear Watson" forty-one times. But "elementary" appears only once. Even then, it's fifty words away. The closest thing to it is Sherlock's "Quite simple, my dear Watson" in *The Case of the Retired Colourman*.

Were Holmes still sleuthing, he'd be up against some pretty sharp literary detectives. Doyle left so many questions unanswered that Holmes addicts are forever digging out clues on his background, movements and habits. So far, they've deduced he was educated at Oxford, spent three years in disguise working for a sworn enemy, and replaced the faithful Watson after quarreling over a bet.

One Holmes fan swears he's found evidence that when Sherlock wasn't relaxing with violin or needle, he brewed ale in his laboratory. The clues are few but the logic is there. A perfectionist, Holmes was never satisfied till he'd improved on another man's work.

Too bad Holmes didn't visit Canada. He'd have saved himself a lot of trouble. Right off, he'd have detected in Molson's an ale so splendid that even he couldn't improve on it. The clue is the fact that more people ask for Molson's Ale than any other brand. The evidence, of course, is in the bottle. Elementary, my dear reader.

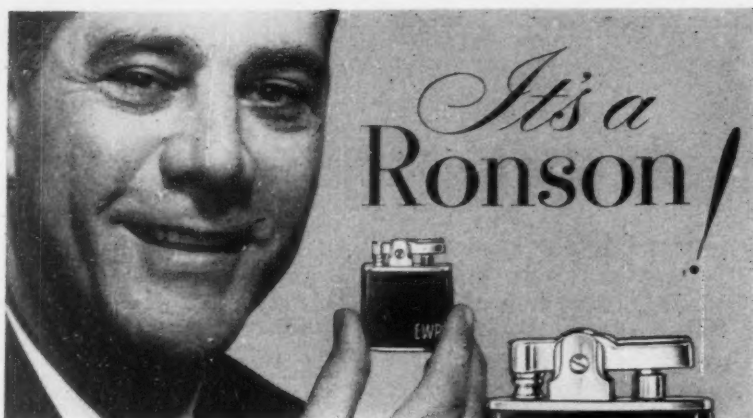
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Aristocrat
Real Rye Whisky
QUALITY AND 8 YEARS OLD

THE LUXURY GIN

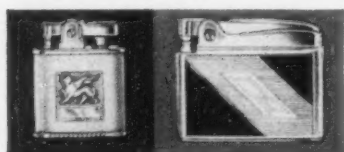
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"Thanks A Million"

He'll say it...and mean it...when you choose a Ronson to say "Congratulations". There are over 50 Ronson models to choose from—one exactly right for the occasion you have in mind.



SOMETHING DIFFERENT
This new swivel-to-tilt Ronson Triumph with the exclusive swivel base in gleaming chromium. \$8.75

SOMETHING SPECIAL
This slim Ronson Adonis pocket lighter. In tortoise enamel. \$13.95



SOMETHING PERSONAL?
Choose the Ronson Windsor and have it monogrammed or inscribed. 4 gleaming colours. \$5.50



OFFICE PRESENTATION?
He'll be delighted with this distinguished Ronson Senator desk lighter. As shown, in genuine walnut wood veneer. \$15.95

GIVE A
RONSON

Congratulate HER with a Ronson, too!
Many dainty feminine models to choose from.
THE WORLD'S MOST DISTINGUISHED LIGHTER



...TRY A PILSENER

It's a dog's life for a thirsty dog; but for you thirst can be a pleasure! Treat yourself to a light, dry, sparkling bottle of Labatt's* Pilsener. This internationally famous beer deserves a good thirst, just because as a thirst quencher it's supreme. Lighter than ale, drier than lager, its cool refreshing cleanness has to be enjoyed to be believed. Enjoy it soon at home or in your favourite hotel or tavern.
John Labatt Limited

The only beer in the world endorsed by the brewmasters from seven other breweries. Made to the original Pilsen formula with yeast specially flown from Europe. See the BACK of the label.



THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO
LABATT'S

Toughest Hotel Job in Canada

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

One anecdote Aylett does tell freely, perhaps because it indicates the affluence of the Chateau's clientele, concerns a chambermaid who rushed out of a bedroom screeching and bumped into him. She was too hysterical to say what was wrong but Aylett looked in the room and saw a prominent businessman sitting on the bed in an old-fashioned nightshirt that was soaking wet. Pinned all around the picture rail on the walls were ten, twenty- and fifty-dollar bills. The man explained that on the previous night he had put his money in his nightshirt pocket, then decided to bathe. He could remember nothing more until he woke up in deep tepid water, still wearing his nightshirt and surrounded by a scum of floating bills. He had been standing on the bureau, pinning the last of them up to dry, when the chambermaid blundered in and startled him with her screaming.

But Aylett, with his keenly developed hotelman's instinct, doesn't have to see money pinned on a wall to gauge a guest's means. During the last war a British official who had been in a \$29-a-day suite for a week said he'd like "something a little more homey." Aylett glanced at the man's shoes and gold cigarette case and moved him to a \$40-a-day suite. "Ah," the guest smiled, "this is more like home."

While it has no shortage of free-spending guests the Chateau has a tremendous overhead and in order to break even it must function as a parliamentary club, a diplomatic quarter, an office building, a social centre, a radio station, a glorified rooming house and a tavern. Fifty of Canada's 102 senators and 100 of Canada's 265 MPs live there when parliament is in session. In the last ten years the Chateau has temporarily sheltered the high commissioners' offices and embassies of Pakistan, India, Denmark, Yugoslavia, Germany and Japan. The ambassadors of Greece, Venezuela and Uruguay and the consul-general for Egypt still use the Chateau as an official residence. The CBC studios are on the top floor and merchants like Ogilvy, Birks and Holt Renfrew have salons and display cases on the lower floors. While the rich hold cocktail parties and wedding receptions in the huge drawing-room, humbler mortals tinkle ale in the Old English Tavern in the basement.

Aylett, as ringmaster of the show, walks miles each day under the Chateau's roof seeing that his tenants are satisfied, that his beds are properly made, that the plumbing works, that the patrons of the pub are behaving properly and that the fingernails of the bellhops are clean. When one shift of bellhops goes off duty and another comes on, the ceremony is a modified version of the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace. The boys march past Aylett's favorite post in the lobby with military precision. Ten minutes later Aylett may be devoting his attention to the complex economy of his kitchens, which serve a million meals a year—meals that range from \$20-a-plate dinners in private suites to 75-cent lunches in the cafeteria.

Sometimes, on his rounds, Aylett sighs sadly about the prodigal amount of unproductive space in the Chateau. Sir Wilfrid Laurier wanted the place to be like an old French castle. The Grand Trunk Railway, which built it in Sir Wilfrid's last term as prime minister, completing it just after his

defeat in 1911, was heavily obligated to the Laurier ministry for subsidies and let Sir Wilfrid have his way.

The beautiful building stands on a promontory, its westerly facade looking upward to the Parliament Buildings and downward to the Rideau Canal. On its east side is shabby Mackenzie Avenue and the temporary building of the income-tax department. At the front it faces the Union Station, with which it is linked by tunnel, and Confederation Square. At the rear it overlooks Major Hill Park. Its copper roof is oxidized to a soft shade of green and with its turrets, crenellations, breastworks and casements it's just what Sir Wilfrid ordered.

Inside, it is also what he ordered, splendidly spacious but an accountant's nightmare. The large oval main dining room could handle its patrons in one quarter of the area, but it is retained for the sake of its beauty. The main dining room corridor, and a second corridor known as Peacock Alley, both carpeted in deep pile and lined with heavy chairs and settles, are peopled at rush hours like busy streets. Ottawans who never spend a penny in the hotel use the seats to watch the passing show of personalities, keep appointments with friends, read the papers or just rest their feet after a shopping spree.

The huge and ornate drawing-room, bigger than two tennis courts and dotted with valuable Chippendale and Oriental cabinets, is empty for days on end between great occasions. The music room, where Ottawa's hears periodic recitals, is suited for little else, and much of the time is occupied for hours by one person—the artist at practice.

Guests Can Be All Wet

Aylett once went into the Jasper Lounge, the tastefully furnished cocktail bar. "Pretty empty tonight, aren't you?" he said to the head barman. "Looks empty," said the barman, "but there are 96 people in here."

The Chateau Laurier is the only hotel in Canada with an indoor swimming pool. Guests may use it from nine in the morning until ten at night. But so few do that it is now open to outsiders. Thousands of Ottawa school children have learned to swim in the Chateau pool. At lunchtime, all the year round, a score or so of government clerks pop in for a dip. More popular with guests is the adjoining steam bath. Here the masseur has rubbed many a hangover away.

Regular crowding is experienced at the Chateau only by the cafeteria where prices are kept down deliberately for the sake of the many junior civil servants who use it every day.

With less non-revenue acreage the Chateau would show big profits. Its bedrooms operate well above eighty percent capacity the year round and few people find it possible to rent a room at short notice between Monday and Friday. As things are, however, the Chateau breaks just better than even.

Nevertheless Ottawa would not be without its Chateau. Within five minutes' walk of every other important building in the city it is vital to businessmen. Moreover it is Ottawa's social hub.

From its earliest days the Chateau's policy has been influenced by the government. When the Grand Trunk Railway was absorbed by the nationally owned CNR in 1923 government power became absolute. Prime Ministers Borden, Meighen, Bennett and King all interested themselves in the operation of the Chateau, and Prime Minister St. Laurent now drops in

occasionally to look the place over.

When R. B. Bennett was prime minister, he maintained a seven-room suite in the Chateau. His favorite dish, baby boneless chicken, became one of the hotel's specialties. It's a young chicken filleted, stuffed and reconstructed to resemble an orthodox roasted bird, but it can be sliced as easily as a meat loaf. If Bennett's chicken wasn't boned or baked precisely to his taste the manager of the Chateau Laurier answered his summons at the double.

Though Mackenzie King never lived at the Chateau he visited it almost every day of his life. He was never unbearably exacting but he expected service commensurate with his rank. And woe to the booking clerk who could not find a room for one of his friends at short notice.

Prime ministers have a reason for keeping an eye on the Chateau because most of Canada's distinguished visitors are entertained there and the hotel, depending on how it is run, can create a good or bad impression of Canada. Aylett, since he was appointed manager

Aylett went to work in his early teens as an assistant steward at the Hurlingham Club, world headquarters of that costly and kingly game polo. In 1912 when he was twenty he was beguiled into emigrating by a Canadian Pacific Railway official who offered him the post of booking clerk at Quebec City's genteel and baroque Chateau Frontenac.

There he showed a promising ingenuity in the art of hospitality by keeping a special suit of rough warm clothing to lend to unequipped guests who wished to take a ride down the toboggan slide.

On the outbreak of World War I he hurried back to England and enlisted in the Royal Engineers. When he returned to Canada in 1919 he was appointed assistant accountant at the Ritz Carlton, Montreal's most elegant hotel. He moved to the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, in 1920 as front-office manager. In 1929, when the Royal York opened in Toronto, Aylett was appointed assistant manager. He decided he didn't like the RY's tone and soon returned to the Windsor.

By now he had attracted the attention of Joseph Van Wyck, a tyrannical but masterly Dutch hotelier who once managed the Chateau Laurier and then, before his death in 1942, served many years as general manager of all CNR hotels. Van Wyck divined in Aylett a younger replica of himself and the two became friends. In 1935 Van Wyck appointed Aylett manager of the CNR's Macdonald Hotel, in Edmonton, much to the chagrin of Aldéric Raymond, the Windsor's owner, who was in Paris at the time and unable to argue.

A year later Aylett received the Canadian hotelier's supreme accolade: the managership of the Chateau Laurier. At the time Van Wyck told friends, "There is no hotel on this side of the Atlantic like the Chateau Laurier and there is no man better qualified to run it than Big Bill Aylett."

Today Aylett has many able lieutenants. Among the best is Victor Herbert, the dapper *maitre d'hôtel*, an Englishman who speaks with a broken accent because he was born in Austria where his father was a race-horse trainer. Herbert brought to the Chateau experience in the Berkeley, London; the Hotel de Russie, Rome; the Savoy, Brussels; the Winter Palace, Luxor; and the Four Seasons Hotel, Munich, one of the world's most glittering guest houses.

Together Aylett and Herbert have experienced many memorable moments. When Herbert began to help the present Queen Mother into her coat during the 1939 royal tour he couldn't find the sleeve. The atmosphere became highly charged as he fumbled without success. One hotel employee says, "You could see Mr. Aylett's face slowly freezing but he held onto himself. Then the Queen laughed. Then everybody laughed. Even Mr. Aylett laughed. But not very much."

During the same royal visit George VI and Queen Elizabeth entered the drawing-room. "How lovely!" cried the Queen. She almost ran over to the window. "What a huge crowd," she said. "Is there anywhere we can step outside and let them see us?" No arrangements had been made for an outside appearance but Herbert who was standing nearby took the Queen's remark as a command. He mentioned it to Aylett. All night a crew of carpenters worked to build a stout beflagged platform above the front entrance. Aylett tested it by jumping on it with all his great weight.

Next day news of the platform was conveyed to the King and Queen. Aylett led them several hundred yards



"It's for me, dear."

in 1936, has been host to George VI, Elizabeth II, Queen Juliana of the Netherlands, the King of Siam, Prince Chichibou of Japan and each of their consorts; to Churchill, Truman, Eisenhower, De Gaulle, Attlee, Bradley, Auriol and nearly all the great names of World War II and the Cold War; to Greer Garson, Anna Neagle, Helen Hayes, Walter Pidgeon, Raymond Massey plus a hundred other actors; and to a legion of aristocrats, plenipotentiaries, millionaires and celebrities from all over the world.

If ever Aylett writes his memoirs, and he is due to retire in three years, he will not forget the barely contained tantrums of Madame Chiang Kai-shek and the sudden "headaches" with which she excused herself from boredom at conferences and receptions; the cold lofty threading of Gen. Charles de Gaulle through a crowd of cocktail sippers, his sudden dramatic turn at the door, and his quiet exclamation of "Vive La France!" Nor is he likely to overlook the Begum Liaquat Ali, beautiful Moslem widow of Pakistan's assassinated prime minister, shocking yet amusing guests at a party with her scintillating dissertations on men and polygamy; the quiet love for Canada of plump, placid Queen Juliana of the Netherlands who saw the war out in Ottawa and still sends the city thousands of bulbs every year; the calculated plebeianism of Mayor La Guardia of New York who lived in an expensive Chateau suite and sent a bellman over the road to a one-armed restaurant for sandwiches; and the tension as Mackenzie King announced his retirement to an audience in the ballroom.

He has still more to recall. From his modest boyhood home in London

for a perfect Gin cooler...

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Say



When the occasion calls for a tall, cooling gin collins... be sure the gin is Corby's London Dry Gin! Triple-distilled in Canada according to an old English formula, Corby's London Dry Gin adds a flavor and bouquet that are indispensable to a perfect collins. Available from coast to coast.

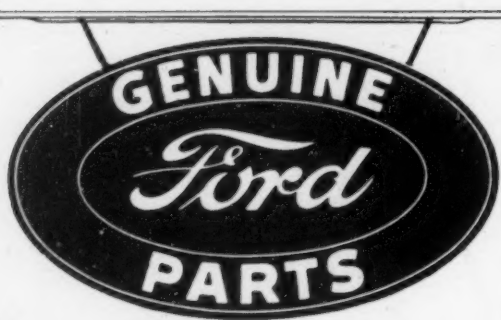
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Follow the example of thousands of thrifty motorists everywhere who won't accept less than the best . . . always look for the Genuine Ford Parts sign.



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AT THIS
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MADE RIGHT... TO FIT RIGHT... TO LAST LONGER!

PARTS AND ACCESSORIES DIVISION, FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

through corridors and up an elevator before they reached it. On the way his apologies for the long walk were brushed aside by the King and the Queen who put him at ease with questions about the hotel. Thousands of Ottawans owe their excellent glimpse of royalty on that occasion to the platform of Aylett and Herbert.

When Elizabeth II and the Duke of Edinburgh dined at the Chateau in 1951 Aylett's fear was that two waiters would collide and precipitate an avalanche of china. Herbert set up red and green electric traffic signals in the kitchen which controlled the movements of incoming and outgoing waiters in two separate streams.

Another of Aylett's top aides is Henri Freitag, the Swiss chef, who would dearly love to serve more European gourmet dishes. He becomes ecstatic when foreigners ask for Canadian specialties like buffalo meat, bear steaks, saddle of beaver, seal's flipper, Winnipeg gold eye, or domestic pheasant. If these delicacies are obtainable Freitag, at Aylett's bidding, will spend much time and money to get them because they spread the hotel's reputation.

Mrs. Florence Redmond, the housekeeper, who has 83 chambermaids under her command, confers daily with Aylett. In the majority of hotels chambermaids "live out." But Aylett preserves the old custom of having them "live in." In twos and threes they occupy bed-sitting-rooms on the top floor. Mrs. Redmond maintains a motherly discipline over them.

Fine Place for Ducks

Sometimes when Mrs. Redmond and Aylett are alone they chuckle about things that have happened. Once, when Mrs. Redmond was fresh from England and new in her job, she was asked to provide a baby-sitter, a term she wasn't familiar with. She sent a towel-wrapped pot. Another time, a guest complained of a smell in his room. Mrs. Redmond combed the room, even lifting the rug, without finding what caused the smell. Then she noticed a string tied to the radiator and hanging out the open window. She pulled in the string and at the end of it were two long-dead ducks forgotten by some sportsman.

Aylett, who enjoys Mrs. Redmond's humor and Lancashire accent, also enjoys the fabulous memory of Mrs. Mabel Egan, who is in charge of room service and sends three hundred meals a day upstairs. She knows all frequent guests by their voices and calls them by name as soon as they speak.

Once a regular guest at the Chateau disappeared to Japan on business and was gone for ten years. When he returned and called room service Mrs. Egan answered him by name and said, "Usual order, sir?"

A few years ago the late Senator Ian Mackenzie spent a night in the new Vancouver Hotel, owned by the CNR but run jointly with the CPR. When he called room service and gave his order a voice replied, "Right away, Mr. Mackenzie."

"Is that Mrs. Egan?" he asked incredulously.

"Yes," she said. "I've been lent here for a few weeks to help out."

Joe Kingsley, the head chef in the Chateau's cafeteria, comes in for visits from Aylett. He hands out excellent low-priced meals every day to customers ranging from cabinet ministers and ambassadors to filing clerks and stenographers. For thirty years he has been an institution at the Chateau and is privileged to joke with the mighty.

One evening after Health Minister Paul Martin had been given a rough

time in the House of Commons by the Leader of the Opposition, he was wearily pushing his tray toward Joe in the cafeteria. Joe smiled wanly, and said, "Now Mr. Martin, how about sinking your teeth into one of our 'Lamb Chops à la George Drew?'"

Aurele Seguin, a meat chef, once played a game of chess against a cafeteria customer without interrupting the flow of service. Every day the customer passed a portable chess board to Joe Kingsley who passed it on to Seguin. At night Seguin made his move and passed the board back the following day via Kingsley to the customer. In turn the customer made another move and so the game went for several months. Legend has it that it was watched for weeks by an officer of the Russian Embassy who thought he had latched onto some new kind of secret-service communication.

Aylett defined the Chateau Laurier's festive tastes nicely when he chose Len Hopkins' orchestra to play for nightly dancing in the Grill Room. Here many middle-aged and elderly couples mix with the Ottawa young set on the floor. Like Guy Lombardo, Hopkins is a native of London, Ont., and plays slow, sweet, rhythmic music.

Hopkins is forever being asked for Tea for Two, Rose Marie, Ramona, Valencia and other favorites of the past. Helen Turcotte, a vivacious social editor on the Ottawa Journal, says, "When I dance at the Chateau I always feel I'm back in the Thirties. And it's fun."

Aylett gave Hopkins an audition in a room over a Chinese restaurant in London, Ont., in 1938 and then a week's trial at the Chateau. Hopkins has been there ever since. In the summer he transfers his band to the CNR's Jasper Park Lodge. There, recently, two guests named Bing Crosby and Dinah Shore liked his music so much they got up and sang with him.

Albert Cuthbert, the bell captain, controls fifty bellmen, doormen, lobby boys, elevator operators and yardmen. He's been at the Chateau for 33 years and is addressed by his Christian name by scores of celebrities. Aylett gives him the privilege of working any hours he chooses—which means he is generally around from early morning until late at night. Cuthbert never misses a train arrival. His job has helped him to pursue his hobby of autograph hunting and his collection is one of the best in Canada.

Surrounded by capable assistants, Aylett knows that the Chateau will continue to run like a well-oiled clock when he's relaxing in the suite in which he and Mrs. Aylett live, or when he's visiting another CNR hotel on a busman's holiday. It always does.

Once a woman guest was packing hurriedly with the aid of a chambermaid to catch a train. It was a spring morning and the window was wide open. A gust of wind picked up a flimsy garment from the back of a chair and carried it to a treetop in Major Hill Park. "Oooh!" cried the woman. "I can't leave without *those*!"

The chambermaid called the housekeeper. The housekeeper called the bell captain. The bell captain spoke to two of his most nimble lads. Across the park they raced. One made a back and the other stood on it and scrambled up the tree.

The garment was returned to the guest's bedroom in a matter of minutes and she caught her train with a full complement of clothing.

And Aylett?

Well, Aylett didn't hear anything of it. The manager of the Chateau Laurier expects such service as a matter of course. ★

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Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

out of Washington he can spend the evening in New York, take in a Broadway show and still catch the overnight train for Montreal and Ottawa. It's not surprising that he often neglects to obtain the special authority from his deputy minister, which he must have in order to save the taxpayer \$12.70 and half a day's work.

IF SOME OFFICIAL utterances are as dated as gas lamps and high-buttoned boots, others have a wonderful freshness.

Recently J. Alex Edmison of Queen's University got together a little pamphlet of quotations from the Queen's Quarterly, which he calls *The Indicative Past*. One is an excerpt from an article in January 1920 by the late Dr. O. D. Skelton, the great Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs who more than any other individual created the department.

Noting that "This continent, and particularly the United States, is apparently not to escape serious danger of social cleavage and class conflict," Skelton first remarks that "ordered liberty is threatened by the propagandists of freedom as they have it in Russia." But of these he says: "Fortunately their numbers are few and the atmosphere of America in normal times not one in which they would thrive . . ."

"More serious," said Skelton, "is the danger from the hysterical plutocrat. The war has left men's nerves on edge. It has accustomed us to the coercion of minorities and the worship of the state. Terrified capitalists have suddenly awakened to the possibility that here too capitalism may be seriously challenged. In the United States the outcome has been an extraordinary attempt to suppress free speech, spectacular raids on every centre of social heresy, the attempt to imprison ideas and deport a party."

"Nothing more insane and dangerous than this panicky Prussianism can well be imagined. The men responsible have done more to create the class cleavage they deplore than a generation of socialist propaganda, more to strengthen the Communist Party than thousands of soap-box orators. They have gone far . . ."

"In Canada we have been saved from the more extreme forms of this hysteria by our more responsible political machinery, our more slow-going temperament, our greater immunity from waves of '100 percent' emotionalism."

BEHIND the cautious courtesy of the official statements there is more dismay than satisfaction here at the U. S. Congress' belated decision to take a share in the St. Lawrence Seaway.

For one thing, it may cause more delay. That's not really thought likely—the obstacle to an immediate start on the Seaway has not been Congress in recent years, but a series of court actions which will probably end this month. Both Ottawa and Washington

expect to break ground for the power development (which is an integral part of the Seaway) this summer.

Nevertheless, the record is somewhat daunting. It is now twenty-two years since the first St. Lawrence Seaway Treaty was concluded with the U. S. Like all treaties it required formal ratification by the U. S. Senate. It got a majority—but less than the two-thirds majority which the United States Constitution requires. That was the end of the treaty.

In 1941 the two governments negotiated another agreement, which was not called a treaty in order to duck the necessity for the two-thirds majority in the Senate. But the agreement did require concurring legislation, which had to be passed by a majority in both houses of Congress. The Roosevelt Administration did not get the necessary law passed in 1941, and then came Pearl Harbor—the whole thing was shelved by mutual consent until after the war. It was 1946 before the Truman Administration got around to its first big try at putting Seaway legislation through Congress. No luck—the bill didn't even get out of committee.

For five years thereafter, the story was the same. Each January the Administration would be full of confidence that this year the Seaway Bill would go through. By March, scepticism and gloom would begin to spread. By May, both governments would concede that there was no hope of doing it this year.

In 1951, Canada gave up hope. Prime Minister St. Laurent, during a visit to President Truman, suggested that Canada should do the ship canal by herself. Would the United States merely authorize joint development of the power site?

President Truman agreed, and another set of constitutional machinery began to grind. The International Joint Commission, which has ruled on all matters affecting boundary waters since 1909, held hearings on the scheme and gave its approval. Then the U. S. Federal Power Commission held hearings to decide which applicant should have the right to develop the U. S. share. It finally designated the State of New York as the proper authority, refusing applications from private utility firms.

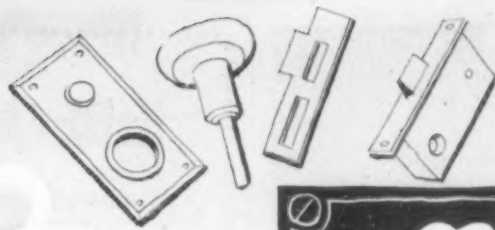
But Federal Power Commission rulings are subject to appeal in the U. S. courts. The power companies appealed. They lost, but they still had a right of appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, and last month this appeal was still regarded as virtually certain. Even if the Supreme Court upholds the Court of Appeal, as both governments expect it to do, the last obstacle won't be removed until some time this month at the earliest.

After three years of this sort of thing on top of nineteen years waiting for Congress to act, Ottawa is a bit apprehensive of any further involvement with the legal and constitutional processes of the U. S. A.

That's one reason for the reservations that were legible between the lines of the Prime Minister's statement. Another was less concrete but perhaps even more acute.

Normally the United States pays the lion's share of the cost of international undertakings, and therefore has a dominant voice in policy decisions. This time, the U. S. share will be only about one-third of the new money to be spent, and a much smaller fraction of the whole Seaway system (which includes the Welland Canal).

But the Americans are so accustomed to being the majority shareholder they may forget that, in this case, they've only bought a third of the stock. ★



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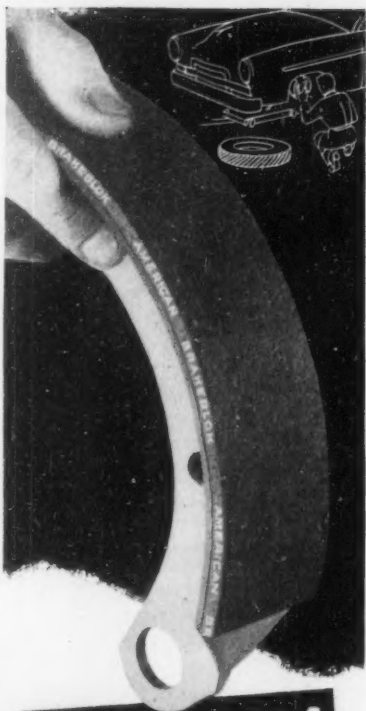
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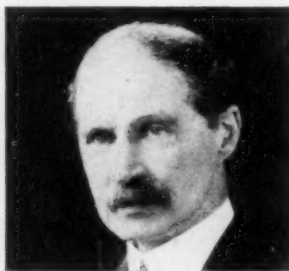
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ANSWERS ON PAGE 95



1 Lloyd George's successor.



2 Abe Lincoln from Toronto.



3 Faces are her fortune.



4 An eye for cartooning.



5 Salome up to date.



6 Sparks at Steep Rock.



7 Lady of laughter.



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What the Subway's Doing to Toronto

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

complained, "I hope those kids soon get tired of the subway and start spending their dimes on ice cream again."

Thousands of adults were "out for the ride" too. One lady brought her knitting and a book and rode back and forth most of a day—on one fare. Then she complained that the colored tile used in the station interiors made them look too much like bathrooms.

The first direct effect of the subway, of course, was to cut the old streetcar traveling times between downtown and many parts of the city. Rush-hour streetcar speeds on Yonge and Bay Streets had dropped as low as five miles per hour in downtown sections, and eight to nine miles per hour elsewhere. On many routes unaffected by the subway these are still average rush-hour speeds. But now, by pushing the six-car subway trains up to 50 or 60 miles per hour between station stops, an average over-all speed of 15 to 20 miles per hour is maintained.

Even when everything was running smoothly and on schedule the four-mile north-south rush-hour trip from downtown to Eglinton Avenue had been 30 to 40 minutes, and with a bit of rain or snow to clog traffic it often dragged out to more than an hour. By subway it is 14 minutes, snow or shine.

For the few thousand fortunate commuters who happen both to live and to work near subway stations, the new underground has brought a thrilling change to their lives by cutting their downtown traveling time to a third. For thousands more, traveling time is cut in half. Many tram riders who live far to the east or west of Yonge and used to take routes to the downtown which cut diagonally across the city have found they can save five or ten minutes by going straight east or west to Yonge, then taking a fast ride south by subway. But Toronto and its suburbs sprawl east and west along 25 miles of lakeshore, whereas its greatest north-south depth is around 10 miles, and this fundamental fact of Toronto geography means that a majority of its citizens—the easterners and westerners—benefit little from a north-south subway except to find traffic slightly improved when they reach the immediate downtown.

Immediately after the subway opening the Toronto Transit Commission—which operates the city's publicly owned streetcar, bus and subway system, was puzzled by a new Toronto phenomenon: a noon rush hour. There had never been any noontime increase in streetcar traveling and at first the subway noon rush was attributed to novelty riders trying it out during their lunch period. But it persisted, and the TTC discovered that thousands were indulging in a practice unheard of in pre-subway Toronto—going home for lunch. It used to be hard enough getting home in time for dinner. Up-town restaurants were also attracting thousands of lunch-hour patrons who had previously had to stay downtown.

Wally Nichol, a salesman from Galt who used to move his car from parking lot to parking lot as he visited retail customers in Toronto, covering about three customers in an afternoon, tried the subway the first day and despite the opening-day crowds covered five customers. "That subway is going to make money for me," he beamed.

On the subway's opening night there was a National Hockey League play-off game at Maple Leaf Gardens, an event which has normally filled parking lots for blocks around and tied up traffic for

three quarters of an hour at the end of the game. "It was extraordinary," traffic inspector Robert Kerr of the Toronto Police declared afterward. "Most people came by subway. Even the parking lot right across the street from the Gardens was only half filled."

Elevator operators at the Eaton's and Simpson's department stores were at first surprised when obviously well-to-do shoppers entered elevators after their afternoon teas in the upper-floor dining rooms and asked to be taken to the bargain basement. They had never been bargain-basement frequenters, but both stores had subway entrances from their basements, and the elevator operators soon learned that the affluent ladies were traveling by subway and leaving their limousines at home.

The first to feel the change in Toronto traveling habits were downtown parking-lot operators. For a few days after the subway began rolling, parking business was down 45 percent. Operators began talking of reducing fees to recover business. One attendant said that, although he could park free, he didn't drive to work any longer. "The subway's cheaper and faster."

Toronto had two or three glorious weeks of the lightest traffic and easiest driving it had seen since wartime gasoline and tire shortages stranded many of its automobiles. Then the number of autos downtown began increasing again.

The parking lots again were the first to feel the change. They began filling once more—but it was a different type of business. The all-day parkers—men who drove to work—remained fewer and lots didn't fill so swiftly in the mornings, but there was a slow increase in short-term parkers. And since short-term parkers pay more per hour than day- or week-rate parkers, most parking lots at the end of a month found that their daily revenue was back almost to

After the novelty wore off, a quarter of a million Torontonians were taking the subway every working day

normal, although they were handling fewer cars.

Electronic traffic counters put out on the main north-south auto routes by city traffic Engineer Robert Burton after waiting a month for the new subway-molded traffic patterns to settle down, showed a corresponding development. Now, according to the counters, traffic flow during morning and evening rush hours was only about ten percent less than pre-subway counts. But the all-day totals were just about the same, indicating that traffic had spread out over the day and more cars were coming downtown during mid-day periods.

Meanwhile, the subway's own statistics were also changing. During its opening week or two the subway had averaged 300,000 passengers a day; now it had settled to a steady 230,000 a day. But, despite the drop, the subway was still carrying thousands more than the north-south streetcar routes it had replaced. Just before the subway opening the whole TTC streetcar and bus system in Toronto was carrying about 890,000 passengers a day. After subway opening crowds had leveled off, the system was carrying close to 960,000 a day.

What effect does the subway appear to be having on retail businesses? The

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picture here is more confusing and contradictory than with traffic. Right now, a good deal of Toronto's battered old Yonge Street, the main business thoroughfare affected, is still an obstacle course of barricades, gravel piles and construction machinery and largely impassable to traffic. Yonge Street, dug up and mutilated through four years of subway construction, is now in the throes of its final grooming. Streetcar tracks are being removed. Telephone, hydro, water and sewer lines, shifted several times during subway work, are being relaid in their permanent locations. And predictions are that it will be autumn before the street sees the last of its subway upheaval, gets its final paving and can settle down for normal unhindered business.

To date there are contradictory claims of business being both up and down. The department stores, Eaton's and Simpson's, which have store entrances opening directly into subway stations, report business is up. For some stores it is seriously down. They claim that whereas the old Yonge streetcars stopped at almost every corner and spread the shopping out, the subway unloads at stations many blocks apart and concentrates business around the stations. And since parts of Yonge Street are impassable while its reconstruction goes on, only a seer would try to say what the final business pattern will be.

Other "facts" about the subway and its effect on Toronto are changing and may change still more. There is no doubt that the initial jam on the subway and its paralleling reduction in downtown auto traffic was partly due to the thousands who went subway-riding for fun and to thousands more who were drive-to-work commuters now experimenting. The fun-riders soon got tired of their game. Many of the former drive-to-work people returned to using their cars. Why?

Habit and the convenience of having a car downtown for short trips during the day are believed by traffic authorities to be factors, but one subway fault which reduced its value to car drivers quickly became apparent. It is the lack of parking space at the northern

terminus for drivers who might drive that far, then continue by subway.

Some motorists complain that the bus network now feeding passengers into the subway terminus is a poor substitute for parking accommodation that would let them drive their own cars to the subway. "I spend more time riding the bus one mile to catch the subway than I spend traveling four miles on the subway itself," one regular subway commuter said.

A car driver said: "I rode the subway a few days, then one morning four buses went past me so jammed with passengers I couldn't get on. I got mad and went home and got out the car, and I haven't used the subway since."

But there are still fewer all-day parkers downtown. North-south rush-hour traffic is down ten percent. The subway has found 60,000 regular new passengers. These are all facts with no quotation marks around them and they seem to show that the subway has attracted a large group of drive-to-work motorists and is holding them, thereby providing some relief in traffic.

Superhighways Still Attract

In spite of the generally favorable reaction to the subway, Toronto has not made a final choice between underground and surface transit. Probably it never will, for there are many transit problems which cannot be solved by subways except at a cost far too high to be warranted by the volume of traffic. In the meantime at least Toronto is a pro-subway town, but it still hasn't turned its back on superhighways.

The widening of streets, improvement of intersections and construction of new streets has become the city's largest expense—more than \$1,300,000 in 1953. But its strangling knot of traffic pulled steadily tighter.

One of its costliest and most ambitious postwar projects was the Clifton Road extension, opening a new six-lane outlet from downtown at a cost of over \$3 millions. All it accomplished was to attract a traffic flow of 1,300 new cars per hour, apparently from among car owners who had previously been using streetcars and were just

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By Simpkins



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"Rapid transit alone cannot solve the traffic problem..." says Supermayor Fred Gardiner.

waiting for a traffic improvement that would let them start driving to work. There was no corresponding drop in other north-south traffic arteries. It merely lured more cars into downtown Toronto where there was already no space for them.

For the future, fabulous multi-lane superhighways have already taken form on the planners' drafting boards—one east and west along the lakeshore, another east and west along Bloor and Danforth in mid-Toronto, and a north-south expressway using the Don River Valley. Their estimated cost is close to \$150 millions. And for downtown parking, three 10-story parking garages and a large underground garage are in various stages of planning.

Now the two bodies responsible for traffic planning (the Metropolitan Area Roads Committee and the City of Toronto Traffic Committee) have begun a review of the old plans in the light of Toronto's subway experience. Metropolitan Mayor Fred Gardiner said: "Rapid transit alone cannot solve the traffic problem, but we must consider the possibility of combining rapid-transit tracks and superhighways in the same right-of-way in future expressways."

Pre-subway Toronto had heard little of this idea of combining rapid transit and auto superhighways, although it has become increasingly popular with U. S. city planners. By widening the right-of-way slightly, space is left on the central boulevard between auto lanes for a rapid transit train route on the same level, multiplying several times the passenger-carrying capacity. In some U. S. cities rapid-transit lines are being combined with auto expressways for an added cost of only ten percent.

Toronto is thinking of all these things and thinking less of some things it had once thought essential. Some aldermen now want to shelve a once-urgent scheme to widen Avenue Road, which is no longer the bottleneck it was before the subway.

Now that downtown parking seems easier, several aldermen have urged postponement of the three parking garages, a \$3 million construction project scheduled for commencement this year.

Meanwhile however the city still hopes to begin this year construction of a \$50 million, partly elevated auto expressway from west to east along its Lake Ontario boundary, the most heavily traveled motor route in Canada. Metropolitan roads commissioner Harvey Rose said it was impossible to include a rapid-transit route in this expressway, although planners considered it. "The land simply wasn't available," he said. "As it is we are having to build the expressway up in the air for three miles to get through the heart of the city."

What are the prospects for other subways or surface rapid-transit routes in Toronto? Or in other Canadian cities that are slowly choking on their auto traffic? To answer this, another question needs answering first: what are the conditions required before rapid-transit construction becomes practical economically?

Toronto's subway has brought into sharp focus the fact that private right-of-ways for rapid-transit trains, underground or above ground, have an un-

matched capacity for carrying passengers. For \$11 millions a mile Toronto has built a subway that will carry 40,000 persons per hour. For \$8 millions a mile it might have built a six-lane, high-speed auto expressway, but the expressway would carry only 7,000 persons per hour in private automobiles, because the average city auto is carrying only 1.75 persons, using 12 times as much street space per passenger carried as a bus or streetcar. For slightly higher cost, then, Toronto has a new travel artery almost six times as efficient in passenger-carrying capacity.

Such comparisons have been repeatedly used by the TTC in its perennial argument that its transit riders, who are three times as numerous as Toronto's auto riders, have not been getting the consideration they deserved. TTC engineer W. H. Paterson once produced figures purporting to show that widening a downtown street by one lane would cost around \$2 millions a mile and increase the carrying capacity by about 1,500 persons per hour. The cost per person per hour: \$1,300. A subway at \$10 millions a mile and carrying 40,000 persons per hour has a cost per person per hour of \$250, according to Paterson.

Off the Stem Was Cheaper

But the passenger-carrying superiority of subways isn't everything. They still have to justify themselves economically. Subway costs average \$10 to \$12 millions a mile. If the subway right-of-way is free beneath a public street, it rarely cuts the subway's cost because the expense of reinforcing building foundations and relocating water, gas and sewer lines is usually equal to the cost of buying a right-of-way. Under-street right-of-ways are used usually because no other is available. Toronto saved money on its subway by buying a private right-of-way and getting off Yonge Street as soon as it got clear of high downtown land values. For its top three miles it was cheaper to buy a right-of-way than to have to keep moving Yonge Street's underground utilities.

"To pay off an initial cost of \$10 to \$12 millions a mile and still maintain a fare that will attract optimum business," says W. F. Irvin, the TTC's assistant manager of development, "a subway requires a minimum of 10,000 passengers an hour during its hour of maximum load. We think in terms of the maximum-load hour because this is the rush-hour peak that the subway must be built to meet. This rush-hour load is always about ten percent of the all-day load, so you could say a subway needs 100,000 passengers a day to pay for itself."

Some cities have acquired cheaper right-of-ways and provided rapid transit where the passenger volume is under 100,000 a day. Cleveland recently acquired an abandoned railroad right-of-way and is putting a surface rapid-transit route on it for only \$3 millions. Rochester and Newark have used abandoned canals for subways. But usually, to tap an area that will provide 100,000 passengers daily, a rapid-transit route has to go into a commercial district where real-estate values are so high that the cheapest method is to

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"When a city starts
crowding a
million then it's time
to start thinking
about subways"

go underground at \$10 to \$12 millions a mile.

"One rule of thumb used to be that a city needed a million people to support a subway," Irvin says. "Most transit experts still feel that when a city starts crowding a million it's time to start thinking about subways."

According to the generally accepted rules of subway economics, Toronto's subway was overdue. Streetcars on Yonge and Bay Streets had a maximum rush-hour load of 18,000 an hour, 180,000 passengers a day—almost double subway requirements.

Are there any other Toronto streetcar routes which justify conversion to subway?

The TTC says Toronto already rates another subway east and west for about a mile through the downtown section. Full engineering plans for this short subway are already prepared. TTC estimates the Queen subway cost at \$12 millions and would like to start work as soon as a financing deal can be worked out with the city.

The opening of the Toronto subway revived rapid-transit talk in Montreal, the only other Canadian city of subway size. But there are no developments there yet to suggest that the Toronto subway might soon have a Canadian rival.

Although Montreal has much better commuter train service to suburban areas than Toronto, its downtown traffic has probably become worse than Toronto's.

Downtown stores, restaurants and

theatres have been reporting declining business and blaming traffic stagnation. A city official has said that prospective new businesses were being frightened away. Montreal's antiquated streetcar system has changed little in 30 years.

Montreal has the engineering plans for seven-and-a-half miles of subway it may someday construct. But the cost—\$117 millions (\$85 millions of it for the tunnel itself)—has the city completely stymied. Premier Duplessis warned recently that Montreal could expect no subway assistance from provincial funds because rural roads needed the assistance more. Talk of floating a bond issue in the U. S. has got nowhere. Mayor Houde shrugged it all off recently with his famous comment: "Montreal prefers to stay on the level."

Vancouver has eyed Toronto's new subway wistfully but most residents agree subways aren't for them yet. Ernest D. Sutcliffe, director of planning and development for B. C. Electric which operates the Vancouver transit system, says Vancouver will probably reach subway size in 15 years but he predicts that by then subways will have been made obsolete by "mono-rail" trains and endless belt forms of urban transit. The latter is a series of constantly moving belts with seats, each belt moving a bit faster than its neighboring one so that passengers can step from one to the other until they reach a high-speed belt in the centre. For the long-term future, B. C. Electric is already thinking of mono-rail trains which are suspended from an elevated rail and travel at a hundred miles per hour. Its maintenance manager, J. T. Turner, has already made one trip to Germany to study this form of rapid urban transit.

Most cities still view Toronto's subway pretty much in the abstract. Few have seen it for what it actually is, a work of desperation made necessary when a city grows too big too fast. One Toronto neighbor, the little town of Barrie 50 miles to the north (population 12,500), nestling self-contentedly under smogless skies with green hills pressing close around it, saw the truth. "It's nice to be able to afford a subway," said its semi-weekly newspaper, the Barrie Examiner, "but it's nicer not to need one." ★



"Oh, this steak looks good..."

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, JUNE 15, 1954

MAILBAG



Of Dog Lovers—and Haters

I have owned dogs since I was ten years old; I have bred Irish setters, Airedales, cockers, Afghans, French Briards and I have judged dogs for thirty years. I couldn't live without a dog. However, everything Robert Thomas Allen writes in *I Hate Dogs* (April 15) is so true. The only thing in which he is completely wrong is the fact that dogs, like children, merely reflect their upbringing . . . I have lived in many places: in three different countries, in hotels and apartments, and have always had a dog. Don't hate dogs, Mr. Allen, but dislike the people who own them.—A. P. R. Sturdee, Toronto.

• I am very much surprised that a magazine of such good reputation would publish such an article. In

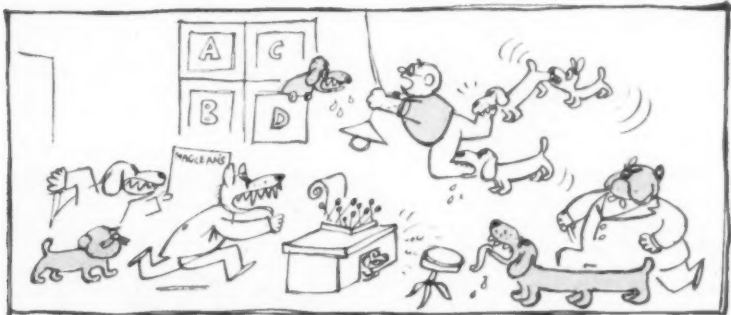
sympathy to Mr. Allen.—Mrs. H. Thomson, Calgary.

• I quite agree . . . I have been a delivery boy for some time and have had various tears, rips, abrasions, bruises and lacerations due to "man's best friend." Ha!—J. Lovering, St. Boniface, Man.

• Bless you for *I Hate Dogs*. . . —R. Stares, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

• Never has there been a truer word . . . —D. H. Giffin, Pictou, N.S.

• . . . I come under the category of being the mother who's left to feed the "dog that every boy should have." There's only one thing you failed to mention about these dirty, smelling, useless



George Feyer shows what can happen to a writer who says that he doesn't like dogs.

the world of today, which abounds in cruelty of all kinds, such an article is neither funny nor even intelligent . . . —Minetta M. Miller, Port Hope, Ont.

• . . . What Allen says about dogs is contrary to facts and made up in his one-track mind.—A. R. Betts, Edmonton.

• A sage once wrote, "The more I see of human nature the more I love my dog." After associating with dogs, both of high and low degree, I agree to a certain extent with the aforementioned sage, though I am inclined to think he must have met more than his share of people with the disposition of your Robert Thomas Allen . . . I like Duncan Macpherson's illustrations—the expression of abject fear on the face of R. T. A., the indignant wrath so beautifully portrayed on the face of the noble collie. For a friend to trust, a companion to "ride the river" with, I would not hesitate to choose the collie . . . —George Robinson, Sexsmith, Alta.

• . . . The most stupid bit of drivel I have yet had the misfortune to read.—W. H. P. Fleming, Vancouver.

• . . . Dogs are like children in that before you can teach a dog or a child anything you must be smarter than they are. That leaves an awful lot of dog owners in an embarrassing position.—C. A. Magee, Toronto.

• Was surprised to know Robert Thomas Allen lived on my street. Where else could those dogs be? My

creatures—what about the time of year when they shed their coats and there're dog hairs from one end of the house to the other, plus all over your good clothes?—Margaret Jamieson, Alert Bay, B.C.

• How often do you actually see a boy playing with "his dog"? I hate dogs.—D. A. Loewen, Neilburg, Sask.

• . . . Certainly expresses my sentiments . . . —A. L. Weaver, Penticton, B.C.

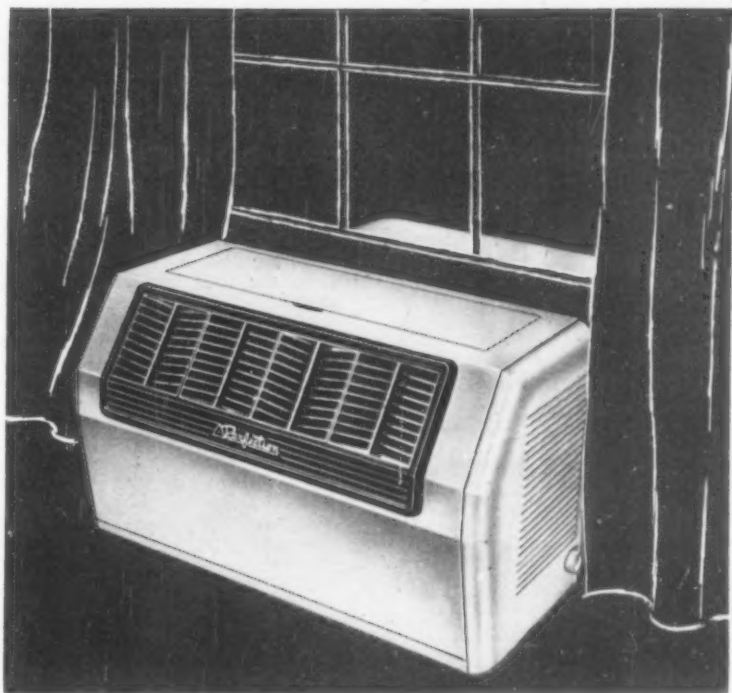
• I agree with every word . . . Maybe I should say I hate their owners more than the dogs.—Betty Anne Marshall, Grande Prairie, Alta.

• My indignation runs so high I do not know where to start—on the author for writing, or on Maclean's for publishing such tosh and rubbish . . . Personally, I am disgusted.—Ella Macann, Hamilton.

• . . . If we allowed our children, and the dog, to go their own ways, we would have the same attitude Allen has.—Mrs. Elsie Murdock, Toronto.

That New Senate

It is most remarkable how carefully your articles on the Senate (A New Senate, April 15) avoided mention of several reforms which would render the Senate effective . . . The Senate ought to be elected on the basis of the equality of provinces, and at least one third of each province's representation should possess the ability to speak both English and French. The equality of



It cools . . . it is automatic . . . it heats—all at no extra cost! See this handsome Perfection Room Air Conditioner. Perfection Stove Company, 7526-D Platt Ave., Cleveland 4, Ohio, U.S.A.

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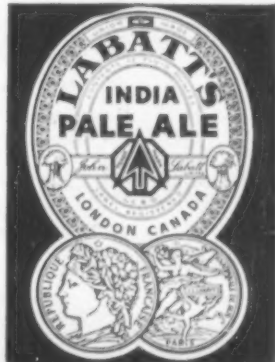
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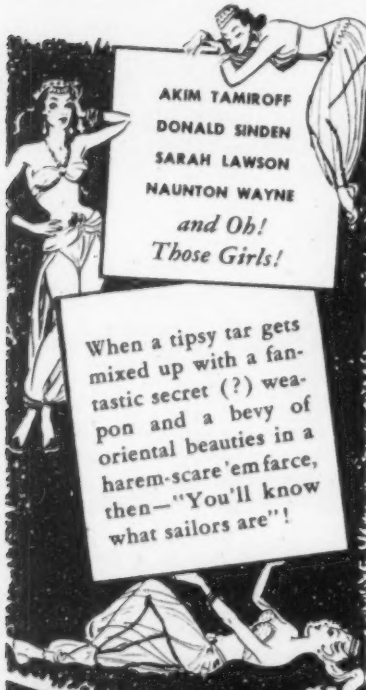
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YOU KNOW WHAT SAILORS ARE

A LAVISH SPECTACLE

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR



When a tipsy tar gets mixed up with a fantastic secret (?) weapon and a bevy of oriental beauties in a harem-scare'em farce, then—"You'll know what sailors are!"

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MIGEL PATRICK, ELIZABETH SELLARS, TERENCE MORGAN, JACK WARNER
in
"FORBIDDEN CARGO"

COMING SOON TO YOUR
LOCAL THEATRE

provinces in the Senate would end the complete domination of the political scene by the people of central Canada. The presence of bilingual senators who come from all parts of Canada would be a powerful force for mutual understanding between people of the two language groups.—Allen Ronaghan, Grimshaw, Alta.

• . . . The new Senate should be men or women between the ages of 45 and 70 years. All senators should resign when they are physically unfit to attend.

All appointments should be made by a committee made up of defeated candidates in the last federal election in each province . . . Many of our most able men and women are prevented from winning a seat in parliament through financial, provincial, religious, industrial, sectional and machine politics. Their ability would add greatly to keep our governments evenly balanced.—J. B. Lorimer, Rose Valley, Sask.

• . . . One third of the Senate should be appointed by the party in power and the remaining two thirds elected by the people one third at a time for a period of, say, five or six years or for duration of parliament . . . Several of your committee's comments were of a hilarious nature but this issue is of great importance to our people.—Frank G. Mulliner, Victoria.

• My own viewpoint is the same as when I started thinking about it as a lad in my teens fifty years ago—and that is, abolish it at once. Today I would say do it quicker than that. The almost complete absence of farmers in the nominations probably was due to the desire on the part of the nominators not to spoil a good producer . . . —Jack Sutherland, Hanna, Alta.

• . . . Public opinion demands reform but lacks leadership. Herein lies a golden opportunity for some zealous public-spirited Canadian to form a group dedicated to Senate reform and capable of arousing sufficient support to get some action . . .

My opinion of the Senate is that it is an unnecessary and scandalous institution that should be abolished. However if its existence can be reasonably substantiated it should be reduced in number with more equitable representation according to population . . . It should be considered an honorary position open to anyone who has rendered outstanding public service or through achievement in other ways that has contributed toward a better Canada . . . —Gordon C. Rowan, Toronto.

• . . . I notice that your Senate was "chosen by a special panel of non-partisan contributors," among them Jack Scott.

Really, sir, it is to laugh. Jack Scott a nonpartisan? Economically and politically, he belongs to that particular tribe of pinko newspapermen, all too prevalent on dailies of the more sensational type, who combine a fair writing ability with ineffable naiveté. A very large number of letters from readers—not one of them from me—has appeared in the Vancouver Sun from time to time, protesting against Jack Scott's class-angling of nearly every subject which he chooses for his daily stint.—A. Rudow, Hornby Island, B.C.

"Heart-Warming" Ben Kravitz

Many thanks for your heart-warming article, Ben Kravitz' Conquest of the New World (April 15). How lucky we are to have his kind of man come to

Canada. One who worked seventeen hours a day and still found time to feed his fellow man. True stories like his are what makes Maclean's so interesting.—Jim Best, Toronto.

• Many thanks for your issue of April 15. From cover to cover it was very enjoyable, especially the article about Ben Kravitz. It renews one's faith in mankind.—S. Geory, Toronto.

The Spirit of the Nehrus

Let us have more articles like Growing Up With The Nehrus (April 1). If leaders in all countries, including our own, had more of the spirit of Gandhi and Nehru our God-given atomic energy could be utilized for constructive instead of destructive purposes . . . —Anne M. Greenwood, Toronto.

What Did Kipling Mean?

I see the heading of an article, He's Making a Liar out of Kipling (May 1). This seems to me a base concession to the idea that a truth can be expressed more pungently by a so-called slogan whereas slogans are sometimes given to crudity and, too often, to the concealment of truth. The slogan-title to which I refer is subject to both these objections. The thought Kipling really expressed is embodied in the first stanza of his Ballad of East and West. It reads as follows:

Oh, East is East, and West is West,
and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently
at God's great Judgment Seat.
But there is neither East nor West,
Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face,
though they come from the ends of the earth!

By printing a line out of its context in a peculiarly ostentatious (not to say rude) manner you have caused Maclean's to lend itself to a misrepresentation of what Kipling said in order to call him a liar . . . —Gordon Laird, Westmount, Que.

Forty Percent of What?

We hasten to correct a statement appearing in the Wawanesa article (The One-Horse Town that Spawned a Giant, May 1). We have inadvertently given writer Robert Collins the impression that our company sells forty percent of all fire insurance in the west. This claim should be limited to forty percent of all farm fire insurance sold by dominion-licensed companies in the west.—M. C. Holden, managing director, Wawanesa Mutual, Wawanesa, Man.

You Know What Soldiers Are

"Boadicea, Queen of Britain, carried a rabbit in her bosom which she occasionally set free to the delight of her enlisted men, who haven't changed a great deal."

But for my pedantry, I would be tempted to accuse Thomas Walsh (Nature's Indispensable Fall Guy, April 15) of rivaling the old man of Boulogne in his mastery of the double entendre.—E. A. Allen, Montreal.

A Blow to Home and School Clubs

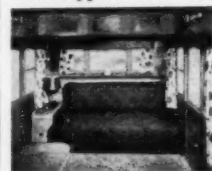
I fail to see the humor in Len Norris Visits a Home and School Club (April 15). As a teacher, parent and as a member of the Preeceville Home and School I should like to express strong disapproval of such rot. If Len Norris' object was to drive parents and teachers away from home and school meetings then may I congratulate him. Too many home and school organizations throughout our country today have difficulty in keeping up

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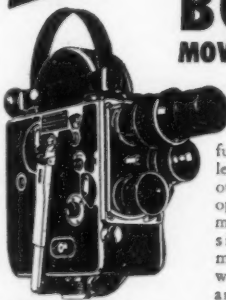
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their membership, particularly in the male section. Your cartoon has dealt a severe blow to future membership . . . No normal person would like to be associated with an organization of old fuddy-duddies such as Norris has depicted.—H. S. Moore, Preeceville, Sask.

Those Wonderful Meals

What a wonderful article on the peace-loving Mennonites and their truly succulent and abundant meals (Those Mouth-Watering Mennonite Meals, April 1). What a source of comfort and consolation the lovely picture of the loaded table must be to many peace-loving and freedom-loving war veterans . . . —Mrs. Geo. W. Richardson, Naicam, Sask.

A Bouquet for the NFB

Fred Bodsworth takes outrageous license in his article, You're in the Movie Business (April 1), for he completely ignores the crux of the matter—that without NFB there would be few Canadian films worth the name. Our spiritless private-film industry has consistently defaulted the wealth of material in Canada's story. Our picture houses are dominated by Hollywood and London with foreign films altogether lacking in Canadian significance; and, when these invaders do produce here the results are such travesties of our story as Canadian Pacific and Saskatchewan. A news dispatch of April 3 reports a New York producer ready to do The Gouzenko Story—in Canada. So, another "natural" goes by default and another travesty will be born, in our name to further the Great American Witch Hunt.

NFB has leaned over backward to leave the feature field untouched while on the other hand it has tried to encourage private producers to take it up with such short efforts as Each Man's Son from the novel of the same name by Hugh MacLennan—a Canadian. It is no more than an introduction to the story but, short as it is, it grips the heart and imagination. Yet, no private producer accepts the challenge . . . —Clayton Bricker, Lethbridge.

Anybody Else Seen it?

I was quite surprised to read that corny joke about the policeman and the dead horse in Maclean's (Parade, April 15). To think that you fell for it and paid for it is beyond me. Well, to cut the mourning short I may as well tell you it happened in Toronto in 1913. The policeman found the dead horse on Roncesvalles Ave. and pulled it round on Queen St. I was there and saw it.—William T. Starr, Hamilton.

He Likes Our Artists

I just want to say how much I enjoy reading Maclean's and how excellent I think the material is. I particularly want to commend the quality and humor of your cartoons and illustrations, especially the ones illustrating the story of the Englishman who became a sheriff (The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw, April 1). Also, I hope you will continue the Maclean's Flashbacks as I find them one of the most interesting novelties in your magazine.—J. D. Bowers, Edmonton. ★

ANSWERS TO HIDE-AND-SEEK No. 15 (See page 88)

1, Bonar Law; 2, Walter Huston; 3, Elizabeth Arden; 4, Richard Taylor; 5, Yvonne de Carlo; 6, Cyrus Eaton; 7, Beatrice Lillie; 8, Lord Beaverbrook; 9, Marie Dressler; 10, Edward Johnson.

CANADIAN ECDO TE



Lyle Glover

THE FIRST LADY OF THE WEST

THE FIRST white woman to brave the rigors of Canada's pioneer west lived as a man and worked for the Hudson's Bay Company for years, skilfully guarding the secret of her sex until a baby born out of wedlock exposed her history-making masquerade.

About 1802, among the new employees brought out from Scotland to James Bay by the Hudson's Bay Company was an Orkney adolescent whose surname was Millie but whose Christian name is now unknown. Millie is now known to have been a daughter of Bessie Millie, made famous by Sir Walter Scott in *The Pirate*. Company records reveal that "the Orkney lad" worked at Albany House on James Bay for two or three years, sharing a cabin with a tough hard-drinking, hard-swearing hunter and boatman named Scart who never suspected his partner's true sex. It was a hard life for the youngster and Scart frequently returned to the cabin to find Millie crying by the fire. About 1805 Millie and Scart were moved inland to Brandon House on the western prairies, traveling a long arduous boating-and-portage route with a fleet of company freight boats. Brandon House also had two-men log huts and the pair again became cabin mates.

Soon afterward Scart returned to the cabin unexpectedly late one night and discovered that his partner of three years was a slim young girl.

Millie begged him not to expose her masquerade. The only women Scart had seen in several years were Indian squaws, but the old woodsman showed a deep respect for the Orkney girl and her determination to remain on the frontier. He promised to keep the secret and continue the same impersonal relationship that had existed before. Scart kept the first half of his promise faithfully. For almost two years he kept the second half too. Donald Murray, an original Selkirk settler who knew Scart in later years, said in an 1887 interview: "It was not for a long time after that the Orkney girl lost her honor."

In the spring of 1807 Millie and Scart were separated when the girl was sent to the company's Pembina post to work as a cook there. A short time

later she discovered that she was pregnant, but apparently she kept the secret of her masquerade to the final hour, for western diaries record that news of the childbirth, when it broke, was as unexpected as an Indian attack at dawn.

Alexander Henry, in charge of the Northwest Fur Company post across the river from the Hudson's Bay Company Pembina post, was a kindly, fatherly veteran of the west to whom the young traders frequently came with their troubles. Millie, when she knew the time had come at which masquerade could be maintained no longer, chose Henry instead of her own boss as confidant.

Henry, in his diary for Dec. 29, 1807, says: "An extraordinary affair occurred this morning," and describes how one of the neighboring post's Orkney lads came to his house and asked to be allowed to rest because he was sick. Henry was surprised, but told the lad to sit down, and then left the room. Later Henry heard "dreadful lamentations" coming from the room and hurried back. "He stretched out his hands to me and in piteous tones begged me to be kind to a poor, helpless, abandoned wretch who was not of the sex I supposed, but an unfortunate Orkney girl, pregnant, and actually in childbirth. She further informed me of the circumstances that had brought her into this state. The man who had debauched her was wintering at Grandes Fourches. In about an hour she was delivered of a fine boy."

Scart became variously regarded as a villain and a hero, depending on the viewer, and Millie the next spring was returned to the Orkneys with her bonnie boy.

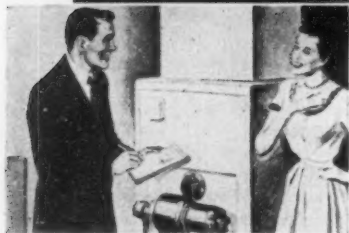
Meanwhile, Mrs. Jean Baptiste Lajimonière had arrived at Pembina the previous autumn from Montreal, to be acclaimed the west's first white woman. Slim, trail-hardened Millie, the Orkney girl, must have smiled at the gay reception Mrs. Lajimonière received. Only Millie, the obscure little cook in the background, knew that Mrs. Lajimonière's glory was to be short-lived. The new life stirring even then in the Orkney girl's womb was a signal that her historic masquerade must soon end.—Fred Bodsworth.

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

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THE POWER of advertising has seldom been so speedily demonstrated as when an eastern Ontario farmer telephoned a classified ad to the Napanee Express, appealing for the return of a lost heifer. Ten minutes later the farmer was on the line again to say the Express needn't publish the ad—it had already worked. A neighbor had been listening in on the party line during the first call, had looked out his window a moment later to discover the maverick wandering down the road, and called the farmer to come get his heifer.

Meadow Lake, in the Battleford district of Saskatchewan, will long cherish the memory of a happy bachelor who died last January at 75. His will, recently admitted for probate, was calculated to spread good cheer and was also a warm testimonial to the good life a man can lead in Meadow Lake, which must be a pleasant spot indeed.

The will contains the usual bequests to a church and several charitable organizations. It left the free use of his summer camp to a list of good friends, with the suggestion that they incorporate the camp and pay annual dues of one dollar each for use of the cabins. It ordered his estate to pay for a fill-up of gas for all the mourners attending his funeral, and for his pallbearers a 40-ounce bottle of Scotch whisky.

The recent opening of the Maritimes' first TV station in Saint John found one local family discussing the



purchase of a television set with great enthusiasm—all except grandfather, who kept shaking his head. Everybody else was finally agreed the set should be ordered at once before grandpa got a chance to protest. "Can't understand why you want to get an expensive machine like that," he growled. "You'll have to be buying films for it all the time."

An Edmonton Parade scout offers this verbatim transcription of a homemade cardboard sign stuck to the windshield of a car parked on a main street: "Mr. Policeman—I went to see the dentist. If you see red, place nickel in parking meter, it's under the cardboard."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

The wheat rancher was generally known to have been doing well so the farm-implement dealer in the small Saskatchewan town was delighted to see him march onto his sales lot, climb aboard a spanking new combine and act as though he was going to drive it away at once. In fact, the farmer did, but not



before he had obligingly signed a blank cheque hurriedly produced by the dealer. The wheat grower not only didn't bother to fill in the amount, he didn't even indicate the bank, and it was with mounting misgivings that the dealer subsequently hustled from bank to bank until it became clear the rancher didn't have an account in town. The salesman was pretty burned up by the time he encountered his customer again a couple of days later, and sternly demanded a down payment on the combine.

"What did you say the price was?" asked the farmer.

"Six thousand—but a small sum would be . . ."

But the farmer was counting \$6,000 off a fat roll of bills and remarking mildly, "Why didn't you ask for money in the first place?"

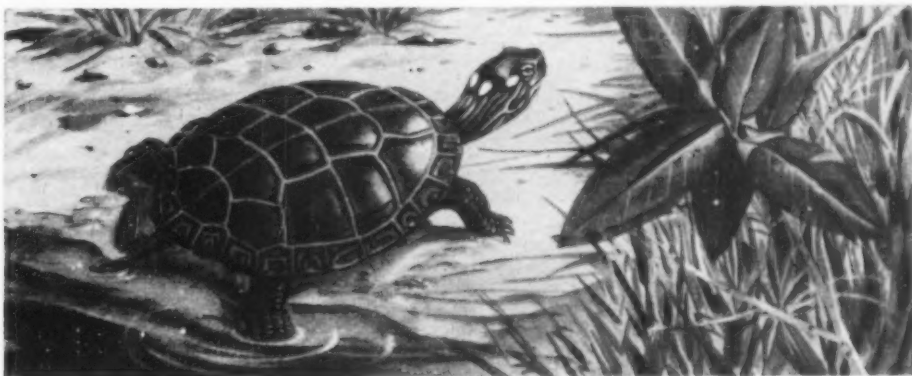
One evening about bedtime the fire alarm sounded in the village of Port Maitland, N.S., and early arrivals at the house fire saw a man rush out clad only in his shirt tails. A disapproving bystander shouted to him to go back and get something on, with which the blaze victim ducked back into his house and emerged moments later wearing a vest.

When one of the most respectable and highly thought-of businessmen in an Okanagan town recently bought out a roller-skating rink he was determined to cater to a wholesome family trade and listed a strict set of regulations on the season tickets he ordered from the local printer. When the tickets were delivered he was horrified to discover the first rule read, "No alcohol or intoxicated parsons allowed within the premises."

Let these experts on relaxing show you how to live with **HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE**



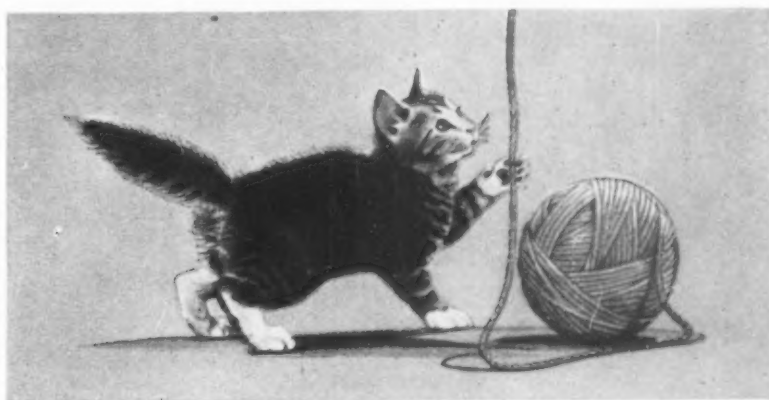
Don't let clocks be tyrants! If your doctor has diagnosed your case as high blood pressure, he'll probably want you to get eight or more hours sleep every night. When your alarm rings in the morning, don't leap out of bed—*stretch*, get up slowly.



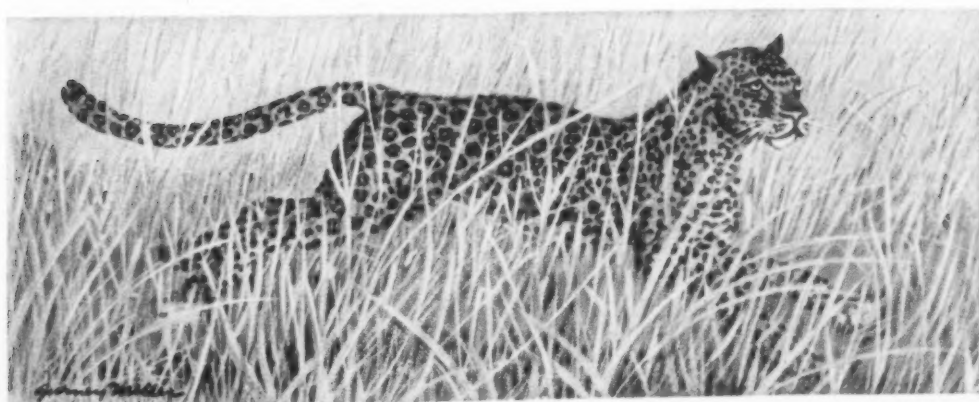
Don't hurry! As the day goes on, walk, don't run. Slow motion is the best motion with high blood pressure.



Don't worry! The more you worry, the higher your blood pressure may rise. Practice being "calm, cool, collected."



Do get mild exercise! You're not an invalid if you have the common, uncomplicated type of high blood pressure. Your doctor will show you how you can live a comparatively normal life.



Do control your weight! Overweight and high blood pressure often go hand in hand. Your doctor will give you a diet to follow.



Do listen to your doctor! Under his guidance and continual care, complications that often result from high blood pressure may be avoided—or made less severe. Also, by keeping in touch with your doctor, you stand to benefit from advances now being made in combating hypertension.

As a maker of medicines prescribed by physicians and dispensed by pharmacists, Parke, Davis & Co. is attacking the problem of hypertension on three fronts. One research program is directed toward the underlying causes of the disease. Another deals with the investigation of those factors that specifically influence its course. At the same time, new and improved drugs are being sought for the safe and effective control of the symptoms that accompany high blood pressure.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO., LTD.
Manufacturing Laboratories, Walkerville, Ontario



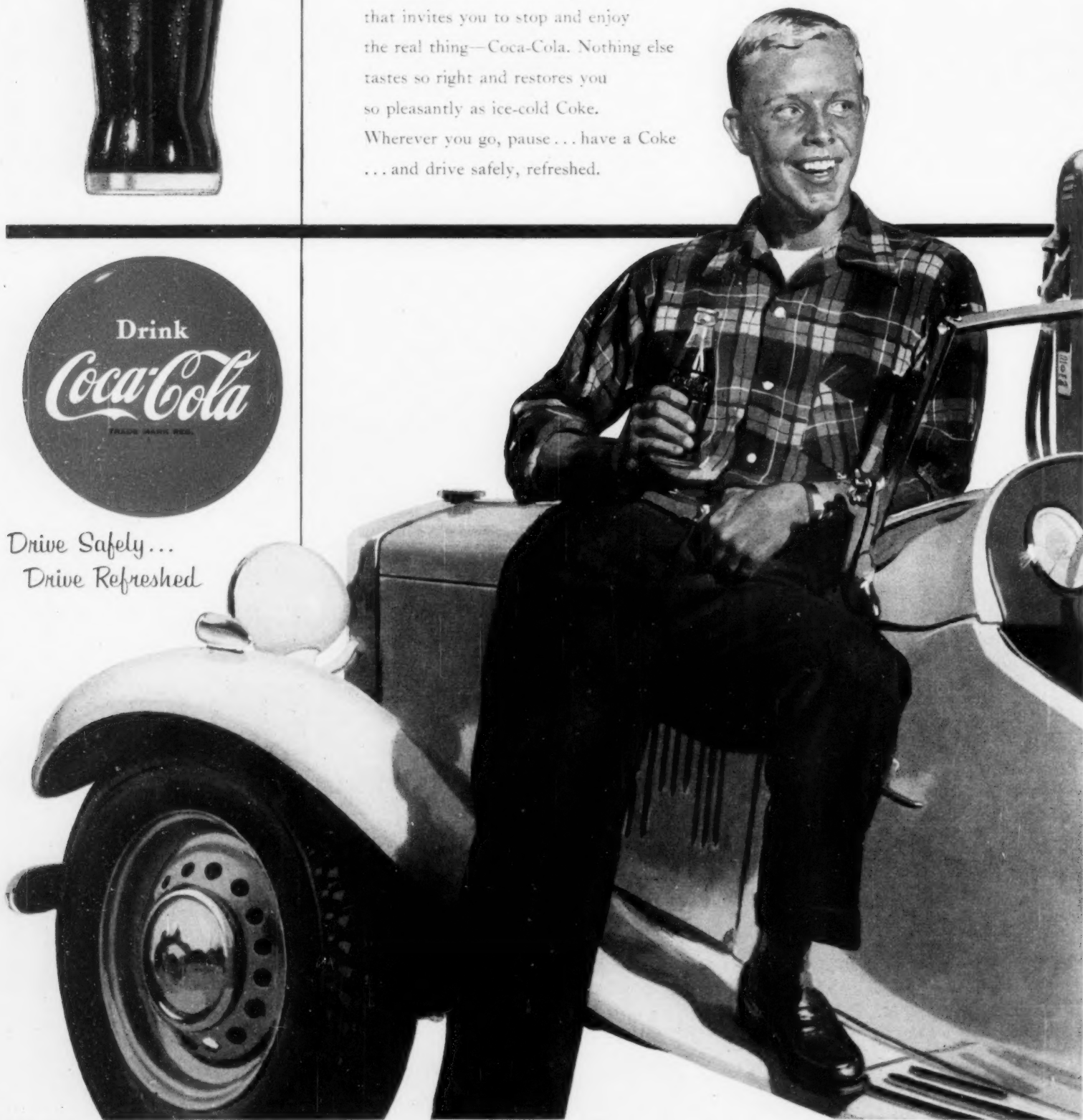
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Drive Refreshed*



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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, JUNE 15, 1954

